December 28, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Star-Spangled Christmas

A SHORT STORY BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

JOHN H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
9AU41
C 6182
8 C C
17L

DEC 28 1940

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the Best-Dressed Beers Now Wear Duraglas*

"Oh, yes, I want a dozen bottles of beer, too. We keep it on hand all the time now. It adds zest to food, particularly during the holidays."

The coming of Duraglas—a new glassmaking technique—marks a great day in the history of glass manufacture.

Product of scientific research, Duraglas is a combination of basic improvements in materials, formulae and fabrication which makes bottles stronger, tougher and more chip-resistant. That Duraglas finds its first application in the brewing and beverage fields is but natural. For here the life and worth of a bottle is measured by its ability to withstand rough treatment in repeated trips, rigorous sterilizations. Here Duraglas means new economies; lessens packaging investment.

Duraglas also points the way to better packaging in other fields. Its greater strength and toughness make lower shipping weights practical in single-trip containers. This opens up merchandising possibilities which every manufacturer and his sales manager should know about. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

**WHAT IS DURAGLAS? Duraglas is the trade-mark name of glass containers and the new, improved technique which Owens-Illinois developed for their fabrication. This modern technique, covering every phase of manufacture from raw materials to finished bottles, makes possible a predictable result, assuring greater strength, durability and longer life.*

Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE SUREST WAY OF PREVENTING

Pneumonia..."

ACCORDING TO an eminent physician, "The surest way of preventing pneumonia is to eliminate the common cold and other respiratory infections."

This is because pneumonia rarely strikes out of a clear sky; usually it is preceded by a cold, influenza, or some other infection of the breathing passages.

Remember, colds are contagious. Thoughtful people cover up coughs and sneezes.

How, then, can one guard against the dangerous cold?

...By keeping away from people who have colds and avoiding contact with crowds as much as possible. By getting daily outdoor exercise and keeping in good physical condition. By getting adequate rest and keeping properly clothed. By avoiding over-heated rooms. By eating properly —not *over*-eating—and being sure to get plenty of protective foods like green vegetables.

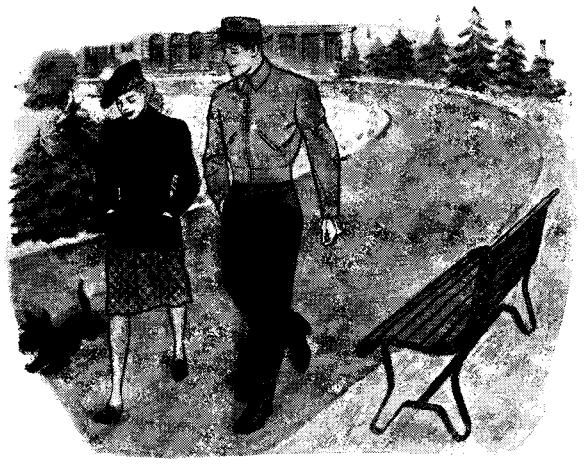
At the *first sign* of a cold, proper treatment should be started and kept up as long as the cold persists. If the cold becomes severe, the safest course is to go to bed and call your doctor.

Pneumonia strikes most frequently during the first three months of the year. So it is particularly important, during this period, for you to be on the lookout for pneumonia's most common warning symptoms such as:

Sudden chill... fever... pain in side... cough... thick, rust-colored sputum... hurried, somewhat labored breathing.

When any one or any combination of these symptoms is present, a doctor should be called *at once.* For if the illness *is* pneumonia, he will then, while there is still time, have the best opportunity to use successfully the effective weapons of modern science.

Only a few years ago, the doctor was relatively helpless in the face of pneumonia. Today, he has means of more certain diagnosis... including



Daily exercise pays dividends in pleasure and good health.

methods of determining more accurately the type of pneumonia. Furthermore there are highly effective serums and chemical agents to use separately, or in combination, in treating a particular case.

These new developments have been responsible for an amazing reduction, in the past three years, of about 50% in the death rate from pneumonia.

But—most important—the doctor must have the chance to use his skill against pneumonia *early!*

Proper clothing is important to the health of the whole family.

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble at this time.

COPYRIGHT 1940 — METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, Dept. 141-C

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

DEC. 28, 1940

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax	JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

THIS WEEK

DECEMBER 28, 1940

SHORT STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Star-Spangled Christmas. A Christmas story that will warm your heart. Page 7

EUSTACE COCKRELL
Compliments of R. Smith. Mr. Willie Wurtzel gets a horse for Christmas. Page 10

WILLIAM FAY
Not Even a Mouse. Why Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beady are partial to small mechanical rodents. Page 14

GROVER JONES
Misty and the Boomer. Lesson in righteousness for Dandy Andy DeVoe. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Eyes to See With, by I. A. R. Wylie. Page 26

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Evil Under the Sun. The third of eleven parts. A job for M. Poirot. Page 12

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Kid Tinsel. The seventh of eleven parts. Halliday takes a hand. Page 16

ARTICLES

ALICE-LEONE MOATS
Voice of Japan. Japan's Matsuoka, who's partial to Americans. Page 11

J. D. RATCLIFF
Boom Comes to Town. Freeport, Texas, takes prosperity in its stride. Page 17

FRANK GERVASI
Canada—Democracy at War. Our northern neighbor isn't fooling any more. Page 18

LUTHER DAVIS and JOHN CLEVELAND
Russian Genius. Balanchine, boy wonder of ballet. Page 22

VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.
Eat to Keep Young. The practical benefits of watching that waistline. Page 23

LOU NOVA
Look Out, Joe. Lou Nova's going to be champ—he admits it. Page 25

●

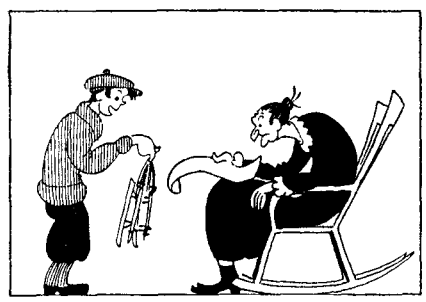
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 5

EDITORIAL
Let Hoover Feed Them. Page 54

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

AMID all the war alarms filling the air these days, making breathing all the more difficult, we for one are glad to learn that there are New Dealers who refuse to be thwarted. They are the ones who started out six or eight years ago to rescue the populace down to its remotest need and proposed to stand for no nonsense. So it's good to hear from Mrs. Leone McNayle of Buffalo, New York. Mrs. McNayle tells us that she lives near an elderly lady who has been one of the wards of federal relief for five years. She is seventy-nine years old—much too old to be very surprised by anything. Nevertheless, Mrs. McNayle found her somewhat more than a bit puzzled not long ago by a note she had received from relief headquarters. It read: "Dear Mrs. ———: You will kindly report on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock for skating instruction. Please bring your own equipment."



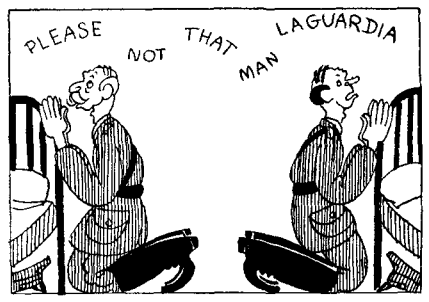
THERE are other products of our version of the world's new order which give us less happiness. It has to do with a falling off of the old-fashioned patriotism of which you heard so much during the recent presidential campaign. Our authority is an excellent one—the driver-spieler of a Washington, D. C., sight-seeing bus. He tells us that it is but a matter of a short time, a relatively short time anyway, when none of his customers will want to see Arlington, Mount Vernon, the Library of Congress or any of the old-time shrines including Congress itself. Today only the middle-aged and the aged hanker for these inspiring views, he said. "Tourists are getting younger," he mourned, "but not better. All they want to see these days are the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the President, the Washington Redskins, the Dies Committee, Mrs. Roosevelt and people like that. It's a bad sign. I had two tourists not long ago who were arguing whether they wanted to see the Declaration of Independence or not. One said it was in the Library of Congress and the other said it was in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Then a third butted in and said that it wouldn't be worth looking at anyway, because it had been amended so often that it wasn't anything like the original anyway so why bother. That kind of thing," he concluded sadly, "ain't doing the country any good."

SO PERHAPS it's just as well that the future is to produce fewer heroes to erect shrines to. We have it from an important Army officer that individual heroes have always been pains in the necks of the administrative branches of the Army. Too often, in fact almost always, he told us, heroes are the creations of accident, and heroic deeds under fire little more than favorable reaction to freakish circumstance. He went deeply into the scientific aspects of hero psychology, but we won't, not understanding it as well as he seemed to. Besides, we're kind of romantic about heroes and don't like them cold. Anyway, he said that the new military formations and modern war tactics, to say nothing of the obsolescence of mass conflict, will make it gratefully difficult for individuals to emerge emblazoned with hero halos. This, he added, will be as true in the air and beneath the water as it will be on land and sea. We, the people, said he, will learn thus that it is army staffs and not the men in ships, in battalions, in airplanes who win wars—machines, not heroes; plans, not men. We suppose the fellow's right. But it left us awfully depressed. It may not be worth mentioning but he told us that he had just bought a perfectly marvelous slide rule for his daughter who was about to be twenty-one years old. The lucky child.

FORTUNATELY, we have friends like Mr. Robert C. Cook of Washington, D. C. Mr. Cook is something of a hero. At least he is made of stern stuff, sturdily devoting much time to reading medical journals and periodicals from cover to cover. That takes more than just time. Anyway he has sent us a clipping from the Medical Times. It quotes Doctor Lewis J. Moorman of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, who, to quote the Times, declares that in view of medicine's mighty contribution to the national welfare, the government's attitude toward the medical profession can mean only profound ignorance or gross ingratitude. The doctor was pretty upset, writing in the Oklahoma State Medical Journal: "Is it the hand of gross ingratitude, bent on political expediency, or is it the powerful arm of ignorance that wields the ax? If the doctors do not enlighten the people, the ambitious Aarons may convert the golden egg into a molten calf which will enslave the medical profession and curse an innocent public."

WHILE we were giving thanks that no matter how steely the new order may become the Congressional Record school of literature will almost surely survive, a gentleman who is about to organize heroes dropped in to see us. Moreover, he's going to organize them whether the Army permits us to have heroes or not. It will be done, of course, in the name of pensions and veteran preference. He told us that the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and other existing veteran organizations are preparing to lure the new Army lads into their folds. But today's veterans will have their own association. "The American Legion, the Spanish-American War Vets, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Grand Army of the Republic have all had their crack at the feed box," he reminded us, and then said, with what we think is commendable candor, "Now it will be our turn."

THIS week we're much too military. But there's nothing we can do about it. We've been spending our time in rearmament company, arguing heatedly with colonels, brigadiers and the like. Among the variety of topics we took a hand in was the identity of Mr. Roosevelt's next Secretary of War. We're glad we were present when that was being discussed because a brother civilian took us aside and advised us not to mention the name of the Honorable Fiorello LaGuardia as a possibility for the job. He told us that Mr. LaGuardia is not beloved by the Army, being a trifle too vigorous and having on several occasions exhibited a nasty disregard for precedent. "I hope you'll remember this," he said. "Why, there's hardly a night that our generals don't get down on their knees at the sides of their simple iron cots and pray: 'Oh Lord, I don't ask much of You. But please, Lord, please, not that man LaGuardia.'"



ANYWAY, the common people and their simple wants are not going to be overlooked if what we hear gets anywhere. It's really nothing by comparison with what the impending Congress will have to wrestle with, but it has a reminiscent flavor. We're not allowed to mention his name but one of our incoming new congressmen will present a bill which would provide free hotel accommodations for visiting constituents. There is some question whether the government should build a hotel or merely guarantee the bills of visitors and tourists in the existing hotels. In any event, all you'd need is a card from your congressman. Upon leaving Washington you'd merely present this card to the hotel management and the bill would be sent to the United States Treasury.

IF any . . . W. D.

Vol. 106, No. 26. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy; $3.00 a year; two years, $5.00; three years, $7.00. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Among the various household dusts that have been known to explode when coming in contact with a flame or a spark are those of face powder, chocolate, dried milk, sugar and flour. Not long ago in England, a woman threw a bag of old flour down the incinerator shaft of an apartment house and the resultant explosion killed her and three other tenants, and wrecked the building.

In all turf history, seven race horses have won more than $300,000: Equipoise, Gallant Fox, Mate, Phar Lap, Seabiscuit, Sun Beau and Zev.

Up to about 1600, dining rooms rarely existed in either palaces or small houses. In palaces and castles, private meals were usually served in a small room such as an antechamber, while banquets were given in larger reception halls, which were also used for other purposes. In small homes, space was so limited that no one room could be reserved exclusively for dining.

The Nambutiri Brahmans of Malabar, India, still practice one of the world's most peculiar marriage systems. In order to keep the family property intact, only one child in each family, usually the eldest son, is ever permitted to marry.—*By Mary Tratton, New York, New York.*

When the first edition of a novel is 2,500 copies and the entire lot is retailed at $2.50 a copy, or a total of $6,250, the author's share is about $625, the printer's about $1,500, the publisher's about $1,625 and the booksellers' $2,500.

A hailstone is a drop of rain that is carried up and down between currents of warm and cold air which alternately coat it with moisture and then freeze the coat. Consequently, as these coats, or concentric layers, are visible when the stone is cut in two, the number of times it was carried up and down before falling can be determined.

Americans now invest approximately $10,000,000 a week to listen to records played by 400,000 juke boxes, or coin-operated phonographs.

In Mormon churches, any former member who died before he was baptized or married may be credited with such blessings if a living relative or friend will act as his proxy and go through these ceremonies for him.

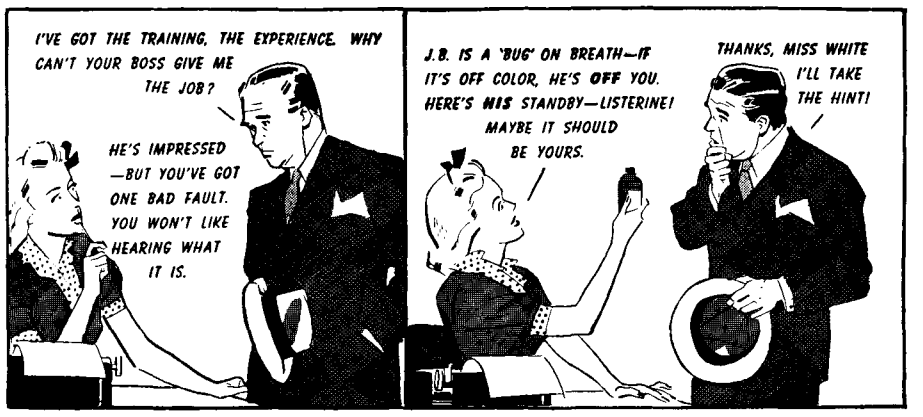
It is possible to secure a "Solo" flying license after only eight hours' training and to rent a "fly-it-yourself" plane, upon presentation of this license and a physician's certificate, for nine dollars per flying hour.

Among the latest innovations are an automobile radio that is operated solely by the foot; electric signs installed horizontally on roofs that advertise only to airplane passengers; and "zoned soap" that is made in seventeen formulas to meet the seventeen degrees of water hardness found in the United States.

The Hercules Beetle of the West Indies and the Goliath Beetle of Africa are so large and heavy that they frequently smash electric-light bulbs when they fly against them. —*By Priscilla Chapman, Everett, Washington.*

When a Japanese makes a pilgrimage to any one of the numerous religious shrines scattered throughout his country, the insignia of the temple is imprinted on his white silk robe with a rubber stamp. When these stamps are collected year after year, as evidence of its owner's constant piety, the robe increases in value and sentiment.—*By D. Meyer, Elmhurst, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher


I'VE GOT THE TRAINING, THE EXPERIENCE. WHY CAN'T YOUR BOSS GIVE ME THE JOB?
HE'S IMPRESSED —BUT YOU'VE GOT ONE BAD FAULT. YOU WON'T LIKE HEARING WHAT IT IS.
J.B. IS A 'BUG' ON BREATH—IT IT'S OFF COLOR, HE'S OFF YOU. HERE'S HIS STANDBY—LISTERINE! MAYBE IT SHOULD BE YOURS.
THANKS, MISS WHITE I'LL TAKE THE HINT!

Want others to like you?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep breath sweeter, purer—*the Listerine Antiseptic way!*

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. *Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes.* That's why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic—it pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Let LISTERINE look after your breath!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The doctor who was nipped in the bud

YOU CAN IMAGINE how it is with a boy whose father is a small-town doctor with his office right on the ground floor of the house.

You hear a phone ring in the middle of the night, and you creep to the head of the stairs and listen, and you wonder who's sick, and when your dad's car wheezes and starts, how you wish you could go along!

Or you poke your nose against the glass case where the scalpels and the forceps and the tweezers are kept. And you look at your dad and think what a wonderful man he is to be able to use these things and fix up people the way Bill Todd uses a wrench and pliers and fixes [illegible]

And then [illegible] you begin to itch to fix people up yourself. That, at least, is how it happened that I wanted to become a doctor.

But I never became one. Just as I was about to take my first year of Pre-Med, my father suddenly died. Like many small-town doctors, I guess, he had a lot more money on the books than he had in the bank. So I left school to support my kid brother and my mother.

After knocking about at several jobs, I went into the insurance business. At first, quite naturally, I figured that being an insurance agent was a pretty poor substitute for doctoring.

But I soon found out that the insurance business and *medicine had more in common than you'd think*. Both require training and skill and a lot of hard study as you go along. And I also found out that doctors aren't the only people who do folks good.

I go to our local hospital or some home almost every week and hand a check to some man who'd be badly pressed without it; and I say to myself, "The insurance business is a darn good business!"

Policies I've sold to car owners (almost over their dead bodies, I'm tempted to say) have saved many of them lawsuits and thousands of dollars in damage payments. And I'd hate to try to add up the people who've had fires that might have cost them lots of money, but didn't, because of insurance I got them to buy.

But, what makes me feel best of all is when I meet the families of old friends who've passed away, and I realize that, thanks to insurance I once sold, these women and children are living peaceful, unworried lives instead of being almost penniless.

I'm sure that if my father were alive, today, he'd be proud of what I'm doing and agree that an insurance man, like a doctor, is a good, helpful citizen.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR DECEMBER 28, 1940

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS

Star-Spangled Christmas

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A radiant story of faith revived and love restored

HOW about our going away for Christmas?" Hilary suggested. She said it lightly, casually. But she did not look at Jim. She looked down at the strip of bacon on her plate and cut it in two with her fork.

Jim was standing in the bow window of the bright, warm little breakfast room, looking out at the bare branches of trees, and the glistening mounds of sugar that were the garden shrubs. He did not turn his head as he answered her question with another.

"Away from Bridgeover? Us?" he asked. "Where to?"

"Oh—" His wife's voice hung in the air for a second. "To New York. To—dinner somewhere. And the theater," she said.

"I see." But it was obvious that Jim didn't see. It was obvious that he was shocked and bewildered. After all, there had been Bridges at Bridgeover for more than a hundred Christmases. To think of the big house silent and empty at Christmas time was disturbing to him; almost frightening.

There was a brief silence in the breakfast room. Hilary, pretending to go on with her breakfast, was outwardly self-controlled, silent New England to the bone. But there had been an Irish-Scotch great-grandmother in Hilary's line, and the agony that filled her heart now was her legacy from the most emotional of all the races. To go away from home for Christmas, instead of having the roomy old house full of cousins and uncles and aunts for the great day, was to feel death touch her freshly. But they couldn't stay here! They couldn't do that.

Small, fair, lovely in her stiff brocade breakfast gown, she steeled herself to continue the conversation composedly.

"I was thinking it might be—easier, Jim."

Jim cleared his throat. "Yep. Might he," he agreed. "We—we might try—to sort of—to skip Christmas," he said.

Silence again in the breakfast room, and in the gardens and woods where loads of snow slipped occasionally from the low boughs of the trees.

But Bridgeover, half a mile away, was not going to skip Christmas whatever the owner of the Mills did. Christmas was some days away, yet already there could be heard shouts and cries from the children in the village, premature horns and cowbells.

No, Bridgeover would celebrate. The grief that enveloped the big house on the hill would not affect the factory workers. They would all have their fattened Christmas pay envelopes, their turkeys from the farms, their trees from the timber stretches that had supplied Christmas trees to the town for those hundred Christmases since the days of its founder. They had supplied a Christmas tree last year for Daphne and Peter.

This year Daphne and Peter had two little holly trees instead. Other women who had lost children had seen Hilary in the graveyard yesterday—Hilary white-faced and silent in furs, watching somberly while the men leveled the

He left his chair and knelt down beside her. "Jim, you smell of smoke!" Hilary murmured. It was his wife back again, after the long months, but a new wife, too, closer, dearer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snow and cleared the deep-cut stone and set the little pots of polished leaves and shining berries in place.

Peter Bridges, five years old; Daphne Wellington Bridges, three. Last year they had raced into their parents' room early on Christmas morning, to snuggle down under warm covers, in warm arms, and announce that it was Christmas Day at last.

This year their covering was the pure chill whiteness of the snow.

And the deep coldness of snow was in Jim's voice when he spoke, when he said: "Suppose we skip Christmas?"

Hilary had had seven months of it; added to her own pain had been the agony of his. Suffering, withdrawn, inarticulate, polite. He could not let go; he could not ease the tightness, the loneliness of his soul. He was sorry for her—oh, she knew that! He wanted in a weary, remote sort of way to help her; she knew that, too. Jim was not willingly making it hard for her. But Jim was proud. And fate had struck cruelly at his pride.

There was no Bridges in the new generation. Jim's sisters—four of them—had their quivers full. Three little Frothinghams, three little Archers, four little Elliots and two small Fishers called Jim "Uncle." But Peter had been the only Bridges, and Peter's fair little tumbled head had been lying very still under the soft warm earth for many months now.

IT WAS a fact; he and Hilary had had to take it. They had lost their children. . . . It had been natural enough for a small boy and girl to seat themselves on a grassy bank on a sunshiny May morning to watch the trucks thundering along the lane below with loads of lumber for the new factory at the Mill, their nurse knitting quietly a few yards away, their small bare knees clasped by their small brown hands, their burnished waves of tawny hair close together in consultation. Who could have dreamed that moment to be life's last moment for the favored children of the house of Bridges? Who could have dreamed that the bank, softened by April's long rains, would slip under that light weight, would carry them on an accelerating rush of roots and grass and earth straight across the track of an oncoming leviathan of a van?

Hilary had been a lost woman for weeks after the tragedy, hardly conscious of the plans of her four brothers, her sisters-in-law, the aunts and grandmothers, to keep her company, to help her back to sanity. The summer days, and those that followed, were one long, dark dream of being submerged, of coming to the top of the strangling waters to look wearily about at a world robbed of all interest, of sinking down into the choking black depths again. For hours she had schooled herself to greet Jim, returning hot and tired from the Mills, with a cheerful word. But the word had always drowned itself in tears. . . . And now it was Christmas, and Hilary told herself that everything would be easier once Christmas was over.

She didn't want to go away from home for Christmas, any more than Jim did. Home, with its books and pictures and familiar turns of stairway and recessed windows, was the place of all places one wanted to be. But not this year! Not this year.

"We—we needn't let anyone know where we're going," she pursued her plan. "We could go to—oh, anywhere."

"Christmas Eve," the motionless figure at the window suggested. "About noon, Christmas Eve. I'll drive the small car. Not Cass. Nobody with us."

"Christmas Eve!" she echoed.

He came over to her suddenly—oh, he mustn't do that, he mustn't do that! The cyclone was catching her, engulfing her.

But he did not drop to his knees and put his arms about her, and let her rest her face blessedly against the roughness of his collar. The days when she might have done that, when she had had no real troubles, no real aching hunger for the shelter of his big arms, were gone. Now that she needed comfort, it was denied. She must hold back her tears, and manage a smile as he said awkwardly, back in his own seat now and with his fingers over her own: "I'm so horribly sorry for you, Hilary."

The wall was still there. She could not climb it, nor see through it. It shut him in with his own pain; it shut her out.

Nothing more was said. Presently Jim shook himself into his big coat and went away to the Mills.

AT LUNCHEON nothing further was said of their going away. Hilary and Jim talked of the party that was planned for Christmas Eve in the schoolhouse, down in the village; they speculated as to how long the snow would fall, and Jim said that a storm was gathering again.

At two he went back to the office. The snow fell—fell. In the big empty house Hilary could sometimes hear a door open, close softly. But otherwise a dreamy silence held the place like an uncanny spell.

"We're not going to be here for Christmas Day; we're going away Christmas Eve," Hilary told her maid.

"To Mrs. Elliot's," Abby surmised, her middle-aged, broad face anxious and sympathetic.

"I think not. We're probably going to New York."

A silence. Then Abby, her broad, faithful back toward Hilary as she folded the wide bedspread, spoke mildly.

"Better, maybe. And maybe next year," she ventured, "we'll have special company. The Lord'll send you a comforter."

"No. Never that," Hilary said in her heart. Aloud she said nothing. She had said nothing during those first awful weeks, when her aunts, and Jim's sisters, and her brothers' wives had all hinted the same thing. Terrible, terrible tragedy, darling. But then you're only thirty, Hilary, and some day—not now, of course!—but some day you'll want another baby.

And from the first moment of incredible horror her whole being had said "no," even though her voice never had said it.

No, she would not sell her heart to a child again. She would not go through those long months of waiting again, fill the drawers of an old walnut highboy with tiny, fluffy garments, endure the heavy last weeks, lying on the couch upstairs with the bearskin drawn over her feet, through the snowy days of another Christmas. She had shrunk back in inexpressible pain from the thought of it. To Jim's hoarse "Never again!" she had added her own sob-racked whisper, "Oh, no, no, not again!"

So she said nothing to Abby, and the day wore itself to an early blue twilight over the snow.

SHE was sitting in the library beside the fire on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, writing telegrams to all the sisters and cousins and aunts, with holly-wreathed greetings, when Jim came home. Her heart gave that great spring of joy that only women's hearts know when the man comes home, but she merely looked up at him with a quiet smile as he came in, and commented upon the fact that he had changed his clothes.

"For you must have been soaked to the skin in this sleety wind," she said.

"I was."

He had sunk into his own chair. He

looked at the fire, stretching chilled hands toward it.

"Got the bags packed?" he asked.

"All packed. Waiting for you."

"I'm later than I thought I'd be. I was wondering—we could take the night train, of course."

"Easily." She was silent a moment. "It would be hard driving," she said. "Of course we could take the train. Or we could stay here."

She felt rather than saw the quick lift of his head; the keenness of his glance.

"Would you?" he asked in a low tone.

"If we could be alone," she answered, her voice thickening.

"They all think we are going, Hilary. No one would come. No one would telephone. We've told them all we had plans."

"Then I think I would like to stay here, Jim. I belong here. We both do." Quiet words, quietly said, but in all the bitter months somehow they two had not been able to speak to each other so naturally. They had talked strangely, fighting sorrow, comforting each other's sorrow, trying to find ways not to face it, not to feel its burden upon them, not to admit that it was there. Now, man and wife, here by their saddened hearth, it was as if Sorrow herself had suddenly joined them, and joined their hands, bidding them be of her sobered company, reminding them that they who mourn shall be comforted in good time.

"It is good to need each other, Jim. To have nobody else," Hilary said after a silence. Jim said simply:

"I was thinking that." He kept his eyes on the fire, but when she came to the hassock at his knee she felt his arm laid lightly about her shoulder as it never had been laid before.

For a long time they sat so, lonely and alone in the great house on Christmas Eve, yet feeling something of a new peace in their hearts.

It was Abby who broke into their quiet time. Not the usual noiselessly moving Abby with the evening papers, to light the lamps and perhaps bring a message of Christmas greeting. No, this was a totally unfamiliar Abby, pale and breathless, and followed by several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jim," Hilary said, stopping him, "these women are saying that a lot of children have been lost—" "No, no," he said

other members of the household staff. Hilary could only leap to her feet with a sure prescience of calamity when the dread word was among them all: "Fire! Fire at the Mills! In among the houses, sir. We heard the shouting, and Bertha and me run out—and then the telephone rang—"

"You stay here; I'll be back!" Jim said.

"Oh, no, let me go!" They were running toward the coat closet in the hall as they spoke, the servants in a jumble about them. "Oh, Jim, in this wind!" Hilary said, in the car, racketing over the snowy surfaces in the blue dusk toward the billowing smoke that was already pouring from the village roofs. If she had had any intention of waiting at the house for news it was forgotten now; she was bundled into one of Jim's coats; she was beside him as he parked the car in a straggling line of dilapidated, snow-blotched cars outside the ring of the fire, and joined the churning crowd that had gathered there. One fire engine was operating vigorously; a great arc of water shot up into the twilight and fell seething into the blowing waves of smoke. With the larger engine a knot of firemen were having trouble; it was as yet of no use.

"It's the last wooden block!" Jim said. "Oh, if we'd got that down in time!"

WOMEN all about Hilary were crying and exclaiming; the fire, it appeared, had started just after the Christmas party had gotten happily under way, a short half-hour ago. That it had not turned in upon the revelers was a miracle over which these women would exclaim for the rest of their lives. A hundred children in tinsel fancy dress, the loaded tree, the crowd of admiring parents, Santa Claus himself in his bush of whiskers, might all have been swept by flames, caught in a pen of terror and death.

Instead the savage flames had turned themselves up the hill, and fanned by one of the wildest gales of the winter, had spread through a score of old wooden buildings. The last frame structures of the Mill settlement were of century-old timbers, and they were going up like so much matchwood. Along this unbroken row of dark windows, now reflecting the angry red of the blaze, and these worn doorsteps upon which four generations of foreign-born women had lingered and chatted for more than a hundred years, lived many women who had taken older children to the Christmas-tree party, leaving smaller children tucked up asleep at home. These desperate mothers were threading the already excited throng, screaming, struggling to get through the lines, importuning the firemen.

"They're all out—we've been through every room!" the men shouted back. Crying, sympathetic neighbors took up the reassurance: "The children are all out, Mrs. O'Brien! That was Tim Carney—he just said so! He's got three of his own and a grandchild, dear; he wouldn't lie to you!"

But the comforters were almost as hysterical as the uncomforted, and in the scene that the darkening night and the strengthening gale made bedlam, Hilary rushed to and fro, now catching the arm of some distracted mother and half-dragging, half-pushing her toward the group of older women who were making frenzied efforts to gather the separated and crying children together, now feeling her hand grasped by some cold little strange hand, and stooping in the fearful darkness and fearful light to listen to the frightened whisper, "Please find my mother!"

For a time it was a tiny Ingeborg Svensen who clung to her; then a big girl of fourteen came up, capably, and as she remarked sociably, "Not much of a Christmas for us, Mrs. Bridges!" detached Ingeborg with a soothing, "Come on, Inga, your Aunt Selma and your mother are over here!"

The noise of the fire was itself deafening; the uproar of voices made any

(Continued on page 45)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Compliments of R. Smith

Concerning a certain wonderful Christmas present such as never saw the inside of a stocking on land or sea

"He won de second at Sunnyside Downs," Refugee said. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Willie!"

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

THE surf doesn't roll against Jacobs Beach because Jacobs Beach is on West 49th Street and it isn't a beach at all. But it is the nerve center of the pugilism business and you can hear sounds there not unlike the sounds of the wild waves, for they are, in common with the surf, constant in pitch and largely unintelligible.

It is here, against this background of double negatives, double talk and double crosses, you might pick up, piecemeal, the story about the Christmas present Refugee Smith gave to Willie Wurtzel, his manager. But it would probably be garbled and so for your convenience I will give it to you straight.

REFUGEE SMITH is a coal-black baby. He's got hands like Dempsey and big, heavy, sloping shoulders and a lean waist and enormous feet. He is twenty-three years old and he can make one fifty-nine. He is a hell of a fighter, for he has, along with his natural equipment and the skill that Willie Wurtzel has imparted to him, an exclusive in the prize-fighting business, and that is backing of the Lord. At least that is Refugee's conception of the matter, and who can blame him? One minute he was a drowning crapshooter telling the Lord that if He saved him he would carry His word and the next minute he was in a boat with Willie Wurtzel. But that is another story.

It has been more than a year since Refugee Smith, gloves on his black paws for the first time, was taking a beating in a four-round preliminary in St. Louis and was being told by Willie Wurtzel, crouched in his corner, that for a servant of the Lord to lose to a stumblebum would put the Lord in very bad repute in the St. Louis area. And so Refugee Smith marched out in the next round, with his heart filled with faith and his gloves with dynamite, and to this day he hasn't lost a fight.

He has won twenty-two straight, as a matter of fact, and it is simply a matter of time, according to the experts, until Refugee Smith clears up the middleweight situation and inaugurates a one-champion rule in that much confused division.

But on the night of December 15th, this future problem had no place in Refugee's mind. Refugee was sitting in the Eatmor Fish and Chips establishment of Slippery Ellum, trying to think of what he would give Willie Wurtzel, his earthly deity, for Christmas.

Slippery was sitting in the booth with him and his own slightly lighter brow was creased in helpful concentration.

"You can't give him no jewelry, no gewgaws," Slippery said, "'cause 'cordin' to you he's got a gang of that stuff."

"Hit's gotta be high class," Refugee said.

"No gewgaws, no jewelry, but high class," Slippery said.

Refugee Smith put his elbows on the table, hunched his big shoulders and hid his chin in his hands. "He's gotta ceegar case, he's gotta closet fulla clothes." He paused a moment. "Forty vests," he added, "all different."

"I wouldn't give him no vest," Slippery said.

"No, hit's gotta be a surprise," Refugee said.

"Whyn't you ask him what he wants?" Slippery said logically.

"Hit wouldn't be no surprise, then."

"Give him a box of ceegars."

"How'd you like to getta box of ceegars for Christmas?"

"I don't smoke 'em," Slippery said.

"Hit's a caution what to get him," Refugee said sadly.

"How much money have you got?" Slippery asked.

"Money," Refugee said, "is no objection."

"You can't hardly take him down to a store and have him ast Santy Claus what he wants," Slippery said.

"He'd catch on to dat," Refugee agreed. "He's sharp. Powerful sharp."

"Well," Slippery said, "be a little more pacific. How much money you got?"

"I gotta gang of hit," Refugee said. "More'n a hundred, more'n a thousand. Hit's in de bank."

"You'd spend it all?"

"Look at my clothes. Look at de shoes on my feets; an' socks. I never even had no socks till Mr. Willie pulled me outen de river." Refugee paused. "Money is no objection," he said again.

"Hmmm," Slippery grunted, "maybe you should get somebody to call him up, that's voice he didn't know and ast him what he wants. They could say they was Santy Claus," he added in a burst of inspiration.

"I wonder whose voice he wouldn't know whose it was?" Refugee said, brightening.

"I dunno," Slippery said.

"He wouldn't know your'n," Refugee said.

"Santy Claus is from way up north," Slippery said. "I talk like from Montgomery, Alabama. He'd know I'se not Santy Claus."

"How do you know how Santy Claus talks?" Refugee asked.

(Continued on page 34)

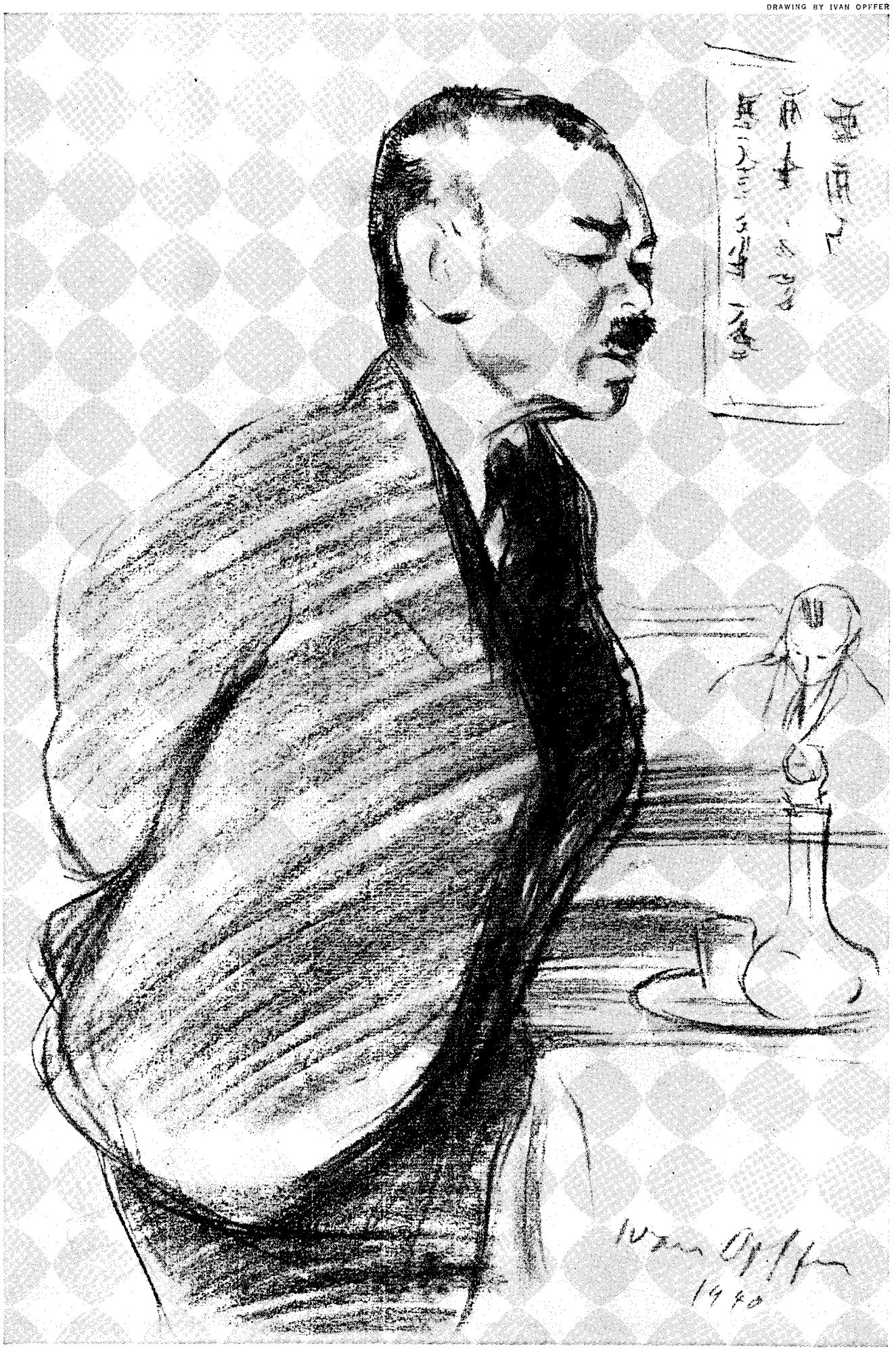
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan's foreign minister is her prize career diplomat. His job is soothing America and he got it because he knows us as well as he knows his own people

Voice of Japan

By Alice-Leone Moats

DRAWING BY IVAN OPFFER



Frank, friendly, loquacious Yosuke Matsuoka, who earned his own education as a boy in Oregon and is now foreign minister of Japan

IT MAY come as something of a surprise to the American public that what was really in the mind of Japan's foreign minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, when he concluded that alliance with the Axis Powers was to bring about a rapprochement between Japan and the United States. The theory, it seems, was that since the United States had proven so unwilling to listen to reason the only course open was to bring that foolish nation to its senses by giving it a good scare. The United States was to understand clearly that going to war with Japan meant fighting Germany as well—and vice versa.

Something went wrong, however. Instead of getting frightened America came up with more financial aid for China, more economic restrictions on Japan and the highly startling advice to Americans to get out of the Far East. For the first time in the history of relations between the two nations, initiative in whatever may come is in the hands of the United States.

A man can't be blamed for trying, but in Matsuoka's case it is difficult to understand how he could have gone so far astray in gauging American reaction. Due to his American upbringing and sure grasp of the language he is supposed to be the only man in Japan who really understands American mentality. He says so himself.

Ever since the outbreak of the China "incident" three years ago there has been a great deal of talk about forming a "strong man" wartime cabinet, but cabinets have come and gone without exactly meriting the title. Finally, in July, 1940, with no warning that there was going to be a shake-up, Prince Konoye once more came forward to take over the reins as premier. Immediately after giving out the names of war and navy ministers, Konoye announced he had entrusted the important post of foreign minister to Matsuoka.

The Well-Rounded Diplomat

The new minister's qualifications for the job were many: His long experience as a diplomat, his record at Geneva at the time of the Manchurian "incident," when as chief delegate he announced Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations; his extensive travels; his ability to get along with and understand foreigners, particularly Americans; his seventeen-year connection with the South Manchuria Railway as director, vice-president and president, which have presumably given him a business man's hardheadedness and a capacity to deal with a business nation like the United States. Another virtue was the fact that he was one of the few men in the country who actually dared speak up to the army.

There was another qualification. It was a negative one, it's true, but nevertheless a qualification—the list of other available men had been exhausted.

What impresses his compatriots most about Matsuoka is his ease of speech. The first thing anyone mentions when discussing him is that he loves to talk. The way Matsuoka can get up, make an extemporaneous speech or just talk along for a couple of hours on any subject fills the taciturn Japanese with awe and startled wonder.

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE resting at the Jolly Roger—a quiet old hotel on an island off the southern coast of England—Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, makes a disturbing discovery: Something mysterious, *something distinctly evil,* is going on around him. But what? Poirot decides to investigate.

Among the guests whom the little Belgian meets are: the Reverend Stephen Lane; two Americans—the opinionated Mrs. Odell C. Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a bore who had once lived in India; Arlena Marshall (a man chaser with a lurid past), her husband, Kenneth ("Ken"), and Ken's daughter by a former marriage, Linda; Patrick Redfern and his wife, Christine; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker; and Horace Blatt, a cheerful know-it-all. Poirot keeps an eye on all of them.

To the wily sleuth—and to the reader—it soon becomes obvious that the Marshalls and the Redferns have come to the Jolly Roger as the result of a preconcerted plan made by Arlena and Patrick. It soon becomes equally obvious that Christine Redfern (who loves her husband) and Ken Marshall are both fully conscious that Arlena and Patrick are having, or are on the verge of having, "an affair."

But, although Ken and Christine make every effort to keep the two apart, Arlena and Patrick continue to meet secretly. . . . Rosamund Darnley has known Ken Marshall for years. Genuinely fond of him, possibly in love with him (as she has once been), she urges him to divorce "that woman." Ken ridicules the idea of divorce. . . .

From Horace Blatt, Poirot learns of "Pixy's Cave." The cave, says the genial Blatt, is (according to legend) connected to the hotel by mysterious, secret passages; it is guarded by pixies—"moor spirits"; its entrance, in Pixy Cove not far away, is very hard to find. From Horace Blatt, Poirot also learns that Ken Marshall is watching Patrick Redfern—and Redfern would do well to watch his step. . . .

While following a winding path, near the hotel, Poirot hears voices in the shrubbery near by. He stops, listens. Arlena and Patrick Redfern are discussing their love for each other. Poirot eavesdrops for a time; then, having heard enough, he walks on to the hotel. There Marshall joins him. They exchange greetings. Then: "Looks as though we should have fine weather tomorrow," Arlena's husband says casually.

Emily saw Patrick Redfern's face change. He jumped out of the boat and she followed him. They dragged the boat ashore, then set up the beach

III

THE morning of the 25th of August dawned bright and cloudless. It was a morning to tempt even an inveterate sluggard to rise early.

Several people rose early that morning at the Jolly Roger.

It was eight o'clock when Linda, sitting at her dressing table, turned a little, thick, calf-bound volume face downward, sprawling it open, and looked at her own face in the mirror.

Her lips were set tight together and the pupils of her eyes contracted.

She said, below her breath, "I'll do it. . . ."

She slipped out of her pajamas and into her bathing dress. Over it she flung on a bathrobe and put laced espadrilles on her feet.

She went out of her room and along the passage. At the end of it a door onto the balcony led to an outside staircase leading directly down to the rocks below the hotel. There was a small, iron ladder clamped onto the rocks leading down into the water which was used by many of the hotel guests for a before-breakfast dip as taking up less time than going down to the main bathing beach.

As Linda started down from the balcony she met her father coming up.

"You're up early," he said. "Going to have a dip?"

Linda nodded. They passed each other.

Instead of going on down the rocks, however, Linda skirted around the hotel to the left until she came to the path down to the causeway connecting the hotel with the mainland. The tide was high and the causeway under water, but the boat that took hotel guests across was tied to a little jetty. The man in charge of it was absent at the moment. Linda got in, untied it and rowed herself across.

She tied up the boat to the other side, walked up the slope, past the hotel garage and along until she reached the general shop.

The woman had just taken down the shutters and was engaged in sweeping the floor. She looked amazed at the sight of Linda.

"Well, Miss, you *are* up early."

Linda put her hand into the pocket of her bath wrap and brought out some money. She made her purchases.

Christine Redfern was standing in Linda's room when the girl returned.

"Oh, there you are," Christine exclaimed. "I thought you couldn't be really up yet."

"No, I've been bathing."

Noticing the parcel in her hand, Christine said with surprise:

"The post has come early today."

Linda flushed. With her habitual, nervous clumsiness Linda fumbled and dropped the parcel. The flimsy string broke and some of the contents rolled over the floor.

Christine exclaimed, "What have you been buying *candles* for?"

But to Linda's relief she did not wait for an answer, but went on, as she helped to pick the things up from the floor:

"I came in to ask whether you would like to come with me to Gull Cove this morning. I want to sketch there."

Linda accepted with alacrity.

In the last few days she had accompanied Christine Redfern more than once on sketching expeditions. Christine was a most indifferent artist but it is possible that she found the excuse of painting a help to her pride since her husband now spent most of his time with Arlena Marshall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Linda Marshall had been increasingly morose and bad-tempered. She liked being with Christine who, intent on her work, spoke very little. It was, Linda felt, nearly as good as being by oneself, and in a curious way she craved for company of some kind. There was a subtle kind of sympathy between her and the older woman, probably based on the fact of their mutual dislike of the same person. "I'm playing tennis at twelve," Christine said, "so we'd better start fairly early. Half past ten?"

"Right. I'll be ready. Meet you in the hall."

Rosamund Darnley, strolling out of the dining room after a very late breakfast, was cannoned into by Linda as the latter came tearing down the stairs.

"Oh! Sorry, Miss Darnley."

"Lovely morning, isn't it?" Rosamund said. "One can hardly believe it after yesterday."

"I know. I'm going with Mrs. Redfern to Gull Cove. I said I'd meet her at half past ten. I thought I was late."

"No, it's only twenty-five past."

"Oh! Good."

She was panting a little and Rosamund looked at her curiously.

"You're not feverish, are you, Linda?"

The girl's eyes were very bright and she had a vivid patch of color in each cheek.

"Oh, *no!* I'm never feverish."

Rosamund smiled and said: "It's such a lovely day I got up for breakfast. Usually I have it in bed. But today I came down and faced eggs and bacon like a man."

"I know—it's heavenly after yesterday. Gull Cove is nice in the morning. I shall put a lot of oil on and get really brown."

"Yes, Gull Cove is nice in the morning," Rosamund said. "And it's more peaceful than the beach here."

Linda said, rather shyly, "Come too."

Rosamund shook her head. "Not this morning. I've other fish to fry."

Christine Redfern came down the stairs. She was wearing beach pajamas of a loose, floppy pattern with long sleeves and wide legs. They were made of some green material with a yellow design. Rosamund's tongue itched to tell her that yellow and green were the most unbecoming colors possible for her fair, slightly anemic complexion. It always annoyed Rosamund when people had no clothes sense.

She thought: "If I dressed that girl, *I'd* soon make her husband sit up and take notice. However much of a fool Arlena is, she does know how to dress. This wretched girl looks just like a wilting lettuce."

"Have a nice time," she said aloud. "I'm going to Sunny Ledge with a book."

HERCULE POIROT breakfasted in his room as usual, having coffee and rolls.

The beauty of the morning, however, tempted him to leave the hotel earlier than usual. It was ten o'clock, at least half an hour before his usual appearance, when he descended to the bathing beach. The beach itself was empty save for one person. That person was Arlena Marshall.

Clad in her white bathing dress, the green Chinese hat on her head, she was trying to launch a white wooden float. Poirot came gallantly to the rescue, completely immersing a pair of white suède shoes in doing so.

She thanked him with one of those sideways glances of hers.

Just as she was pushing off, she called him:

"M. Poirot?"

Poirot leaped to the water's edge. "Madame."

Arlena Marshall said, "Do something for me, will you?"

"Anything."

She smiled at him. She murmured, "Don't tell anyone where I am." She made her glance appealing. "Everyone *will* follow me about so. I just want for once to be *alone*."

She paddled off vigorously.

Hercule Poirot walked up the beach. He murmured to himself, "*Ah ça, jamais!* That, *par exemple,* I do not believe."

He doubted if Arlena Stuart, to give her her stage name, had ever wanted to be alone in her life.

Hercule Poirot, that man of the world, knew better. Arlena Marshall was doubtless keeping a rendezvous, and Poirot had a very good idea with whom.

Or thought he had, but there he found himself proved wrong.

For just as the float rounded the point of the bay and disappeared out of sight Patrick Redfern, closely followed by Kenneth Marshall, came striding down the beach from the hotel.

Marshall nodded to Poirot. "Morning, Poirot. Seen my wife anywhere about?"

Poirot's answer was diplomatic. "Has Madame then risen so early?"

Marshall said, "She's not in her room." He looked up at the sky. "Lovely day. I shall have a bath right away. Got a lot of typing to do this morning."

Patrick Redfern, less openly, was looking up and down the beach. He sat down near Poirot and prepared to wait for the arrival of his lady.

"And Madame Redfern?" Poirot said. "Has she, too, risen early?"

Patrick Redfern said, "Christine? Oh, she's going off sketching. She's rather keen on art just now."

He spoke impatiently, his mind

(Continued on page 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOT EVEN A MOUSE

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Mr. Joe Beady, with no more props than a flashlight, portrays the role of Santa Claus

"I'm excited, Joe," she told him. "I'm going to keep my job. It's going to be permanent"

IT WASN'T long ago that Joe had met her, sitting on a bench in an employment place. The bench was full of people like themselves who wanted work. The agency was pretty good, and you could get a job if you kept coming back enough, and if they had a job that you could do. Experience was nice to have.

He watched her for a time before he spoke to her. He liked her hair, and he could see there was a lot of it, soft and silky, copper and abundant, crowded very neatly in her hat.

"Blair? Martha Blair?"

That was her name, because the girl stood up and walked inside the gate to see the man who gave the jobs away. She had a lovely walk, and Joe admired the way she held her head. He watched her all the time she sat there talking to the man. She was a pleasant sight to see. He heard her laugh and he was glad inside himself and smiling, too, just like a dope, because he guessed the news was good for Martha Blair. For a little while he didn't think about himself. Then she came back to wait until the agency filled out some card that she would need.

Joe said, impulsively, "Good for you, lady. Good for Miss Blair." He had no thought of being bold.

She didn't seem to mind. She laughed and said, "Good for Miss Blair is right," and she seemed pleased that he was pleased. He watched her try to read her paper and he saw the little smile that kept on growing in the corners of her mouth. The items she examined in the paper were quite terrible, so that Joe was sure she wasn't really reading. She was thinking of her turn in luck and maybe of the things he'd said. She finally set the paper on her lap.

Joe said, "Have a cigarette?" He produced a fat new pack, and he was glad the pack was fat and new and that his clothes were pretty good. He liked this girl. She was comfortable and warm inside and happy with this new event that salvaged her. He could see it in her face.

She asked him, "Do you mind?" Then took the cigarette and breathed it deeply. "Oh, this is good," he said. Her clothes were smart, but would they serve against the winter? They were brown and nicely matched and of a heavy cloth. But it was just a suit she wore and not a winter coat. She looked across the room, inside the wooden gate. "What about yourself?" she asked.

"Me? I just sit here for the government, taking unemployment figures."

"You lie."

"Of course I lie."

"Beady? Joseph Beady?" someone called.

"That's me," he said.

"How do you do?"

"We'll see how I do. Excuse me."

JOE stood up, but only walked a step or so before he heard them call, "Miss Blair," again, and he was frightened that she'd get her card and go away and he'd not see her any more.

He went inside to see a Mr. Fergus. "Got something for you, Beady," Mr. Fergus said. "It isn't much."

Joe watched Martha take her card and turn away. He forced himself to look at Mr. Fergus. "Isn't much, huh?"

"Repair job. Vacuum cleaners on commission. It might hold you for a while. Vacuums manage to break down, you know."

Joe said, "The hell with that," then reflected on his manners. "I'm sorry, Mr. Fergus. Don't mean the hell with it, but I've tried those things before. If they only paid a salary, I would fix them with my teeth. I'm an engineer, all right, and I can fix them, but you get too hungry waiting for commissions."

Mr. Fergus shrugged. "Sorry, Beady. Try us again tomorrow."

He turned away in haste and wondered if with more of it he might catch up with Martha Blair. He hadn't even asked her where her job would be. He remembered that he had a hat, and when he turned to get it he was happy and surprised to find her sitting there beside it. "You look like you're going to jump," she said. Her face was hopeful and she asked him, "Any luck?"

"Luck? Oh, you mean about the job. No luck. I was just running around. I thought that you had left and maybe I could catch you."

While she looked at him, her face was kind and wonderful and good and he'd have liked very much to put his cheek against her face. "I just wanted to see how you made out," she said.

He sat beside her. "Crazy, isn't it?"

"What's crazy?"

"I dunno." Joe's hat revolved in his busy hands. He said, "I'm speechless that you waited. It's just wonderful."

"It's not wonderful. It's—oh, I don't know." Martha laughed and stood erect and she was slightly punch-drunk, too. "Better luck the next time."

Joe said, "I'll buy you breakfast," and produced the fourteen dollars he possessed between himself, surrender and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

retreat to Pennsylvania where his family lived. "Right here I've got a hundred million dollars. It's just that I believe the rich should work as well as the poor. I'll buy you ham and eggs, or whisky, anything—"

"I've had my breakfast, really."

"If we had another one we'd talk and have a pleasant time and we'd keep warm. I know a cafeteria that's good. It's cheap. It's all right. You'll like the place."

She went along with him. He took her arm to guide her through the traffic, then he kept her arm.

"LONELY, that's what it is. A guy doesn't quit, but he does get lonely. Put catsup on it, Martha. Catsup's like the blood of tigers. Makes you strong and tough . . . what do I do? You can see what I do, but I'm an engineer. From Carnegie Tech. Got brains and notions and no job. Fixing vacuum cleaners on commission is not a career. I'm a damned good engineer. I could not only fix a vacuum cleaner but I could make one. Just gimme an old hat, a harmonica and a pair of straws. You know the principle, of course." She shook her head. "You don't? Well, I'll explain the thing sometime. What about you, Martha? Where do you live? I don't mean your boardinghouse."

She told him things about herself. "Live in Burlington, Vermont."

"Kind of far from Johnstown, Pennsylvania."

"Very far." She told him where she'd gone to college and to business school, and because he asked her Martha told him she was twenty-three years old.

"I'm twenty-six," he volunteered, and thought it made a pleasant difference in their ages.

"Of course," she said, "this job I have at Bailey's was a piece of luck. Department stores all have their own employment services. This was a special job, and I guess that's why they gave it to an agency."

"Special? Really special?"

"You embarrass me," she said. "But it's kind of special, and it's probably permanent. Not just for Christmas. It's sheet-music sales. Playing piano in the music shop. You know? They hand you the music and you play it. I had a trial the other day, but I didn't think that I was good enough."

"I'll bet you play terrifically."

"I'll bet I don't, but I can fake it pretty well. Did you try the department stores?"

"Tried 'em all. No dice. More coffee, Martha? Coffee's good."

"No more coffee, Joe." They smoked their cigarettes. They looked across the table at each other. Joe said, "Did you get lonely, too—in six months in New York?"

"Very," Martha said, and suddenly her eyes became so damp she took their gaze away from him. "Sometimes very lonely." Then she laughed and said, "I'm sure you are the nicest one I've met in all that time. And thanks for the breakfast, Joe." She stood at the table. "I'm afraid I'll have to go," she said.

"I can see you, can't I? I can see you at the store?"

"You can come and listen to the piano."

They went outside where it was cold and where a drizzle fell like needles. "If we had another half an hour I could be in love with you," he said.

"Really, Mr. Beady?"

"Really. I will get a job and I will do my Christmas shopping at your store. Then we'll go out some place; oh, maybe New Year's we'll go out and I'll get drunk a little bit and you'll take care of me. Then I'll kiss you, Martha."

"I'm sure it would be nice," she said, then walked into the subway that would take her uptown to her room.

"I ruined everything," he told her. "The escalator. See over there? It doesn't work any more"

Two days later, at the agency, Mr. Fergus had no job for Joe. "But there's a note for you," he said.

"A note? A note for me?" Joe took the envelope and walked back to the bench with it and opened it and read the words inside:

"Joe—If you can, at noon today, see Mr. Charles Croydon, section manager Bailey's sixth floor. You will not like Mr. Croydon and I do not believe that I like him, myself. But I have spoken to him and learned of an opening for bright young man. It is assumed you are a genius at electric trains. Salary; no commission. Aren't you a genius at electric trains? Luck—Martha."

"It came at half past nine this morning," Mr. Fergus said. "By special messenger."

"Merry Christmas," Joe told Mr. Fergus.

"Christmas? It's still two weeks away."

"Merry Christmas, anyway. To you and all the staff and to your families and your friends."

OUTSIDE, the snow kept falling all the time, through the day and through the night, on Thirty-fourth Street in New York and Bailey's Department Store.

Red lights and green lights, strung along the street and on the faces of the buildings, made a pretty sight. Everything went ding-a-ling, and everybody's feet were wet.

"Better Buys At Bailey's!"

You might have read the sign ten miles away, if there were not so many buildings to obstruct the view. Better buys, indeed. You'd think they gave the stuff away.

Joe liked this work. He watched the electric trains go around the model city he'd assembled with his hands. The public watched, with its profoundest admiration, all the bridges and the tunnels and the water towers, the switches and

(Continued on page 43)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KID TINSEL

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

MAX ELLISON, New York fight manager, sends Joe Barton—who is in love with Ellison's gay and giddy daughter, "Babs"—to Birmingham, Alabama, to sign up Eddie Gordon, a middleweight whose manager, Pop Mallory, has just died. A short time later, Barton, back in New York, reports to Ellison. He says that young Gordon already has a new manager: *Mallory's daughter, Patricia!* Barton says nothing of his tragic adventures near a roadhouse outside of Birmingham, late one night—a fight with a pick-up acquaintance, Nick Bellis, whom he had shot to death; and a brief struggle with a possible witness—*Eddie Gordon,* who had forced him to drop his revolver and run away. . . .

Young Gordon goes to New York City. He calls on Max Ellison, tells him that he does not want to work for Patricia ("Pat") Mallory, but that he must, because of the terms of his contract. Ellison tells him that, should he do well in the ring, his lawyers will break the contract—and Eddie can switch to him. . . .

Eddie meets Babs Ellison. Babs introduces him to Joe Barton. Eddie gives no sign of ever having seen Barton before (Barton had kept his face in the dark). Nevertheless, Barton—jealous of the fighter—plans to have him murdered by Morrie Oakes, a professional killer. But when Babs informs him that Eddie has a small, pearl-handled .32 revolver (the one the New Yorker had dropped, which happens to be registered in the name of Joseph Barton), he realizes that he can do nothing until the weapon has been recovered. . . .

Cliff Halliday, a sports writer, sees the revolver in Eddie's apartment. Fearing that it may involve Eddie in legal trouble, he insists that Eddie give it to him; and Eddie does so.

For a time, all goes well with the young middleweight. He wins eight fights. Then—in poor condition because of late night-club parties with Babs Ellison—he is knocked out by Tommy Gateley. The following day, Pat Mallory receives a letter from a betting firm. Enclosed in the letter is a check for seven thousand five hundred dollars. The letter makes it appear that she had bet on Gateley.

Shocked, astounded, Pat has another shock awaiting her—Max Ellison calls on her, and informs her that charges of crookedness are to placed before the boxing commission.

VII

PAT rose and walked to the window and back. She stood in front of Max Ellison's chair and looked down at him with eyes that were hostile and unafraid. "You said you came here to help me, Mr. Ellison. Just how do you propose to do that?"

"Quite simply. And, I might say, quite generously. I still believe that Eddie Gordon has the makings of a truly great middleweight. I am therefore prepared to pay you fifteen thousand dollars cash for his contract."

"And if I say no . . . ?"

"That would be most unwise. Because, my dear, you will lose your license, Eddie will instantly become a free agent—and I feel certain that he would be quite happy to tie up with me."

"You've got it all figured out, haven't you?" Her voice was brittle. "It's amazing how quickly you heard about this."

"I have ways of learning things."

"I don't doubt it. And I'm overwhelmed by your generosity in offering me fifteen thousand dollars for a contract you assure me you can get for nothing. I suppose you are doing this because you were fond of my father?"

Max leaned back in his chair and beamed up at her. "You're a very remarkable young lady, Miss Mallory; most attractive and intelligent . . . a rare combination. Perhaps you're even intelligent enough to chart the safest course for yourself. Sell me Eddie's contract and I'll use my influence to see that these charges are never brought."

She nodded slowly. "Suppose you allow me twenty-four hours," she said.

"Fair enough, my dear—fair enough." He hoisted himself to his feet. "I hope you will be sensible."

Her eyes were level and her voice was flat: "You needn't worry about that, Mr. Ellison."

She closed the door behind him and stood rigidly.

"They've got me in a corner," she reflected. "I have to fight my way out—or else."

Her head snapped back suddenly, and she went to the telephone. She dialed Cliff Halliday and felt better the instant she heard his voice.

"Dated for dinner?" she asked.

"Positively." Her heart sank. "With you."

"How soon? I have a mad impulse to weep on your shoulder."

(*Continued on page* 28)

"How'm I doin'?" Feets inquired ecstatically. "Energetic," she said. "Tha's how you is doin' "

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comes to Town

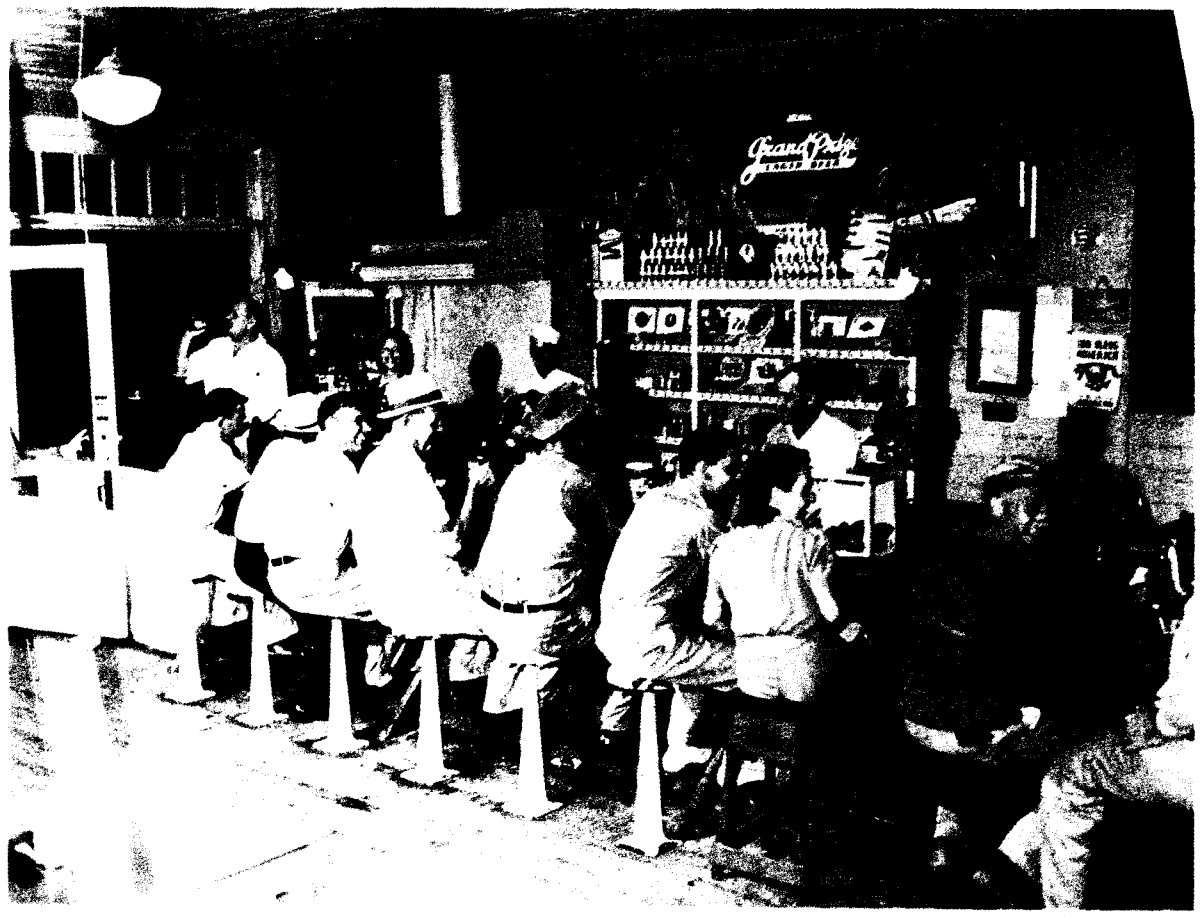
BY J. D. RATCLIFF

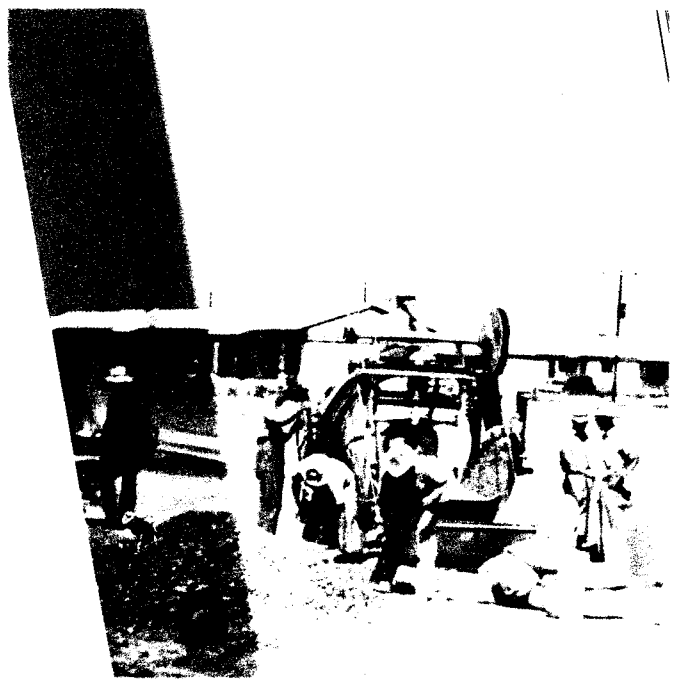
Fortune seekers in modern boom towns want sandwiches and malted milks at soda fountains instead of red liquor in honky-tonks

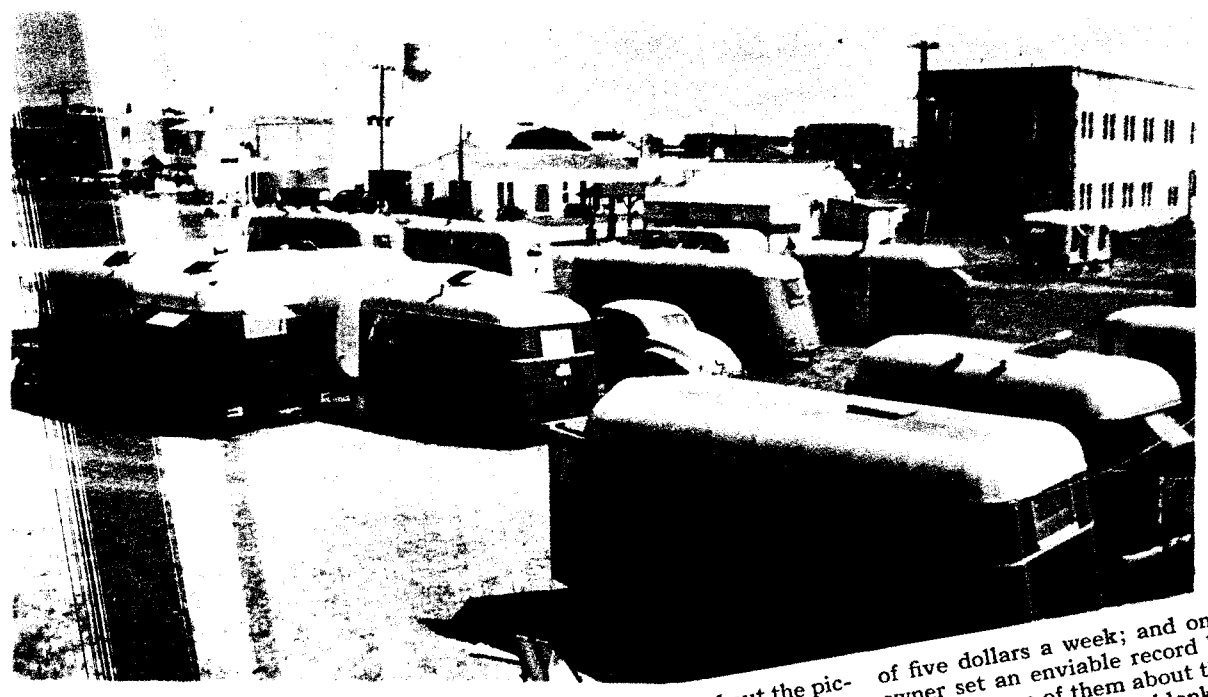
Skilled artisans instead of bad men swarm to boom-town pay rolls, bringing their own housing (right, below) and their families

Freeport's sudden 140 per cent increase in population created a building boom, which (below) helps along the general prosperity

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL PETERS







The citizens of Freeport, Texas, are still blinking. And so would you if your home town more than doubled its population in three months and prosperity flew in every window

A FEW years ago Texans read something in their newspapers about a depression. But not being people to grasp idle rumors, they paid it no mind. As a thing to worry about they put it well down on the list, along with the new rash of sun spots and the outbreak of cannibalism in Fiji. Besides, everyone was too busy to worry. Having escaped this late unpleasantness, parts of Texas—chunks the size of Grade-A Balkan countries—are now in the midst of a first-class boom. Not, understand, a quiet, well-bred boomlet such as New England would produce; but a boisterous, violent, full-throated boom.

In Corpus Christi they have a nice little plum in the form of a $25,000,000 naval air base. Houston has more building per capita than any city in the country, and on top of this Ellington Field, relic of World War I, is getting a $2,000,000 refurbishing. Randolph Field at San Antonio is getting a costly going over. At Freeport—fifty miles below Galveston on the Gulf Coast—old residents are still slightly dazed about what has happened there.

Let Mr. Bearhunter Funderburk, proprietor of Bearhunter's Café, give his slant. This solid, monolithic gentleman is a little less confused than most of the others.

Mr. Funderburk's place—he picked up his nickname a number of years ago when he set out on a fruitless journey to kick the wadding out of a bear that was annoying local citizens—is simple and functional to a delightful degree. There is a long counter—Texas doesn't allow bars—garnished with jars of pickled pigs' feet, wienies, hard-boiled eggs and other delicacies. Behind it stands a businesslike stockade of beer cases. A few tables, chairs and a cleared plot for free-style dancing round out the picture.

"This place was dead, temporary," says the Bearhunter, speaking with a considered growl. "The sulphur company shut down one of its two mines and laid off 300 men. Things weren't much good. We'd get a few fishermen over from Houston and a few sailors. It was all very peaceful. Then this thing happened."

This thing is the Dow Chemical Company's vast new plant which will extract magnesium from sea water; magnesium to be used to a very large extent in the rearmament program. Magnesium metal, a third lighter than aluminum, goes to make a hundred plane parts—supercharger housings, secondary structural parts, chair frames, oil tanks, pumps, etc.

Construction started last spring and the plant is now about ready to go into operation. Freeport's population shot up from 3,100 to 7,500 in ninety days' time. People slept in parks, boxcars, hobo jungles and on the beach. Trailer parking space fetched seven dollars a month—almost as much as an acre of land was worth a month or so earlier. Alert residents found that a rented cot would enrich the family till at the rate of five dollars a week; and one homeowner set an enviable record by sprinkling nineteen of them about the house: in the parlor, hallways, blanket closets and attic.

A rosy flush of prosperity spread over the town. People had real money to finger and there was work for all comers. The only thing that had tough sledding was the local relief project—hard-surfacing a breakwater. It had to shut down. A main street previously devoid of entertainment sprouted a new movie house. Tent photographers began making three-minute photos, and a skeet-shooting pitch started banging away.

Used-car dealers started operation. All they needed was a vacant lot, a couple of floodlights, an oilcloth sign, and a few relics driven in from some near-by town. Help-yourself laundries —where water is free and washing machines rent at forty cents an hour—opened, and a trailer restaurant rolled into town. Reverend J. P. Rutledge, tent revivalist, started a highly profitable session of soulsaving, keeping the mourners' bench sagging most of the time. And a tent skating rink did nicely, too.

Crossroads gamblers—furtive troupes

(Continued on page 52)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The young Canadians on this page may never learn to pilot a plane but they spend a lot of time in the air. They're student observers and in just 12 weeks they'll be part of a Canadian air crew

NEWS Item: "In 1941 we shall have command of the air. Remember what that means . . ."—Winston Churchill, October 22, 1940.

The British prime minister directed those words to the people of France. But they brought a surge of hope to all the peoples of the British empire. Most of all they were meaningful in Canada. The war may be a distant thunder to New Zealanders and Australians and to the millions in India, but not to Canada. There they know their nationhood is at stake, and to Canadians nationhood is something vitally important.

To Canadians it is important to know that the prime minister is confident there will be an England in 1941. To them it means there will always be a Canada. When they sing, up there, There'll Always be an England, there is a look in Canadians' eyes that says There'll Always be a Canada. For those who are English first, up there, and Canadians second, are in the minority, constituting perhaps less than one third of the 11,350,000 people that populate that vast 3,700,000 square miles of country.

And these are removed from the soil of England by several score years. Among them there are many who are American rather than English, after being Canadian. What happens to England is important to them, but what happens to contiguous America is even more important. Until war in earnest began, and for Canadians this was on June 13th when France collapsed, the doubts and fears were important obstacles to unified war effort. But from June 13th onward it has been a different story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canadians who wondered why they were fighting at all or what for—whether for Britain, for Canada, democracy, or for the preservation of a way of life common to the mother country and to the Western Hemisphere—stopped wondering. Isolationists yielded to interventionists, for they became convinced at last that their nationhood was at state.

Churchill's message also had a specific meaning to Canadians. He had said something about air supremacy, hadn't he? Well, the air is Canada's baby—or it will be, beginning practically right away.

Potentially, Canada can win the war for the British empire. In the matter of airmen Canada is the most important defense factor in the Western Hemisphere.

In November the first pilots were graduated from the empire training schools of Canada. How many we cannot tell you, though they were only a handful. But next spring, unless something goes radically wrong with the training system, Canada will be producing 650 pilots every four weeks with a proportionate number of gunners, observers and mechanics. The rate of production of air crews of all categories —not counting technicians, mechanics, groundsmen—will be 25,000 to 27,000 a year by the end of 1941.

The United States is twelve times bigger than Canada in capital, industry, labor and population. So when Canada produces 650 pilots per month, it is equivalent to an American pilot-training rate of 7,800 monthly.

To understand why Canada is potentially a decisive factor in the air-power war, you've got to know about Matt Berry and Wop May and Punch Dickins and the other "bush fliers." Canada has only two railroad lines, strung across the width of that wild country. These hug the border pretty well and one of them short-cuts across Maine to get to Halifax. But up in the Northwest Territory, the Hudson Bay region, the Yukon, when Canadians think of transportation they think first of the airplane, then of the dog sled and lastly in terms of railroads.

The airplane opened up that wild region, roughly one third the total area of Canada, and made possible the discovery of new gold mines and establishment of fur-trading posts.

What Canadians like Billy Bishop, Collishaw, McLeod and Barker did to establish a great Canadian war tradition the bush pilots did for Canadian civil aviation. The Berrys, the Con Farrells, Wop Mays and Dickinses became the heroes of Canadian kids.

Those bush pilots, flying in old Fokkers and Junkers, with wings that literally flapped over the wilderness, carried whisky, tools, medicines, food, tents, dog sleds and fresh apples and newspapers to points previously reachable only by hacking one's way through the tundra at ten miles a day. They flew through hells of wind, ice, fog and blinding sun, at the icy fringes of the Arctic apron where a compass needle spins round crazily and you fly by sight, sound, smell and hearing, by the seat of your pants, divine guidance and the almanac.

Their landing fields were invariably the lakes that splatter the bush country. In summer the pilots used pontoons, in winter, skis. Twice a year, during the freeze-up just before winter sets in for keeps and in the spring just before the lakes become free of ice, the boys hole up in the St. Charles Hotel in Winnipeg, or the Prince George in Edmonton.

Matt Wants His Share, Too

The St. Charles has a room set aside for them where they can do their backlogged drinking by night and revive with steaming java in the morning. Frenchie looks after the boys. Frenchie is in her fading forties, with a sweep of raven hair over a wide brow.

Frenchie mothers all the boys and right now she's worried about Matt Berry.

In the last war, Matt was an instructor. What war flying he did was at dual controls, teaching some punk how to drive an airplane. He never had any fun. He never triggered lead out of a cranky Browning that fired through the prop, and when Matt heard about those Spitfires and Hurricanes with their eight machine guns he itched to be in one with a Heinkel or a Messerschmitt in the sights—but Matt, you see, is fifty-one. Last reports from Winnipeg are that he's considering the humiliation of a toupee to try to trick some enlistment officer who maybe doesn't know him.

Those bush pilots fly more freight a year than all of the American air lines put together, just to give you a rough idea. They fly doctors to babies born and unborn in the frozen villages of the north country. They sometimes pancake on a frozen lake, and for days, weeks, fellow pilots search the country, and the papers are filled with stories of those men and their exploits, and Canada's young boys have their heroes—the men who fly the bush. Not radio comedians, or cowboys, or football players.

That's why, when Canada followed England to war against Germany by a week on September 10, 1939, 178,000 young men presented themselves at enlistment stations demanding to be rapidly converted into pilots, gunners, observers. They didn't care what, so long as it had something to do with flying. When 178,000 Canadian huskies presented themselves for enrollment in the Royal Canadian Air Force, it was as though 2,136,000 young Americans had volunteered for service in the United States Air Corps. Canada has the material.

Why Canada Wasn't Ready

But there were things Canada didn't have. There were no uniforms, quarters or equipment for even a fraction of these men, assuming they all passed the physical examinations. Canada for more than twenty years had concentrated on the pursuit of profits safe behind the bulwarks of the American and British navies. She had less than five thousand men under arms, a navy composed of thirteen overage ships, the heaviest of which was a destroyer, and only a nucleus of an air force. Canada, on September 10, 1939, when Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King gunned his country into the war, rated below the lowest Balkan bush-league country in military air power.

Canada had first of all to decide in what fields she could best aid Great Britain to defend the empire. Obviously, with so small a population, the men she could send overseas would be relatively few. Canada raised about 500,000 troops in the last war. This time, with her population increased, she could raise an army of at most 750,000 which, as armies go nowadays, wouldn't exactly scare Hitler and Mussolini into suing for peace. Canada wisely decided that she could become an ideal training center for pilots and airmen generally. Canada could produce munitions in her factories. Conditions were ideal for both pursuits. Canada was far from the madding bombs. This remoteness from the war, and the psychology of security it engendered in the Canadians, was disastrous to the early efforts to get her war effort started. Britain wasn't much help either.

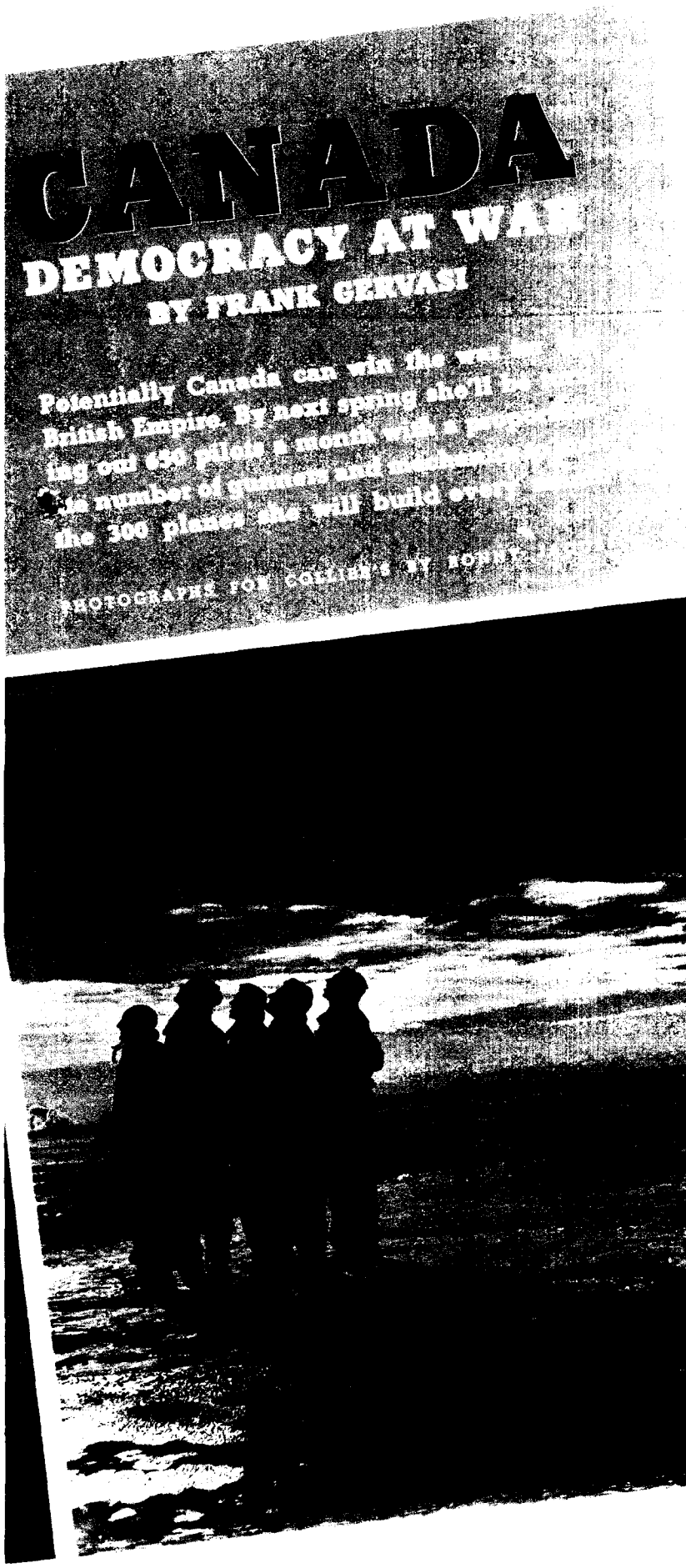
At the outbreak of war, Mother England assured Daughter Dominion that there was plenty of time. Canada could take three years, at least, to accomplish the task of rearming and regearing industry to war production.

Lord Riverdale, a tough old Tory who was all for empire and to hell with all such nonsense as "nationhood," arrived in Ottawa in the early days of October, last year. He found he wasn't dealing with Englishmen, but with a new race of men who were more North American in their outlook than British. Lord Riverdale and his British air mission found that Canadians carried this silly business about "nationhood" into their thinking regarding the war.

Just before the dominion entered the conflict, isolation was a popular trend, especially in the province of Quebec, where nearly four million Canadians of French blood live. They couldn't become properly excited about saving the British empire. These Frenchmen remembered, too, how they were kicked around in the last war. Canada was disunited and worried about where the money was all coming from when Lord Riverdale landed in Ottawa.

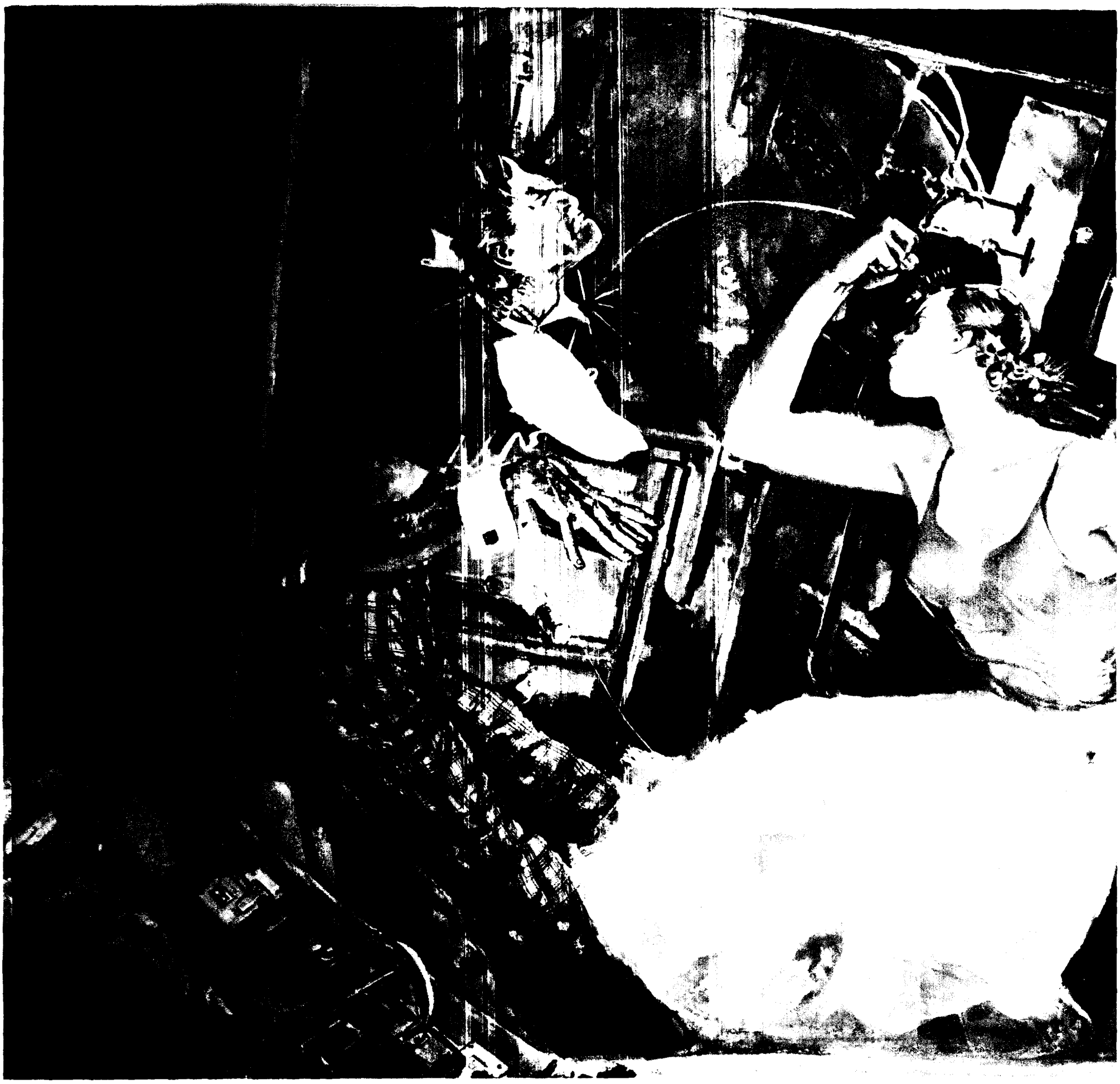
Riverdale showed the Canadians what England expected them to do. Roughly it amounted to this: Canada, like other elements of the British empire, was to furnish whatever the empire needed and pay the bill. Canada was to become the training center for air men of all categories and from all parts of the empire, New Zealand and Australia and England herself. The units trained in

(Continued on page 38)



Typical scene at any of the 43 air-training schools that Canada has already built: A group of student pilots with eyes to the sky as they note and learn from maneuvers of the training planes overhead

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Misty and The Boomer

By Grover Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Dandy Andy Devoe encounters that large girl with a wallop

MISTY HUDELL was picking up coal in the railroad yards when The Boomer blew into town. An empty freezer on a passing freight dumped him unceremoniously into a patch of nettles and then rattled its loose-hanging door with malicious laughter as he scrambled painfully to his feet. It was still laughing when he picked up his keyster and walked into the cool shadow of the tower.

There he rid himself of the annoying nettles, first making sure he hadn't been observed. He had no desire to lose the prestige afforded him by his stylish attire. His long, lanky body was encased in a topcoat with a heavy fur collar fluffed high in the back. A pair of pince-nez spectacles, miraculously unharmed by the fall, clung tenaciously to his thin, beaklike nose. A wing collar that protected his Adam's apple one moment and pinched it the next. A gray bowler perched atop a high forehead, patent-leather shoes on extraordinarily long feet, and a pair of smoky gloves resting loosely in his left hand. To all outside appearances he was an actor, but in reality The Boomer was a crook.

Railroading was an avocation with him—an excellent pigger in his industrious moments. The Big He of any division he had worked would swear to that. He could always be depended upon to get the best out of any engine he handled.

But his lasting qualities were less than the life of a snowflake on a firebox door. He moved with the sun.

They called him The Boomer, but his real name was Andy Devoe—Dandy Andy Devoe. He worked at odd moments because it was a clever way to cover his tracks after he had pulled a job. He hated work as a dog hates a skunk. The perfect life to him was a sun-protected water tank under which he could stretch at ease and count his stolen gains. After which, a trip to a gin hoist where, ankle-deep in sawdust, he could dip his beak into unlimited glasses of rotgut and discuss the mighty problems of the world with the barhop. For Dandy Andy Devoe was a most loquacious fellow.

This trip to Hungry Hollow had been carefully planned. An ex-mule skinner working a medicine show in Vandalia had innocently provided the inspiration. Fellow's name was Pugsy Lakin; partner of a big, sissy-looking guy named Mordecai Baine. Lakin had told Andy about a Mrs. Lanton who ran a boardinghouse in Hungry Hollow; said she acted as banker for her boarders.

"Never keeps books," he said. "Don't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need to—got a brain sharper'n a mule's squeal. I've seen as high as two thousand dollars in her safe at one time. . . . Swell woman."

Sweet music to Dandy Andy. . . . Now he stood in the tower's shadow and looked about him. Hungry Hollow! What a name and, probably, what a people. Well, it was always better to apply his craft in a stupid town; kept him out of stir.

It was only when vanity got the best of him that John Law did the same.

Then he saw Misty. The wind from a passing coal train pressed her calico dress against her large, well-proportioned body. A mass of auburn hair flew wildly about, reminding him for the moment of the torch of liberty that had graced the front of a vanilla-wafer stand down at the St. Louis World's Fair.

"Beautiful," he thought. "Prettier

Then she hit him, destroying forever the halation on his celluloid collar and putting him into the arms of Morpheus

even than that winged woman the Indianapolis Brewing Company uses on its signboards."

AND, too, he knew instinctively who she was. Mordecai Baine had described her as "six feet two and a heart of gold." To which Pugsy Lakin had added: "And too damn' good for either of us." . . . As he walked out into the sunlight toward her, she was waving at the rear shack on the coal drag's caboose.

Misty turned and eyed the approaching man with interest. Up until this very moment she had believed that fur collars were intended only for rich women and women with a past. Her first impression was that the man inside the coat was going to bark at her. But he didn't; instead, he smiled and swept his derby from his head in a most gallant manner.

"Am I talking to *the* Misty Hudell?" he asked, seasoning his voice with a touch of simulated eagerness.

"I don't know about *the*," returned Misty, "but I'm Misty all right."

"I bow before you, milady. I am your humble Dandy Andy Devoe."

Misty blushed. Imagine being treated like a lady when you're out picking up coal.

"Just dropped in off the varnish," said Andy. "Been workin' the Air Line out o' Roodhouse. Nice jerk, this." He indicated the fringing of town with a wave of his hand.

Misty frowned.

" 'Tain't a jerk," she returned defensively. "Hungry Hollow's a town."

"I'm sorry, my dear," laughed Andy, "but I'm a man of the world—a cosmopolite, as it were—and any place that can't boast a railroad division is a simple, unadulterated jerk. . . . Take these yards here. I'll bet there aren't more than two goats workin' 'em."

"You're wrong, brother," said Misty. She picked up her two filled coal buckets and started for Mrs. Lanton's boardinghouse. Andy matched step with her but made no offer to lighten her burden. "As a matter of fact, we got four—an' two of 'em are eight-hundred-class engines."

"Well!" exclaimed the surprised Andy. "You talk my language!"

MISTY'S chin tilted proudly. Her Sundays with Cooney Bolitho were beginning to pay dividends. Cooney was a boarder up at Mrs. Lanton's, a tallow pot on one of the switch engines—a young punk who loved his work. He was always romanticizing the road and talking of the day when he'd be working a boiler handle himself. His usual boast was, "I'll be pullin' the varnish before you know it." To which he never forgot to add, "Being an engineer's wife wouldn't do you a bit of harm."

She had learned all her railroad lingo from him. An engineer was a pigger, a hoghead or a hogger. If he was out of work, the men in the switchmen's shanty referred to him as a civil engineer. A fireman was a bakehead. Cooney was an apprentice fireman—a tallow pot to the boys. A conductor was an O.R.C. or a pencil pusher and brakemen were affectionately tabulated as shacks or mules. . . . These things and many more she learned, but of them all she liked best to stand flat-footed in the engine cab and heave coal into the firebox with a Number Two shovel. Traveling down to the "Y" on the Sabbath gave her plenty of practice, and it was Cooney who said she knew as much about an engine as the fellow who built it.

"You don't look like a railroad man to me," said Misty, eying Andy sharply.

"Nope—nor to many people," grinned Andy. "First of all, I'm a gentleman. Mighty few workin' the roads, sister. I wear clothes well, which you can see. Misleadin' in my business, I know, but any time you think you got somebody who can make more use of steam than me, trot him around. I've worked every railroad from the Bangor & Aroostook to the old Bent, Zigzag & Crooked, out of Zanesville."

"You expecting to get a job here?"

"Wasted words, my dear. I never expect anything—I'm always sure of it."

Misty laughed.

"You got plenty of conceit."

"Call it what you will," said Andy, "but a fishmonger blows his horn or he don't sell no fish."

Misty eyed him again, this time more warmly. She liked educated men, especially the kind that used maximums, or something like that She wanted to learn; always had. Learning anything was like a good drink of dandelion wine to her; it warmed her stomach and gave her new confidence.

"You read that out of a book?" she asked. By this time, the two were walking down the boardwalk on Main Street. Andy's eyes were taking in the surroundings, and what interested him most was a swivel joint across the street that advertised good bar scat for a nickel a finger. He licked his lips.

"Books don't interest me," said Andy. "What I say comes out of the noggin."

"But if you read books it makes you smarter," insisted Misty. She kicked open the white picket gate of the boardinghouse fence and moved up the narrow gravel walk. Andy followed behind. He eyed the female behemoth with a faint smile. A stupid, cowlike woman, he thought, and a pretty good confederate if he needed one. No trouble to work her around his finger.

"That's your idea," he said, "but not mine. Them that write books make 'em up themselves. Okay! Then why waste time readin' what they make up when you can make it up better yourself. . . . Who's that woman stretchin' lace curtains on the front porch?"

"That's Mrs. Lanton," said Misty.

"Hm-m," returned the wily Andy. And, raising his voice that Mrs. Lanton might hear: "A most charming woman."

Mrs. Lanton, deep of breast and short of stature, lifted her eyes to the approaching stranger. The man's derby was already suspended just above his head. Mrs. Lanton warmed to his smile.

"Madame," said Andy, lifting one foot on the porch and resting a forearm gracefully upon his knee, "you'll excuse my forwardness, I'm sure. You standing there in the latticed shadows of that porch reminded me of—" He started to say "my mother"; thought better of it and added: "—my younger sister."

"So sweet of you," said the blushing landlady. She watched Misty swing around the corner of the house. "You comin' to board with us?"

"Would I go any place else?" Andy stepped up on the porch beside her. "Nottingham," he said, eying the curtains expertly. Then: "Dandy Andy Devoe, milady—and I've heard of your cooking as far west as the Kickapoo Reservation."

Mrs. Lanton's heart fluttered. Imagine a man knowing anything about lace curtains.

MISTY had seen miners enjoy themselves many times but never so much as they did that night at the supper table. Not all miners, to be sure—a sprinkling of brick-factory workers and several railroad men. Among the latter was the good-looking Cooney Bolitho, who had heard of Andy by reputation and who now was so engrossed with his line of gab that he gave no thought at all to the spareribs and kraut before him. While Andy had polished off three plates of food, a point unnoticed by all except Misty.

"Know him?" said Andy, grinning at Cooney. "I'll say I do. Met him first on the old Logansport division. Cutie McGonagle was his real monicker. I'm a pin-puller them days and he's handlin' the boiler in the same crew. Always reminded me of James Whitcomb Riley's fellow who could stand flat-footed and spit clean over a boxcar. Cutie was even better. He chewed fine cut and if he leaned far enough out of the cab, he could hit any car that made up the train. Only time he ever missed a cyclone hit us smack in the middle just as he was gettin' up steam. Embarrassed him so, he gave up the run. Workin' now on the Loquat, Satsuma Short Line, a citrus narrow-gauge out in California."

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dance Director Balanchine clarifies a point for the education—and edification—of members of the cast of his all-Negro musical, Cabin in the Sky

Russian Genius

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

In this land of so lovely bodies George Balanchine is growing "more and more famouser" as he teaches American girls how to twirl

IN 1925, at London's Coliseum Theatre, George Balanchine broke his leg while dancing a ballet. Knowing his responsibility as the star, he continued pirouetting on one foot until the curtain finally dropped and the horrified company rushed to his aid. "Toushka, Ivanovitch," he shouted, laughing uproariously. "Regard my good luck! Now I never have to dance again!"

His fortunate fracture allowed Balanchine, the good dancer, to become Balanchine, the great director—which was what he'd always wanted to be—and the swath he proceeded to cut through Europe was wide and wonderful. His name grew, as he puts it, "more and more famouser," and by 1934 he was the obvious person to be invited to this country to found The School of American Ballet.

"It was nize invitation, but mainly I come because I have plans for those so lovely, pliable bodies of American girrls," he says. Then he adds hurriedly, "Professional plans, please onderstand." And he's done right well by our little Nells, in such productions as the Ziegfeld Follies, On Your Toes, Babes in Arms, The Boys from Syracuse, Louisiana Purchase and lots more. Then there are movies to his credit: The Goldwyn Follies, and I Was An Adventuress—both of which feature his lovely ballerina wife, Vera Zorina.

His newest production on Broadway is the all-Negro musical comedy, Cabin in the Sky. In his review of this show Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the New York Times, wrote: "If the rules of Equity permitted, probably the dancers would be glad to pay Mr. Balanchine for the privilege of appearing under his direction, for he has released them from the bondage of hack dancing and ugliness."

Graduates of The School of American Ballet, of which he is artistic mentor, make up the bulk of such new and vigorous companies as The Ballet Caravan and The American Ballet. Americans twirl on stages where only Russians have twirled before. "America becomes new home for ballet," he says—and balletomanes give the credit to George.

That Genius Business

Snugly installed in an elaborate Long Island home and a sleek New York apartment, proud of his brand-new American citizenship papers, Balanchine has no intention of ever leaving the land of opportunity and "so lovely" bodies. He has an outlet for his serious work in the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and in any other right-thinking ballet company that he deigns to favor. His work on Broadway keeps him busy and happy, and his income tax is large enough to make him feel he's a respectable, paying member of the community. There is only one small fault he can find with the United States—all Americans seem to believe that any Russian artist is automatically a genius.

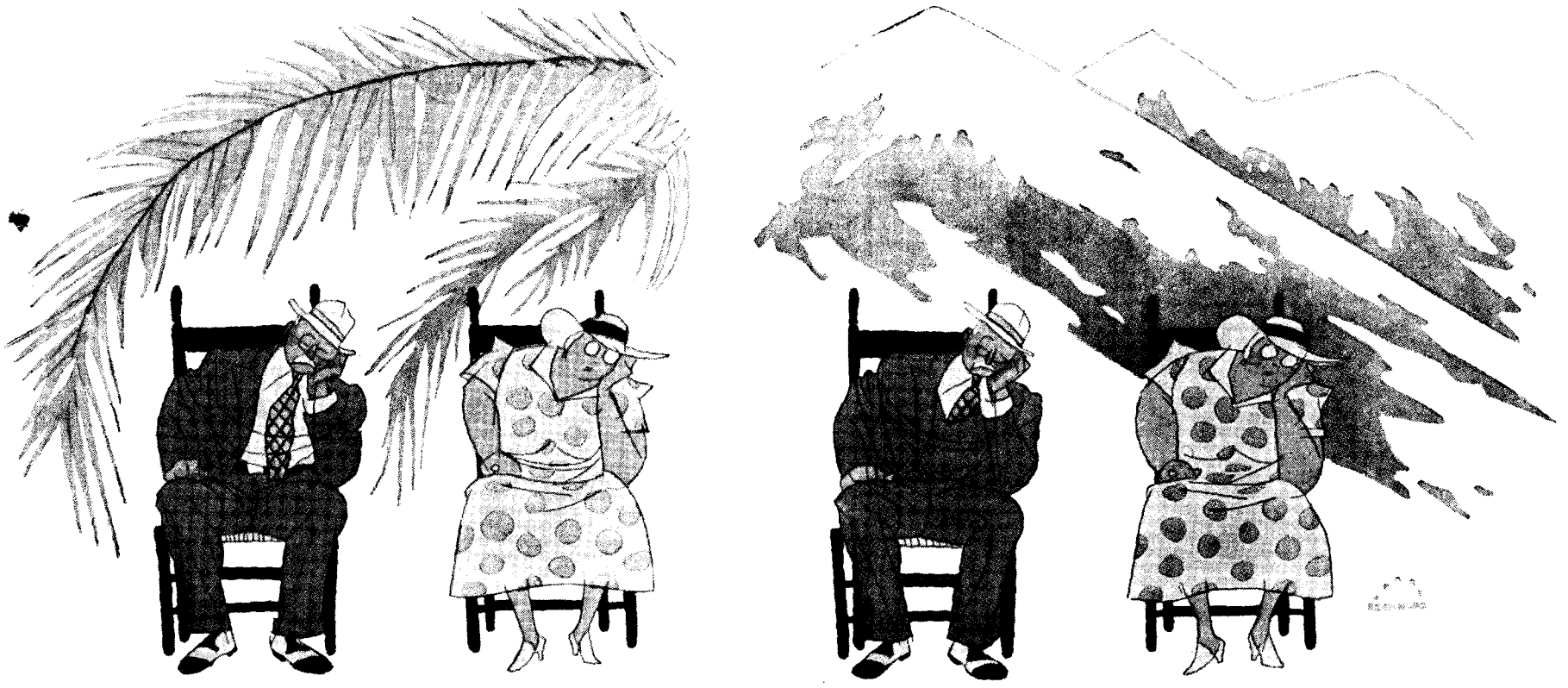
"It would be compliment," he sighs, "if they did not also theenk all geniuses are crazy or doomb." Working, probably, on this theory, confidence men and crackpots come from all over the country to try to sell him the secret of perpetual motion, or schemes to reorganize the world on a friendlier, if more expensive basis. Occasionally one of these enterprising individuals succeeds, and Balanchine is left wondering if maybe he isn't a genius after all. Once, for instance, he was promenading up Fifth Avenue in a beautiful, new, mink-lined coat.

A stranger (blue eyes, scar on right side of chin) sidled up to him and began to talk. Soon he had convinced Balanchine that the revolution was due in New York any minute and that the first to die would be men in fur-lined coats. Our genius gave the man five dollars to carry the coat away quickly, and ten more for promising not to tell where he got it.

Balanchine eventually got back at him, in spirit if not in fact, by taking his ire out on a certain Broadway producer of the school that believes geniuses are simply "doomb." This gentleman sent for George and announced that he was going to employ him to stage a ballet. Thereupon, he spent two days explaining his own theories of the dance, while the Russian listened absently, occasionally trying to insert an objection, but he never succeeded in slipping in so much as a "nichevo." On the third day he fled to the country and didn't return to town for a week. When he did, it was four o'clock in the morning. Dropping his suitcase, he grabbed the phone, and called the producer. It

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Climate-chasing won't help. Faulty diet makes Mr. and Mrs. X miserable wherever they go

Eat to Keep Young

By Victor G. Heiser, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Don't wander through life gobbling up too much food and getting old before your time. Go easy on second portions, balance up your diet, and live longer

PERHAPS you do not want to live as long as Methuselah. Yet, short of shuffling off this mortal coil, there is no way of escaping old age. Nor should we want to escape. It can be one of the pleasantest times of life. Often we see men and women who actually enjoy it. Their minds are undimmed and their bodies sound and active. What is their secret? When we are mature enough to face the problems of middle age we seek to discover it with all the intelligence we can muster. We are willing to try almost anything to outwit those degenerative ills which threaten to blight our later years.

Unfortunately the hearty octogenarians who have discovered the secret are of very little help. They are eager to tell us how they achieved such a ripe old age but each one differs from the others. One says it is temperance. "I never smoke tobacco or take a drink or eat more than I can hold in the hollow of my hand." Another says, "I always eat and drink whatever I want"; another, "I walk five miles every day, sun or blizzard"; and another, "I keep young because I never wear myself out taking exercise." And so it goes.

Fortunately we need no longer be guided by individual theories, interesting though they may be. Within the past few years science has established by the long and painstaking method of laboratory research that at least one of the secrets of youth is a properly balanced diet.

We are often as old as the food we eat. This knowledge is one of the gifts of medical research to our generation. Hitherto, science has been concerned with the infectious diseases. Typhoid fever has been brought under control, and those other plagues which sweep over wide areas and mow men down like corn in the path of a twister—cholera, diphtheria, smallpox, malaria and yellow fever, all have lost their terror. But little has been done about the degenerative diseases.

Now medical research has focused on the ills of the individual. It is concerned with Mr. X, who awakens with a headache, drags himself to the office, consumes quantities of soda, eats an apple for lunch one day to cure his indigestion, and the next believes that he has found the panacea in crackers and paprika. Stiff with rheumatism, irritable from jagged nerves, he wanders from doctor's office to doctor's office, telling his symptoms.

Our youthful oldsters seldom know how they happened to get that way

In America, we are threatened more by what we eat than by what we lack

And what can be done for Mrs. X, whose medicine closet is filled with laxatives, whose bloated waistline distresses both her and the sales clerks who try to fix her gowns, who is seldom free from sick headaches and attacks of indigestion though she swears to you that she lives on a few raw carrots with an occasional chocolate cream for energy?

If Mr. and Mrs. X are wealthy, they are climate chasers, wretched in Florida in the winter, equally wretched in the summer in the mountains. If they are not able to go searching for elusive health in some other environment, the X's are wretched at home, always hoping to find some medicine, some rules of living which will give them back that feeling of well-being, that capacity for enjoyment which time has snatched away.

In all probability Mr. and Mrs. X are just two miserable, half-sick, middle-aged people suffering from years of improper eating. For now we know beyond the shadow of a doubt that your diet, what you eat, largely influences the rate at which your body ages and consequently determines the actual duration of your life.

Certain diets, and diets which would not seem at all peculiar to you, are likely to result in certain diseases. Only recently Tadasu Saiki, the brilliant, Yale-trained Japanese scientist, produced gastric ulcers in rats by regulating their supply of Vitamin A. And if the diet is continued for a sufficient time, the ulcers develop into cancers. These are just two of the many diseases which make a man look and feel and act as old as Methuselah, and actually lop off years from his normal life span.

The rat has been chosen as our benefactor in a wide series of experiments because his diet corresponds to that of man. Unlike those vegetarians, the rabbit and the guinea pig, the rat is omnivorous. He likes both meat and vegetables and will eat whatever we eat. Just how much we owe to brother rat is not yet certain. We do not know what effect these dietary discoveries will have on human beings but we do hope they will show us how to cure as well as avoid many of our own diseases.

Many epochal findings have been made by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British scientist, Dr. Robert McCarrison. On a scientifically balanced diet he raised rats to a plump and healthy middle age without a trace of disease. By feeding their equally healthy baby cousins improper food he produced in two and a quarter years (the rat's middle age) a whole crop of the diseases which afflict us. An autopsy on these irritable, sickly rats showed all stages of stomach ailments, intestinal infections and kidney and bladder troubles. A large proportion of them had diseases of the middle ear and inflammation of the eyes. Ulcers, stones, Bright's disease, pleurisy, infected tonsils, bad teeth, arthritis, lung and nerve disorders—they suffered from them all.

Going one step farther, Dr. McCarrison proved that he could develop bladder and kidney stones in 50 per cent of the healthy middle-aged rats by feeding them improperly. Milk, however, saved another group. When two thirds of an ounce a day was added to the same diet, not a single rat developed stones. Think of the millions of lives that could be saved, and the untold suffering, if more people would add one pint of milk a day to an otherwise good diet.

The nutrition level in American cities is far below what it should be. The average city dweller should eat 15 per cent more eggs, 20 per cent more fruit and vegetables and drink 30 per cent more milk. In the South, among the Negroes, the consumption of milk is amazingly low. The average Negro drinks only seventeen quarts a year, which is less than 1/8 of a pint a day.

Diet Instead of Surgery

Dr. McCarrison believes that when people learn to eat properly they will be in much less danger of the surgeon's knife. There are eminent authorities who agree with him that the time will come when instead of lopping off a broken leg which will not heal, the doctor will order a change of diet. Or, instead of removing bladder and kidney stones only to have them grow again, he will be able to regulate the diet so the stones will no longer form.

Dr. McCarrison's experiments have been supplemented by much brilliant work in the United States. Dr. McCollum of Johns Hopkins and the great nutritionists of Yale—Chittenden, Mendel and Osborne; Columbia's Hess, Sherman, Mary Rose; Harvard's Cannon; California's Evans and many others are constantly adding to our knowledge.

All of this new medical research establishes that disease is caused both by what you eat and what you do not eat. On one hand, you are almost certainly eating too much. Also you may be eating foods that are difficult to digest or those for which you have an allergy. Some of the foods you like best may act as irritants to your digestive system. On the other hand, even though you eat too much you may not be eating enough of those food substances and chemicals that the body needs for upkeep and repair.

Growing old is a gradual process of wearing out. Every year you live, your heart beats three hundred and thirty-odd million times. As old age approaches it begins to pump less vigorously. You do not co-ordinate so well, nor hear or see so well. The telegraph system of your nerves is slowed down. Most likely you have a little arthritis in your joints. Sometimes these signs of pathological change begin to manifest themselves in people who are young in years and again they do not appear until beyond the seventies. It all depends upon the state of repair in which one has kept the body.

It is a common saying among doctors that a man is as old as his arteries. He may be eighty by the count of years but have the arteries and the vigorous body of a man of forty, or he may be actually thirty with the hardening arteries and aging body characteristic of the fifties or sixties. At whatever age the arteries begin to harden, one is growing old.

In other words, science has shifted the emphasis from the curing of disease to preventing it. You needn't wait until you have developed a gastric ulcer or sinusitis or a lymphadenoid goiter before adopting the diet that will discourage them and keep you in positive, vibrant health. In fact, the ideal time for beginning to avoid getting old is when you are young.

The rules for a well-balanced diet are simple, so elementary that anyone can observe them: a diet properly balanced by calories—so much protein, so much carbohydrate, so much fat. You may not need as many calories as your neighbor.

"Stick around after rehearsal. We're having a little jam session"

PERRY BARLOW

The number depends on your size and sex. Men usually weigh 20 per cent more than women and hence need more calories. The larger the furnace, the more fuel. The sedentary worker uses about twenty-five hundred calories a day, the laborer in the open air twice as many. Most Americans shovel so much excess food into their stomachs that they approach middle age with paunches and layers of excess fat or are worn emaciated by the burden of digestion.

The balanced diet is, broadly speaking, three parts by weight of carbohydrate to one of protein; 24 per cent should be fats. Of course we should include foods containing vitamins and mineral salts. There are many proteins from which you may make your choice. Chiefly they are meat, fish, eggs, fowl and cheese. Milk gives the greatest food value for the money, and next are eggs. Unless one has an allergy to them, eggs are easily digested. Nuts, especially roasted peanuts, have concentrated food value although recently they have been found lacking in the bone-building amino acids and often harbor mold bacteria which may cause disturbance in the digestive tract.

The vegetable which most nearly approaches meat in protein value is the interesting little soy bean which Henry Ford eats in bread and drinks in milk. He told me not long ago that he attributed to it his freedom from arthritis. His hope of a "tin cow" is approaching realization. In China I have often watched babies enjoying their soy bean milk and have even seen controlled trials in which children who were fed only on the milk for two years remained in optimum health.

Many of us eat too much protein. Especially should those beware who have passed the dividing line of the fifties. It is then that we begin to fear nephritis, heart ailments and that harbinger of old age, arteriosclerosis. We know that an oversupply of protein is associated with each of these.

The chief carbohydrates are bread, cereals and potatoes. The fats are butter, margarine, cream and bacon. The organic salts and vitamins are found in fruits, roots and leafy vegetables.

Sugar and fats, the two great energy foods, are also a menace to a sound old age. As a nation we are sugar gluttons. When we are young we crowd into our stomachs so much of it in the form of ice creams, sodas and sweets that we subject our bodies to a tremendous overload. And we rarely learn moderation until the digestive system rebels. Although it has not been proved, it may be significant that the great increase in diabetes is connected with the increase of sugar and fat consumption.

Vitamins are newly discovered food values almost as complicated alphabetically as is the New Deal. So much remains to be learned about them that we speak hesitantly, for what we know today is modified tomorrow. We do know, however, that they are of value to the middle-aged in renewing vitality and building up resistance to infection.

Vitamin A builds tissues to resist disease and is found best in butter and eggs but also in leafy vegetables which are exposed to the sun. Yet how often the fastidious housewife discards the outer green leaves for the more delicate hearts! Yellow corn, sweet potatoes and carrots contain it in the form of carotene. It is true that you may be subject to infection if you are deficient in this vitamin, but it is equally true that you cannot increase your resistance by taking a supply beyond your daily need.

The chief source of Vitamin D is the sun, although some of it is in butter, calf's liver, egg yolks, and especially in irradiated milk. Research in Vitamin B is proceeding at such a dizzy pace that we are not yet certain about its properties. The lack of it is common to the very poor, who do not eat enough vegetables and fruit. A deficiency of it is connected with those three diseases of malnutrition which could so easily be cured by diet—pellagra, beriberi, and alcoholism. Recently in Washington I saw a great chart on which the course of pellagra was plotted. It rose to a peak in June just before the fresh vegetables were ripe enough to eat, and descended until in September it had practically disappeared.

How to be Happy and Old

A deficiency in Vitamin C we connect with scurvy. Fortunately this disease is now rare. According to the laboratory experiments of the Harvard Dental School, Vitamin C may be a factor in pyorrhea. It is soluble in water and the most perishable of all the vitamins. If vegetables are overcooked, it is lost; or, if cooked in too much water and drained, the vitamins go into the sink. Some of it is retained in potatoes boiled or baked in the skin. Then too, there are Vitamins K, I and P. Vitamin K is necessary for the first steps in the clotting of blood but the function of the others is still vague.

For the well who eat properly balanced food, the vitamins are no problem. If you believe that you are deficient in one or more of them, it is wise to check with a physician who will correct your diet or give you the necessary supply in one of the excellent forms that are now obtainable.

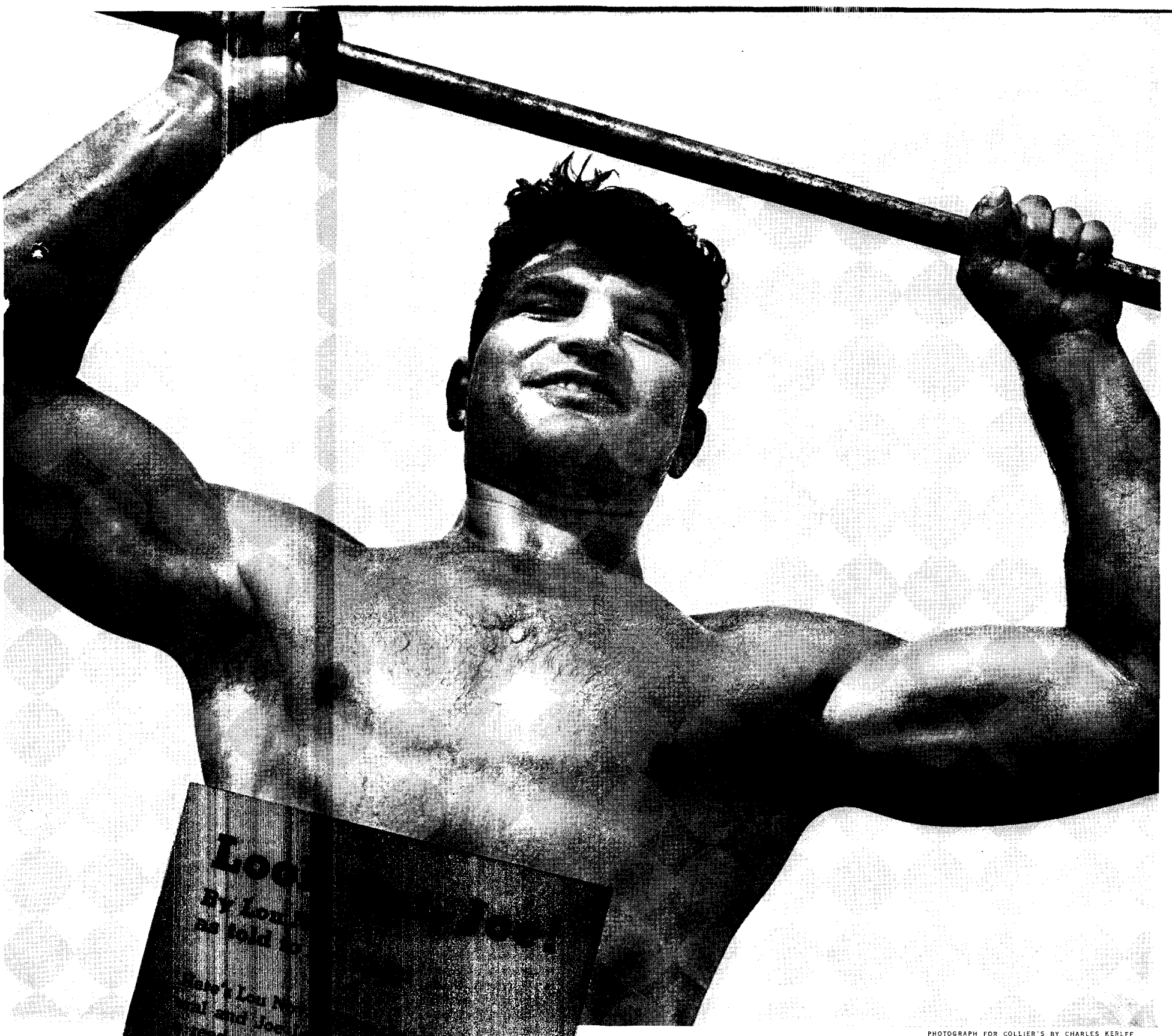
You will think most of my precepts for a happy and healthy old age are negative: "Don't eat too much protein, don't eat much sugar and fat, don't drink to excess." That is true. In America where most of us are well fed—too well fed—we are threatened far more seriously by what we eat than what we lack.

These then, are my two simple rules for eating to outwit old age: First, see that your diet is properly balanced. You need not follow my diet nor any other. Each person's food problem is distinct. You most certainly have learned by trial and error what foods are suitable for you.

Perhaps you have an allergy to milk or eggs or tomatoes. You may prefer boiled rice or macaroni as your carbohydrate, or cheese protein to meat. It is possible to vary your menu widely and still retain the essentials.

And second, be moderate. Remember that as you grow older you need less. Skip a meal occasionally, give your digestive organs a chance to rest. If your dietary habits are faulty, break them. There is no reason why you should remain a slave to them at the cost of health and even of life. Eat to keep young and you will have more than a fair chance of reaching a happy old age in sound health and mental tranquillity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

IT WAS New Year's Day and I was stiff. Stiff? I was paralyzed, could not walk a step or move my arms or even turn my neck. And I weighed twenty-three pounds less than I did seven months previously, to the day—the day I knocked out Max Baer.

So this was 1940, the year I was supposed to win the heavyweight championship of the world and there I was, flat on my back, unable to take nourishment, let alone J. Louis. Staphylococcic sepsis had made me a cripple.

It has taken me more than a year to do it but I have won the fight. It was the greatest triumph of my career and, by comparison, my inevitable knockout victory over Louis will be anticlimactic.

It was at least a hundred-to-one bet that I would never fight again, no less than a thousand-to-one shot I would ever win the title, but the heavier the odds are against me the better I like it. Ironically, I have been the favorite in only one major fight, a three-to-one choice at that, and that was the time Tony Galento almost murdered me.

I have never offered an alibi for that beating and I have none now; in fact, I have waited more than a year to explain my miserable showing, mainly because I did not know until last December what was the matter with me. Galento did not beat me. He whipped the shell of a sickly man who merely bore my name and resemblance. Oh, Tony did a good job on that cripple in Philadelphia, all right; at least, good enough to persuade George Blake, the referee, to stop the fight, but any one of my sparring partners could have done better. As a matter of fact, they did in training camp.

But what less than half a dozen people know is that I was taken ill a month before the Galento fight and was still sick a week before the original date set for the bout, September 7th. Ray Carlen, my manager, succeeded in getting an eight-day postponement, "because of a slight cold," the publicity releases tactfully explained.

I was logy and ran a fever, there was a congestion in my lungs and my eyes ran pus. It took me more than a year, and $5,000 in hospital bills, to regain my health.

Who's the Logical Contender?

Today, for the first time in nearly four years, I am a well man and that is one of the two reasons why Mike Jacobs, the man who controls the championship, is ignoring me, the most logical contender. The complementary reason, of course, is that Carlen has refused to let me become a member of the Jacobs Stock Company.

If Mike chooses to protect himself and his heavyweight title by signing all the leading challengers to three-year contracts for their exclusive services, that is his business. But if I refuse to join his family of fighters at his terms, that is my business.

Must I be compelled, then, to join the Jacobs Stock Company to get a crack at the title? We shall see. True, I need Uncle Mike, but not half as much as he needs me. If there are any lingering doubts of this, recall his pathetic efforts to resurrect Johnny Paychek, Arturo Godoy, Max Baer, Bob Pastor and even Billy Conn, and groom them into so-called championship contenders during the past year. And certainly no one who knows his right fist from his left is impressed by Louis' record.

Tex Rickard never cheapened the championship that way. From the scorching Fourth of July when Dempsey won the title from Willard at Toledo until the rainy night, more than seven years later, when he lost it to Tunney at Philadelphia, Jack fought a grand total of five times. The title meant something then, and there was some significance to a championship fight in those days.

The champion should never fight until a logical contender has earned the

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eyes to See with

By I. A. R. Wylie

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE moment Jimmy had seen Reynolds walk to meet him on the island dock he'd thought of Little Red Riding Hood. "What big eyes you've got, Grandma!"—"The better to see you with, my dear!" Reynolds had big, rather protuberant blue eyes. Amazingly long-sighted. But for reading he was quite blind. He had to wear special thick-lensed glasses that gave his otherwise handsome face a queer out-of-focus look. . . .

Jimmy stopped dead in the little clearing. He made his two companions listen with him. He couldn't be sure whether that faint rhythmic drumming was a real sound coming from the depths of the jungle that lapped them around like a black, menacing sea, or whether it was only the beating of his own excited heart. Well, in another hour or so they would be safe—out in the open. The real sea would be there and the ship that he knew would be lying offshore. He spoke softly to the girl whose hand he held pressed hard against his side.

"You're not awfully frightened, Eileen?"

"Not now—not with you."

But she had known fear. Daily, hourly fear. He remembered the first day he had seen her—Reynolds' young wife—at tiffin to which Reynolds had invited his new assistant. Jimmy had spruced himself up for the occasion. He knew that she was the only white woman on the island and he had had a boyish impulse to do her honor—to please her. He had wanted, he remembered grimly, to please everyone. He'd been just a kid—wanting to do his work well, and to learn the copra business so that one day he could run his own plantation. Above all he'd wanted to know how to handle the natives. Reynolds had told him—right away.

"A hand of iron," he said. He'd held up his third drink to the light, chuckling to himself. "Without the velvet glove," he'd added. Then he'd shouted irritably for more ice and Jimmy had got his first glimpse of Harro, the houseboy—a beautiful Malay specimen, tall and slender with aristocratic features and the look of a beaten, defeated animal. "Think of it—" Reynolds had said. "I caught this chap meddling with my books. Wanted to learn to read and write like a white man. Eileen wanted to teach him. Said he had aspirations and God knows what else. Well, I ticked them both off, didn't I, darling? He won't try to read again!"

Jimmy had glanced at the fragile, lovely girl. She'd tried to laugh too. But the look in her eyes had been like the opening of a door on a room crowded with pain and horror. And at that moment—the day after his landing—Jimmy's fate had been sealed. He'd fallen in love—for the first time—with Reynolds' wife. Now he was escaping with her.

It had taken time to reach this disaster. They'd put up a stiff fight. They both came of simple, decent people who for generations had lived and died according to a relentless code. She had given her word to Reynolds—"to love, honor and obey till death do us part." But you couldn't love and honor him—any more than you could love and honor a venomous snake.

Harro was just one victim. One of Reynolds' favorite stunts was to get the boy on the mat and put a book in his hand and a pair of his spectacles on his nose. They gave the bewildered, sensitive face the same queer look of distortion.

"Well, read, boy! Read aloud to us! You wanted to read, didn't you? All you need is a pair of my glasses. Well, you've got' em. What's the matter with you?"

JIMMY had glanced at Eileen and seen her sick shame at this gross humiliation of a fellow creature. Afterward he'd said to her, "I can't stand it. I've written a friend on the mainland. He owns a schooner he'll bring near to the other side of the island. My boy knows a way through the jungle. We can make it one night."

It was, as he knew, the end for both of them. They would join the derelicts on the mainland—the drifting flotsam of those who by some rash act had cut themselves off from their kind.

"What's that noise?" Jimmy asked.

The Malay boy at his heels gave a little high-pitched laugh. "It is my people," he said. "They are gathering on the water front. They are going to kill the Tuan. They do not mean him to escape."

"That wouldn't help. They'd wipe us out too," he said. He pulled out his notebook. He wrote quickly

Jimmy flashed his electric torch. And in the same circle of light was Eileen's face too. Their eyes met. How often had they killed Reynolds in their hearts! Now the act was to be accomplished for them. A long, gathering hatred was to break like a monstrous wave upon the obstacle that divided them from peace and happiness. You might call it an act of God. But the code would not let them call murder by any other name. The code was inexorable. She said in her tired child's voice, "We've got to go back to him, Jimmy."

"No. That wouldn't help. We couldn't save him. They'd wipe us out too." He pulled out his notebook. He wrote quickly: "They're out for blood. You've only one chance. Join us. Leave at once. They're coming up from the water front. Don't try for it. When you reach the edge of the compound turn due north. Keep going till you reach the sea. We shall be waiting for you—"

He put the folded paper in the boy's hand. "Go back to the Tuan. Give it him. It is something that will make him suffer—before your people get him."

The boy's face brightened with a malignant triumph.

REYNOLDS had wakened to the drumbeat. In sudden terror he had sent the table beside his bed crashing, and the tinkle of breaking glass sounded shrill and almost menacing in the immediate silence. "Eileen!" he'd called. But there was no answer. Her room was empty. He blundered over Harro where he lay asleep on his mat outside the Tuan's door. The two of them stood together, listening. There was sweat on the white man's face. He understood those drumbeats—just as he had understood the meaning of that empty room.

A shadow slipped across the compound and rushed the steps of the porch. It was Jimmy's boy. He thrust a note into Reynolds' hand and turned and ran back the way he had come. Reynolds fumbled in the pocket of his coat. Silly how blind and helpless he was without his glasses. Then he remembered. Of course. The glasses had been on his table by the bed. The table had been overturned—the glasses smashed to fragments. Well, that didn't matter. He had another pair. They were in the desk in his office.

He ran through his bedroom. His desk was already open. Someone had opened it. That didn't matter now. He tore out drawer after drawer, scattering the papers as a hunting dog scatters fallen leaves in a forest. But the glasses—where could they be?

He sat back, breathing heavily, trying to stifle panic. In the lamplight he saw Harro's face. It had a strange, dead look.

"Harro—it is a message—what does it say?"

"How should I know, Tuan? I am not a white man. I cannot read. Read, Tuan—read with your own eyes—"

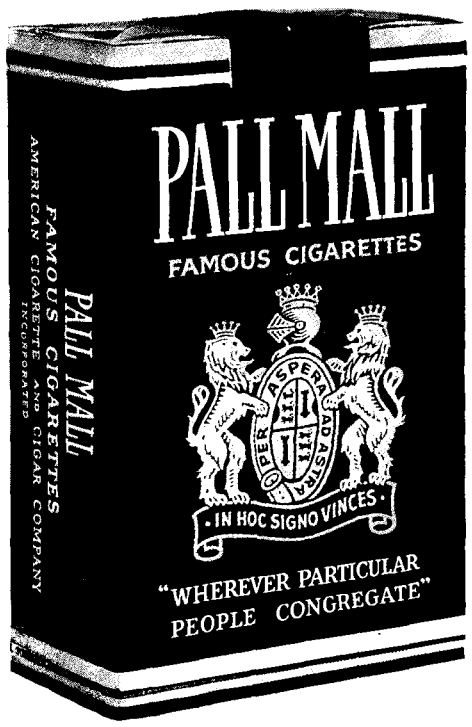
He sat quite still. The scrap of paper lay on the desk in front of him. On its white surface were spidery markings that might mean deliverance—something that for all his frantic need he would never know.

The drums were closing in. He went out onto the porch, listening, trying to reach some decision. Then he hurried across the compound to the gates. After a moment's desperate hesitation he turned and ran, due south toward the water front.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette

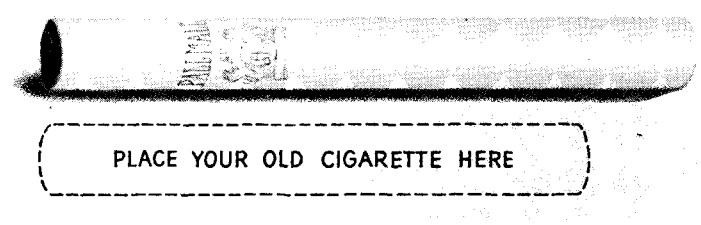
- **FOR SMOOTHNESS**
- **FOR GENEROSITY**



Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer. That additional length travels the smoke further. The result, for you, is a noticeably cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother smoke, too. BULKING, that good old-fashioned, almost forgotten process revived by Pall Mall, lets time do what machines can only approximate. Slowly it causes fine tobaccos to mellow—it softens all traces of harshness—it induces all individual aromas to merge with one another. The result, for you, is a noticeably smoother smoke.

There is one provable way to demonstrate the cool smoothness of Pall Mall—*Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!*



Copyright 1940, American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 16

"I'm bringing the shoulder immediately. Leave your door off the latch."

He was there incredibly soon. He said, accusingly, "Somebody's been scaring you."

"How did you guess?"

"Uncle Cliff sees all, knows all, and says nothing. But he's got big ears, the better to listen, my dear."

"Don't call me 'my dear.'" She had the grace to laugh. "You'll understand when I tell you that Max Ellison has been here. He my-deared me all over the place."

"Max Ellison . . ." Cliff was thoughtful. "How he does get around. Let's have the sad story of your life, Miss Mallory—commencing with his entrance."

Pat talked. She told Cliff about the letter and check from the Gotham Investment Company, and about Max Ellison's offer to buy Eddie's contract.

"Fifteen thousand," murmured Cliff when she had finished. "That ain't hay."

"It also isn't reasonable."

"You told him you'd be sensible . . . and then you promptly consulted me." He laughed, trying to relieve her tension. "That doesn't fit."

"I couldn't think of anything more sane. Or more comforting, for that matter."

"Spoken like a true Mallory—or words to that effect." Cliff traced a pattern on the chair arm with the tip of his forefinger. "There are times when even an outstanding vice might have its good qualities."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"I confessed to you once that I was a chronic—though unsuccessful—poker player. Anyone who feels like gambling—be he amateur or professional—usually eats well after finishing with me. I've often wondered what I was building up for. Perhaps it's this."

"You're still not terribly clear."

"Poker," he explained, "is a game of knowing what *you* have and of figuring what the other fellow has got. I've had heaps of expensive training. I'm trying to put myself in Max Ellison's place." He looked at her steadily. "You understand, of course, that Max engineered this whole thing."

"Certainly." She seated herself beside him on the couch. "But why should he be so anxious to get Eddie? It can't be entirely because he'd be a good money-maker."

Halliday nodded. "I've been toying with the same thought, Pat. And I think I have the answer. It spells Dixie Grogan."

"The middleweight champion?"

"Himself, in person. Not a moom pitcher. Clutch this: Dixie is Max Ellison's boy. He makes dough for Max, and in addition to that Ellison raised him from a pup and is personally fond of him. But Ellison is smart enough to know that if Dixie ever fights Eddie Mr. Grogan will be slapped silly. Now, obviously, what the astute Mr. Ellison wants is to manage the champion *and* Eddie . . . but not Eddie as the champion. Or am I particularly cloudy?"

"Moderately so. But I'm trying to decipher it."

"It isn't complicated, Pat, really. Dixie can make big money only so long as he's champ. Eddie can be built up again in a hurry . . . and Eddie has all the color that Dixie lacks. In other words, he's one of those rare fighters who doesn't have to have a title to draw important dough. So Max would have two money getters working for him instead of just one."

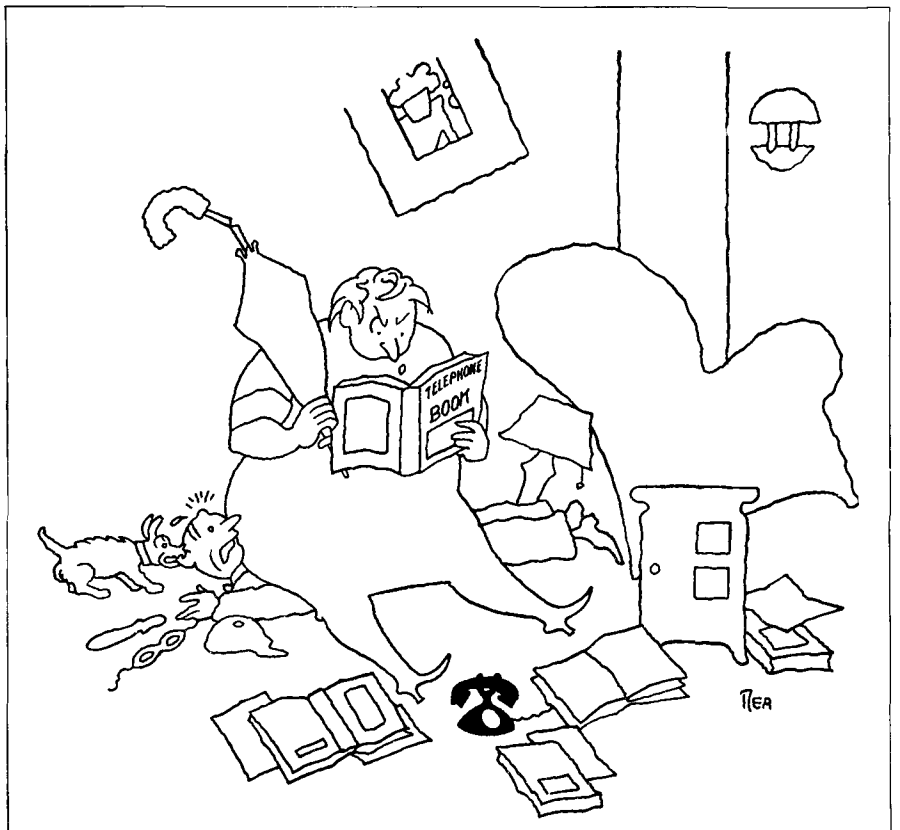
Pat shook her head. "I'm still in a fog, Cliff. Suppose you lead me out."

"You've forgotten one important thing," he explained placidly. "Under the rules of the state boxing commission, stablemates are not permitted to fight each other. Contrariwise to public policy and all that sort of thing. So if Eddie and Dixie were stablemates, they couldn't ever meet."

"And Eddie could never be the champion?"

"Right. Eddie would start bowling 'em over again. Mr. John Q. Public would clamor for a battle between Eddie and the champ. Mr. Ellison would probably petition the board for permission to match them . . . which permission would be immediately and positively refused. And that, Miss Mallory—is what is technically referred to as the lay of the land."

Pat was silent for a few moments.



"Listen, lady, all you have to do is just lift the receiver and say: 'I want an officer!'"

GARDNER REA

"Max *is* smart," she conceded. Then she looked up at Cliff and put her hand in his with a quick, impulsive gesture. "You've given me a fine explanation, Cliff. Clear as a bell . . . even for a dimwit like myself. But it doesn't supply an answer. I've got to do something and do it quick."

He regarded her gravely. "Any ideas?" he inquired.

"Just one. I happen to believe that the truth—told first—will always sound like the truth. I figured I'd trot straight to the boxing commission and tell them the whole story—just as I've told it to you . . . What's the matter?"

Cliff had risen. He smashed one fist into the palm of the other hand, and his eyes were brighter than she had ever seen them. "Got it!" he exulted. "A thought has insinuated itself between my ears. It begins to take shape as an inspiration."

She remained silent, watching him. He was so eager, so kindly, so genuinely fond of her. . . . He was the sort of friend she'd always wanted; carefree, independent, irresponsible, intelligent, gentle, sophisticated, naïve. . . . He whirled and came back to where she was standing, his face shining with small-boy enthusiasm.

"Look, honey . . . and gimme plenty ear. Tomorrow morning I'm going to perpetrate a column dedicated to the principle that pugilism is something less than a hundred per cent pure. I shall inform a gaping populace that shenanigans are not unheard of in the realm of leather-pushing. I shall then offer them a peep behind the scenes by describing a colossal double cross which is about to be committed. I'll give every single, solitary, minute detail—just as we know them—and I shall not mention a name. Not one. And so I ask you—what do you think?"

She shook her head. "I don't know, Cliff. If no names are mentioned . . ."

"That's the point. It's a threat, backed by the so-called power of the press. My detailed story will interest the public, as such; but it will also indicate to Mr. Ellison that somebody else has the facts and is willing to go to bat with them. It will make his proposed recital to the boxing commission a twice-told tale . . . and they are never effective. He'd go there with two strikes on him . . . and Max Ellison is much too smart for that."

She asked, "You're not sticking your own chin out, Cliff?"

"In words of one syllable, I ain't. We all like to dish it from the inside . . . so it's a break for me, see?"

"I see only one thing, Cliff." She was standing close to him and her eyes were big with gratitude. "I'm wondering if you know what a grand guy you really are?"

He grinned down at her, and touched her forehead with his finger tips. "Sure," he answered heartily. "But what worries me is whether you do, too."

Eddie Gordon entered Pat's apartment, tossed his hat on the table in the tiny foyer and flung himself into the chair that recently had been vacated by Cliff Halliday.

Thus far he hadn't said anything more than "Hello," and Pat had been waiting. He seemed like a different Eddie—like a young man who had been walloped with a somewhat indigestible thought. And finally he looked up at her, twisted his mouth into an attractively crooked grin and said, abruptly, "You're not the type, Pat."

She relaxed. "Of course I'm not," she agreed, "though I don't yet know what type it is that I ain't."

He said, "I hear you sold me down the river."

She smiled. "The news sure does get around, doesn't it?"

"Yeah . . ." He hesitated, but only briefly. "I've been with Babs Ellison. She told me."

"That seems to fit rather neatly. What did she say?"

He hastened to defend the other girl: "She didn't have you on the pan. She figured you had some inside dope and took advantage of it. 'Like a tip on the stock market.' I believe that's the way she pegged it."

"Generous of her. What did she say, Eddie?"

"She said you figured me to be stopped last night, and cleaned up five thousand on it. She heard her old man discussing it."

"Then it must be true."

"Nope. . . . In the first place, you wouldn't do it. And in the second place, you don't know enough about fighting to have doped it that close."

"You're certainly leading with your chin, Eddie."

"It seems to be a habit. Anyway, I got enough from Babs to make me want to hear more. The way she tells it, they've got the finger on you."

She nodded. "They certainly have. It's all very interesting. I knew you were out of shape, and I helped you stay that way. Then I bet twenty-five hundred dollars against five thousand that Tommy Gateley would knock you out." She tossed him the letter and check she had received from the Gotham Investment Company. "There's the proof."

He looked them over, and then glanced up at her. "It looks good."

"That's how Max Ellison figured it." Again she smiled. "You really must be good, Eddie. He's taking a lot of trouble to get hold of you."

"Tell me more."

"Charges are going to be filed against me. If the boxing commission believes them—which they easily could—I'll find myself in the middle of the Atlantic without water wings. And you, Mr. Gordon, will be a free agent."

"So-o-o . . . It begins to sort itself. The big idea being that I would then be free to grab myself another manager."

"Precisely. It adds up nicely for you."

He looked at her steadily. Then he said, "You know better than that."

"Do I?"

"You should. I don't like our setup, but I'm not having any part of a frame."

She said, "I didn't think you would . . . but I'm still glad to hear you say it." Somehow, she was finding the situation amusing . . . perhaps because she and Eddie seemed closer. "I was honored by a visit from Mr. Ellison this afternoon."

"No foolin'? What did he want?"

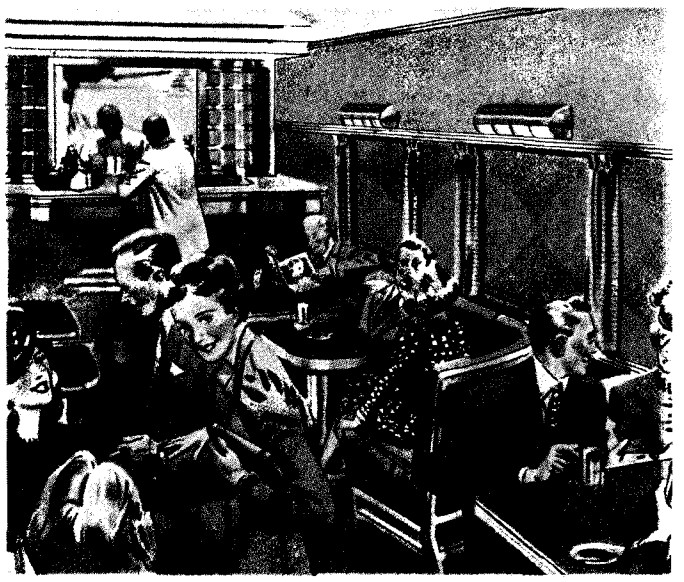
"He extended the helping hand of friendship. Partly because I was a lone damsel in distress and partly because he was so fond—so terribly fond—of Pop. He was grieved to think that I was on the spot. He even offered me fifteen thousand dollars for your contract."

"Wow!" Eddie's eyes opened wide. "After the Gateley thing?"

"Yes. Maybe it tells you something,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANY TIMES has history been made on the Santa Fe Trail. Once when it served as the gateway for the people who first came to this land . . . again when it pointed the way for the Spanish explorers . . . and now when the Santa Fe's streamlined fleet, recently enlarged by more of the de luxe, Pullman-Standard-built cars, has made this railroad a banner bearer in the movement which is changing the whole course of transportation.



SANTA FE'S

New Lightweight Streamlined Cars
BUILT BY PULLMAN-STANDARD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANSIT EQUIPMENT

De Luxe Chair Car Canyons. Indian pueblos. cattle towns have always made a trip through the Southwest an excursion into romance. Now it becomes more than ever an excursion into luxury, too! For these glistening streamlined beauties covered in stainless steel are dust-proof, air-conditioned and equipped with the latest type reclining chairs.

Copyright 1940, by Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Co.

Constructed in Pullman-Standard's shops for the alert Santa Fe Railroad. this new fleet of lightweight cars is more than a *glittering* example of the progress railroads are making . . . it is also evidence of the influence that you, and travelers like you, have over *transportation.*

For. in railroading, as in every other field of enterprise. men and institutions may vie for leadership, but only the public has the power to confer it. In making Pullman-Standard-built streamliners the most popular and profitable group of trains on earth, you have done the one thing needed to increase the availability of this modern, safe, luxurious and fast way to travel . . . shown the railroads that you want these trains! Proved to them that, wherever they are installed. they will operate at a profit! And, mark this down to the railroads' everlasting credit, confronted with your decision, they have not hesitated. but acted. Acted with such purpose that already over 72%* of the lightweight streamlined units purchased by them have been built by Pullman-Standard.

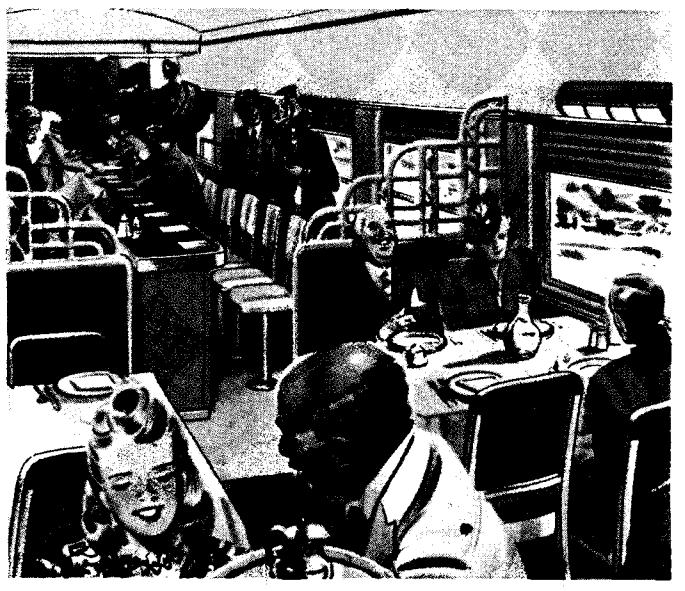
**If hen this advertisement was written.*

In addition to railroad passenger cars. Pullman-Standard designs and manufactures freight, subway, elevated and street cars, trackless trolleys, air-conditioning systems, chilled tread car wheels and a complete line of car repair parts.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO

The Bar Lounges on these new cars have been called one of the brightest spots in America . . . an honor they fully deserve. For here. encounters among the vacation-bound create a gay, holiday atmosphere.

The Lunch Counter Diner *holds one of the pleasantest* surprises awaiting you on the new streamlined dining cars built by Pullman-Standard for the Santa Fe . . . Fred Harvey meals. whose economy and excellence are as native to the Southwest as chaps and ten-gallon hats.



"Tops" IN STREAMLINERS ARE BUILT BY Pullman-Standard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quickest Way to a Man's Heart

A PERFECT GIFT—*box of 25 for little more than $1. Choice of Invincible or Club House shape. Which do men prefer? It's a tossup—he'll be happy with either.*

IF THERE'S A MAN IN YOUR LIFE . . . if a difficult male has shown up on your gift list—then give him cigars.

Wait, now—not just any brand. Be sure to please him by selecting those *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl Cigars that particular men choose for themselves. He'll purr like a kitten when he tastes their rich Havana flavor . . . watch him beam with joy at their mellow mildness. Smart girl to have picked his favorite brand!

So easy to buy everywhere . . . look for the handsomest package in the store. Just write "White Owl" after all the men on your list—that leaves full time to think about gifts for the ladies.

More men have enjoyed **WHITE OWL** *than any other cigar ever made in the United States*

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eddie. Max Ellison is no dummy. He's still got confidence in you."

"Fifteen thousand . . . plus that check from the Gotham people! You're in the money, Pat."

"Interesting—if true. But I'm tearing up the Gotham check, and I said no to Ellison."

"It doesn't sound right bright."

"I'm afraid I'm not. But quoting you, Eddie—I don't like to be pushed around."

He said seriously: "Max usually knows what he's about. He's probably got every card in the deck stacked where they'll do the most good."

"All right." Her eyes did not waver. "I can be kicked out maybe, but I'm not quitting. And anyway, you haven't any worries. Max explained that this leaves you in the position of innocent victim. It alibis your knockout, and fixes you up just dandy."

"Yeah . . . so what are we going to do about it?"

"We?" She tried to conceal her elation. "Where do you get that 'we' stuff?"

"Be yourself." His voice was gruff but kindly. "I've spoken my piece. And I'm not letting Pop's daughter get dealt out of a good hand."

"Thanks. . . ." There were a lot of things she wanted to say; a lot of things she didn't dare put into words. So she forced herself to smile and be gay about it. She said, "I think there's a way out. A knight in shining armor came charging up on a milk-white steed . . . and boom! I quit being scared of the dragon."

"Hmmm! Cliff Halliday?"

"Yes."

"What's he planning?"

SHE explained briefly Cliff's idea for the column which would expose things before they happened and without mentioning names. "He figures that Max will be afraid to make another move after he reads that."

"It's a good bet." Eddie rubbed his still swollen jaw with his right hand. "And I'm beginning to get a few ideas of my own, believe it or not."

"Mind telling?"

"Look . . . it seems that you've got to string Ellison along. No matter whether Cliff's column does the work or not . . . how's about making Ellison believe that maybe you *will* do business with him?"

"I can." She was puzzled. "But why?"

"Because right now I'm in the pugilistic doghouse. My showing, night before last, wasn't what you'd call glorious. So if promoters simply refused to book me, it would look natural. Nobody could prove definitely that Max Ellison had suggested to them that it might be better if I didn't get any more fights."

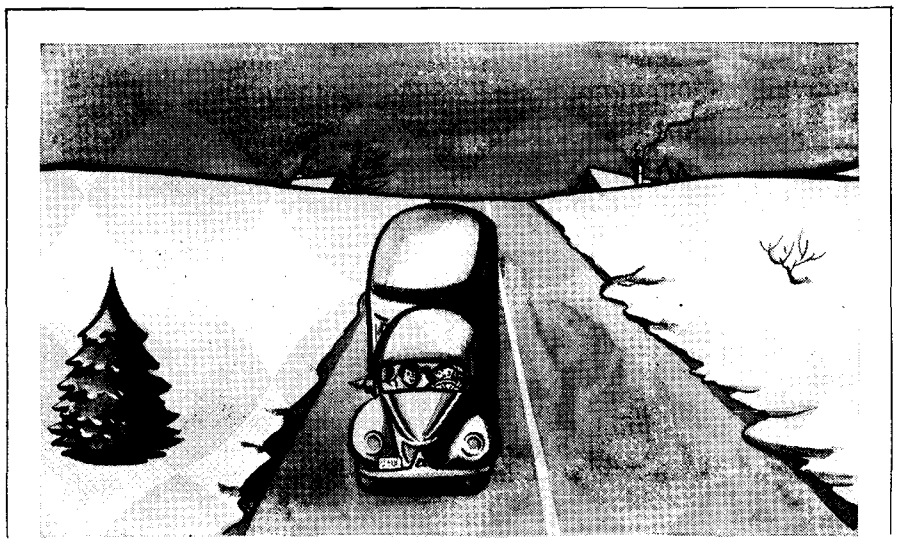
"You're right so far."

His eyes were steady. "The only difference between me and any other kid who has been naughty, Pat—is that I know it. When I say I'm not going to act that way again, I'm leveling. I learned my lesson . . . and I figure I learned it cheap." He shook his head. "If I had some sackcloth, I'd doll myself up in sackcloth and ashes, if I had some ashes."

"You've repented enough," she said quietly. "Let's stick to what's ahead."

He walked to the ready-made, movable fireplace and stood leaning against the mantel. He looked big and powerful, his rugged face thoughtful, his eyes somber, his gracefully muscular body relaxed.

"I want you to do whatever is necessary to get me a return bout with Tommy Gateley," he said quietly. "I know what he's got, and I know it isn't enough. I'll be in shape, and I don't mean maybe. I think I can stop him in five rounds. If I do, I'll be back at least as far as I was. Then I want two or three



of the toughest boys you can get for me."

"And so . . . ?"

"Figure it out for yourself. If I come through, I figure I'll be so strong at the box office that we can force Dixie Grogan into a fight for the title—whether Ellison wants it or not."

"Which he doesn't. He thinks you can whip Grogan."

"I think so too. But I've got to make the public believe it. So will you do what I'm asking?"

"Yes . . . sure . . ." Her eyes were grave. "I thing it'll work out, Eddie. With you doing your part, and Cliff helping. . . ."

Eddie's eyes narrowed and he regarded her curiously. He said, "You're kind of overboard about Cliff, aren't you, Pat?"

The abrupt change of subject brought her up sharply. She said, "What's it to you, Eddie?"

"Nothing. . . ." He felt an odd sense of embarrassment. "I didn't mean to get nosy."

He turned and walked to the window where he stood for a long minute in silence.

When he faced her again he was grinning. "That's awfully funny," he commented.

"What is?"

"What I just said. It's queer thinking of you being in love with anybody." The idea appeared to afford him vast amusement. "I suppose that's because this is the first time I've ever thought of you as a woman."

"Thanks!" She uttered the word sharply, and choked back other words she wanted to say. She rose suddenly and walked into the kitchenette where she pretended to be fixing a pitcher of ice water.

She hadn't dared to remain in the room with Eddie just then: she hadn't dared to run the risk that he might see her eyes. They were nice eyes, but telltale, and even so obtuse and disinterested a person as Eddie might have read in them the confession she didn't want him to read.

THE afternoon sun streamed across Max Ellison's desk. Max tilted back in his swivel chair and read for the half-dozenth time a column in the Chronicle-Express which bore the standing masthead: "CALLING THEM FROM THE INSIDE—by Cliff Halliday." Max looked across at the angular individual who was his business manager and asked, "Have you read Halliday this afternoon?"

"Yeah. What's it mean?"

"It means," stated Ellison without rancor, "that I've been beautifully outsmarted."

"You're calling it off?"

"There's nothing else I can do. This Mallory girl—with Halliday's help—has done about the one and only thing that could have saved her neck." He polished his spectacles and beamed at the dour person on the opposite side of the desk. "She's a charming young lady. It'd be a pleasure to put something over on her."

"Can you?"

"I don't know. But I can try." He smiled, as though at a pleasant memory. "The minute I read that article, I knew she'd shoved me behind the eight-ball. So I telephoned her and explained that I was shocked that she should think I might have been connected with anything so unsavory. I impressed upon her that I was her friend, and intended to remain so."

"Did she believe you?"

"Of course not. I told you she was smart."

"What happened?"

"She thanked me. She was twice as sweet as I was. I loved it. She said she was planning to get a rematch for Eddie against Tommy Gateley and asked point-blank whether I intended to block it."

"What'd you say?"

"I assured her I wasn't."

KAY KARAFFA

"But hell, Max—you ain't laying off altogether, are you?"

"You know me better than that." Max replaced his spectacles. "I want Gordon and I need him. I'm going to keep after Miss Mallory. And one of these days I'll bid so high for that contract that she *can't* say No."

SPRING paid its annual fleeting visit to New York and was routed by the first blast of a sweltering summer. The mercury rose, and seven million persons explained that it wasn't the heat which was affecting them, but the humidity.

Businessmen protested against the necessity for sticking to their offices, clerks dragged weary bodies about stores, children played languidly . . . but sports fans enjoyed themselves hugely. The Giants and Yankees were doing very well, the Brooklyn team was playing sensationally, and for the first time in many years fight enthusiasts had something to talk about.

Eddie Gordon's return match with Tommy Gateley proved to be the spark that ignited the new fire of interest in the middleweight field. In a bout that was brief—but as packed with thrills as the classic Dempsey-Firpo fight—Tommy Gateley was knocked out in the second round, and thearthstone experts who had stuck Eddie in the discard hauled him out again and made him a hero.

Two weeks later he fought Manuel Calvo of Cuba. The dark-skinned lad was courageous, clever and a puncher. He lasted three rounds and never saw the short right that finished him. Harry Raben, Knockout Kelley and Muggsy Graff followed in short order. They were good boys—just about the best—and they united in declaring that nothing like Eddie Gordon's punch had appeared on the pugilistic horizon since the fabled days of Stanley Ketchel.

Sports writers were elated. The Tinsel Kid was colorful; he dispensed action and carried dynamite in his gloves. They started the clamor for a match with Dixie Grogan, the champion. The public took up the cry. Max Ellison, balked in his efforts to acquire Eddie's contract, was backed into a corner—and, early in August, newspapers blazoned the tidings that Eddie was to meet Grogan for the title at the Yankee Stadium in mid-September.

Eddie had earned it. Through the hottest weather he had trained with grim intensity. He wasn't good company then, because he was chronically on edge. But once inside the ropes, he was a master. He had a brief session with Pat the evening articles were signed for the Grogan bout. He asked, "What gives now?"

She looked at him steadily. "You're drawn too fine, Eddie. I want you to break training for a week. No road work, no gym, no boxing . . . go off somewhere and enjoy yourself. Fish. Swim. Do anything you like, but get away from New York and relax."

He nodded. "Not such a dumb idea." Then he looked at her more closely. "You've taken quite a beating yourself, Pat."

"I'm doing all right."

"I'm not so sure of that. You've been worried about me, working at the studio mornings and going to art school in the afternoons. Why don't you ease up?"

His solicitude pleased her, but she tried to take it casually. "I'll be all right, Eddie. I'll rest later."

"How much later?"

"After you've whipped Grogan."

"You're optimistic."

"Why not . . . ?" She smiled. "Run along with you. I've got things to do. And don't forget to snatch a few extra-special trout for me."

And so Eddie went into the Adirondacks for a week of utter relaxation and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pat remained to face the furnace blast of the city's final, but most devastating, hot spell. "I fancy," she told herself, "that I'm about the only person —except Cliff—in New York."

Which was true save for about six and a half million exceptions; but that was the way it felt. Yes, Cliff remained and he was a break. There were others in New York, too: people whom she knew who were discussing things that affected her.

THE night Eddie left for the Adirondacks, for instance, Joe Barton and Morrie Oakes drove out into the comparative coolness of Long Island in Barton's long, low, rakish car. Morrie knew why he'd been brought along and so he introduced the subject. He said, "Things kinda gettin' out of hand, ain't they, Joe?"

"What things?"

"This lug, Gordon. He's already gone places. Folks are nuts about him." He glanced at Barton's pasty face out of the corners of his eyes. "Yeah . . . they *all* seem to like him."

Barton said, "He's going too fast and too far for his own good."

"It don't look that way. All this time —and you ain't done nothin'. Are you goin' soft?"

"Don't be a darned fool, Morrie. It's just that I'm not taking chances."

"That gun?" Morrie shrugged helplessly. "Hell, Joe, that gun just naturally vanished. Gordon ain't got it—and I'll guarantee the Mallory dame ain't, either."

Barton's cold, gray eyes were thoughtful. "Are you sure you gave her room a thorough going over, Morrie?"

"Sure. I frisked it nine ways from the ace. That babe ain't got a garment I didn't shake out. There ain't a corner of that jernt of hers I didn't poke into. I'm tellin' you, Joe—she couldn't have had a thimble there I didn't find—much less a gun."

Barton stared grimly at the ribbon of road that was unwinding under the wheels. "I think I know where it is," he said quietly.

"On the level. . . ."

"It's a guess, but it checks pretty good. Gordon is cagey. He must have given it to Mallory, and she hasn't got it. So she must have put it somewhere."

"I doped that much out myself."

"Somewhere safe," went on Barton, ignoring his companion. "She's got a bank box. I figure it's there."

"Holy smoke!" Morrie was impressed. "That's tough, Joe. There ain't nobody can crack one of them vaults. It looks like you gotta think your way outa this."

"That's what I'm doing."

"Maybe . . ." Mr. Oakes seemed skeptical. "It ain't gonna be easy. Now if you was to change your mind about needing that gun . . ."

"What I said sticks. I'm not poking my neck out."

"But maybe you've got it figured wrong."

"I don't think so. . . ."

"You still don't like him, do you?"

Morrie Oakes was more than moderately calloused, but he shrank from the expression of Barton's young face. Wisely, Mr. Oakes did not pursue the subject. He knew pretty well what Joe was thinking.

Joe Barton was thinking of his own safety; of the danger he'd face if anything violent happened to Eddie Gordon, and his gun was found among Eddie's possessions. And he was thinking further than that: He was thinking of Babs Ellison and of her infatuation for this brilliant young fighter.

Babs was the only thing in the world Joe Barton had wanted so terribly that it hurt; she was the only thing in the world he'd wanted and been unable to get. And now he was witness to her idolatry of the one man he feared. Personal safety was motive enough for his fierce desire to liquidate Eddie Gordon; his jealousy was equally insane and twice as impelling.

He had breathed a sigh of relief when Tommy Gateley had knocked Eddie out. Babs wasn't the sort of person to remain entranced by failures. But Gordon's sensational comeback . . . that had done things to her. She, too, had always had her slightest wish gratified, she too had always been given what she wanted . . . and she made no secret of the fact that she wanted Eddie.

Now he was to fight for the championship. It seemed a foregone conclusion that he'd win, and brilliantly. He'd be more picturesque then; have more color. Of course he'd paid very little attention to Babs during the summer: he'd been too intent on his training and his frequent fights. But she had waited with a devotion that infuriated Barton. She hadn't gone to the mountains or the seashore. She had remained in New York, accepting the blistering heat and the enervating humidity because it meant that she might see Eddie occasionally.

Joe Barton was a cold, calculating person, utterly without fear, gentleness or conscience. Not for an instant had he swerved from his purpose; but the more bitter he became, the greater was his determination not to be stampeded into a foolish move. If anything ever happened to Eddie there'd be more than the registered gun to put the finger on him. He knew Babs would be on the wrong side of the fence.

And so he said to Morrie, "I'll think my way out of it, all right."

"I hope so, Joe. Gordon gettin' on my nerves, too. Fixin' him up would be a pleasure."

THEY turned back toward the city where it was hot. It was hot everywhere in New York, but on this particular night it was blistering in the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

The colored ladies and gents who jammed the Savoy seemed impervious to the heat. The swing that swirled out at them from the rostrum made them forget personal discomfort.

The Savoy was in the process of going mad. The band was dispensing a new and particularly torrid number. Couples ranging in hue from uncompromising ebony to colorado maduro gyrated madly in an intricate pattern of leaping, twisting steps, which grew in violence as the drums beat louder and the trumpet emitted its series of high, wailing notes. Twisting bodies, madly stamping feet, eyes that gleamed and teeth that were white against red lips and black faces . . . Harlem danced and forgot tomorrow.

IN THE very middle of the floor a huge, ebony individual struggled heroically to emulate the nimble-footed colored gentry around him. Mr. Feets Johnson was enjoying himself hugely and he looked down enthusiastically into the upturned—and slightly agonized—countenance of Miss Marvel Geech.

"How'm I doin', honey?" he inquired ecstatically. "How'm I doin'?"

She tried to temper honesty with tact: "Energetic, Feets—tha's how you is doin'."

"Is I gittin' that new step right?"

"I dunno fo' shuah, Feets—my toes has been daid sence the fust minute us started dancin'."

He grinned broadly. "You mean I ain't suave?"

"I reckon not, Brother Johnson. I ain't been pushed aroun' like this sence my las' picnic."

The music ended on a shrill, penetrating trumpet note, and Miss Geech hesitated not upon the order of her going, but fled from the floor at once. "C'mon, Feets—I crave a lemonade."

Mr. Johnson was reluctant to abandon his terpsichorean exercises, but there seemed to be nothing he could do about it. He settled himself beside the delectable young colored girl and tried to be solicitous. "You don't yearn fo' nothin' mo' than a lemonade, Marvel?"

"Uh-huh," she said frankly. "I'd like some limiment."

"Always funnin', ain't you? I don't dance so bad."

"Tha's right, Feets. Not *so* bad. Just bad."

They sipped their drinks and watched the other couples who had swept off in new frenzy as the dansapation of a second orchestra flooded the room. Miss Geech regarded her escort with interest.

"You know," she said abruptly, "I don't like Mistuh Eddie Gordon."

"Huh?" Mr. Johnson was first shocked, then angry. "How come you to talk such foolishment? You don't even know him."

"Tha's true. But I work fo' Miss Barbara . . . an' Mistuh Gordon ain't havin' no salubrious effeck on her."

"What's it to you?"

"Plenty. Ev'y summer she goes where it's cool an' takes me with her. But this summer . . . well, she's got to stay heah in New Yawk—"

Feets' good humor was returning. "Where you can be close to me," he said.

"Yeah . . ." She regarded him gravely. "What kind of intentions has Mistuh Gordon got tords Miss Barbara?"

"Golla . . . how should I know? I reckon he likes her all right."

"You think he's aimin' to commit marriage with her?"

Feets was not stupid. He asked quietly, "I figure Miss Barbara tol' you to find out somethin', didn't she?"

"I never said such."

"You just the same as." He patted her hand. "Well, you tell Miss Barbara I don't know from nothin'. Right now, I think Mistuh Eddie ain't got nothin' on his mind 'ceptin' on'y winnin' that champeenship. An' me . . . I ain't worryin' 'bout nothin' but you."

"You is always payin' compliments. . . ." Miss Geech looked coyly across the table. "You know, Mistuh Johnson, I got a hunch that you is sufferin' right now fum an acute case of matrimony."

"Says which?"

"You ain't never said nothin' one way or the other, but Ise bettin' you a'ready got yo'se'f a wife."

"Dawggone," he murmured unhappily. "I never was no good at keepin' secrets."

"Wha's her name?"

"Magenta. An' she looks it." He shook his head in bewilderment. "How come me ever to marry that 'ooman, I cain't figure. An' the harder I try to git free fum her, the tighter she hol's on to me. But look, honey . . . le's don't me an you talk 'bout such misery. My wife is a thousan' miles away fum heah. I ain't studyin' 'bout her, an' she ain't figurin' to bother me. . . ."

AND when Mr. Feets Johnson made that statement, he fondly believed that he was telling the truth. Fortunately, he was not privileged to see what was happening at that moment in the Terminal Station at Birmingham, Alabama.

A small group of colored folks stood by the Jim Crow car of a huge train. The conductor was sending his final summons through the cavernous train shed: "Aaaall abooooard for Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol, Washington and points east . . . *aaaaall 'boooooard!*"

The huge engine puffed and snorted. One buxom black person addressed a sharp and acidulous little woman. The big woman said, "Is you shuah tha's yo' train, Magenta?"

"Co'se Ise shuah."

"He never said nothin' 'bout New Yawk."

"Hmp!" Magenta Johnson sniffed superciliously. "You don't got to mention big places like New Yawk. Smart folks take 'em fo' granted."

The train started to move and Magenta scrambled up the steps. The crowd waved and she waved. Then one elongated gentleman asked a question:

"Does Feets know you is comin', Magenta?"

The skinny little woman on the train shook her head.

"Naw," she called back gaily. "Ise fixin' to give him a surprise."

(To be continued next week)

"I liked the movies Bob showed, but I don't think he should flash 'Good Night' on the screen" BEN ROTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try Chrysler's Topflight Combination!

SPITFIRE ENGINES
FLUID DRIVE
VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION

THREE of a kind . . . and all Aces! Spitfire engines, *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission! That's a combination you can search the world for . . . and find only in Chrysler!

And it gives you performance you can't get in any other car!

Magnificent power . . . fighting, eager Spitfire power . . . from Spitfire engines with multiple-jet carburetors!

Power transmitted with oily smoothness . . . through a column of oil instead of rigid connections! *Fluid Drive* power, gentle as a breeze, mighty as a hurricane!

New driving ease! No gears to shift in normal driving! Vacamatic transmission shifts them for you . . . but only when you say so!

Think what that combination means in modern traffic! You touch the throttle to go . . . touch the brake to stop!

Why shift gears, when you can drive this modern way? Why buy a car without these great advancements?

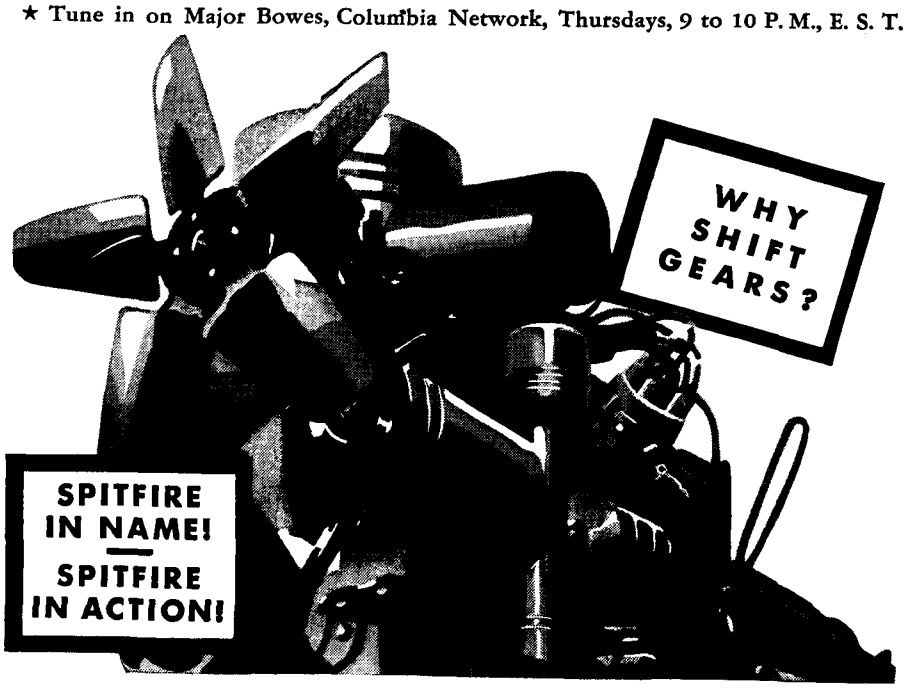
BE MODERN—WITH FLUID DRIVE

Buy Chrysler!

Power alone is no substitute for *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission. The most powerful engine ever built, or to be built, would be a better engine with these great Chrysler features. Chrysler simply goes on from where power leaves off . . . and you can't possibly imagine the result . . . it has to be experienced!

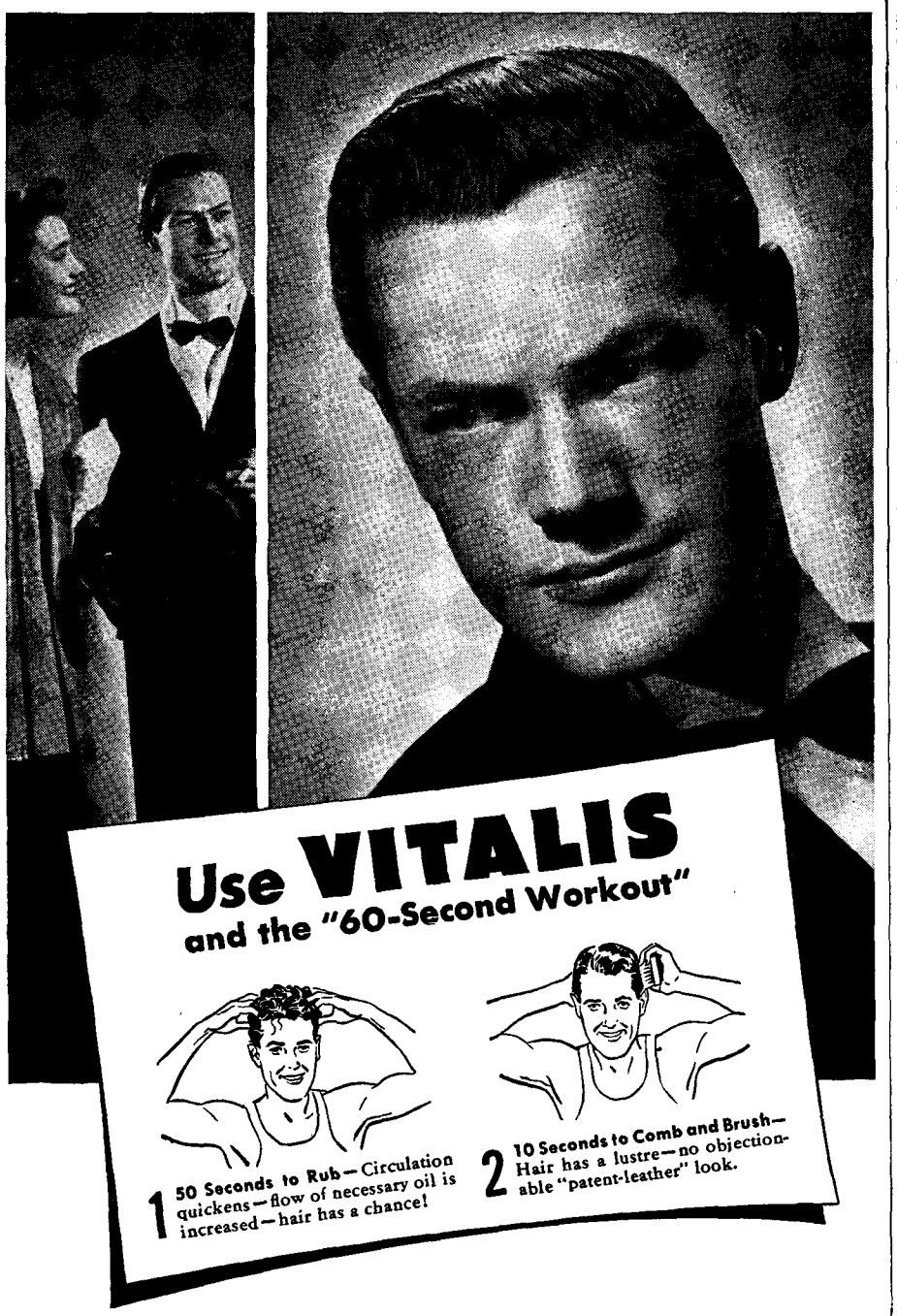
Don't wait another day! See your Chrysler dealer . . . try *Fluid Driving* for yourself . . . and enjoy the biggest thrill you ever had in a motor car!

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socially and in Business Good-looking Hair helps you to Success!


Use VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

HANDSOME hair alone won't put you over! Brains and initiative and backbone are still the best assets for a real success. But good-looking hair helps—and you can help yourself to good-looking, well-groomed hair... with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

Just apply Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Notice that pleasant tingle as sluggish circulation speeds up. Your scalp begins to lose its tightness . . . becomes more free and supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oil—overcoming dryness—giving your hair a wonderful, natural lustre. See how Vitalis routs unsightly, loose dandruff, and helps prevent excessive falling hair, too. Now comb your hair. How easily it falls into place—stays put—and there's no trace of that objectionable, "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. Start your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis right away, and make them a regular daily habit. Then see for yourself why thousands of men praise Vitalis—the easy way to attractive, good-looking hair!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Compliments of R. Smith

Continued from page 10

"He must talk like a Yankee . . ."

"Santy Claus," Refugee said positively, "jus' *couldn't* be no Yankee."

"What's Mr. Willie's number?" Slippery asked.

Refugee Smith told him. He reached in his pocket and got out a nickel. "Here's for the call," he said.

WILLIE WURTZEL pulled himself out of bed, walked over and looked out of the window and saw the familiar sights of 49th and Broadway. He shucked himself out of his gay pajamas, went into the bathroom. He viewed his saturnine and Semitic reflection in the mirror with disgust. He opened his mouth, looked at his tongue, rubbed his hand over his bald head. Shivering a little, he stepped into the shower, adjusted the water.

The telephone rang.

"Damn," Willie Wurtzel said. Then: "To hell with it."

The telephone kept on ringing. Willie picked up the phone.

"Hello," the voice said. "This Mister Willie Wurtzel?"

"Yeah," Willie snarled.

There was a pause. "This is Santy Claus," the voice said meekly.

Willie said things into the phone that would have melted a hole in a thick igloo. "I'll Santy Claus you," Willie finished. Then he added: "This Refugee?"

"No, sir!" the voice said. "This here is Santy Claus. An' iffen you been good you're gonna get what you wants for Christmas."

"No," Willie said, "you ain't Refugee." He lapsed into more profanity. The voice on the other end of the wire insisted deferentially that it was straight from the North Pole and was strictly Santy Claus in person, Esquire.

"All right, Santy," Willie shouted. "You got a pencil. Write this down. Okay, then. I want . . ."

Slippery sat back down in the booth.

"What'd he say?" Refugee asked.

"Mostly," Slippery said uneasily, "he cussed."

"Didn't he say he wanted somethin'?" Refugee asked.

"Yes," Slippery said reluctantly.

"What?"

"He said he wanted a brief case," Slippery said.

"We'll get him de fanciest brief case ever was," Refugee said. "What's a brief case?" he added.

"It's a little satchel, like," Slippery said sadly.

"Did he say what kind he wanted?" Refugee asked.

"Yes," Slippery said, "he said. But you can't give him that."

"Why not?"

"He said he wanted a black one," Slippery said. "He said he wanted a black one made out of my hide."

"Oh," Refugee said. He looked critically at Slippery. "How much hide would hit take?" he asked finally.

"Too much," Slippery said hastily.

"Didn't you tell him you was Santy Claus?"

"I told him."

"Then how come he knew you was dark folks?" Refugee asked accusingly.

"I dunno."

"Didn't he say nothin' else?"

"Yeah," Slippery said. "He said he wanted the winner of the second at Sunnyside Downs."

"What dat mean?" Refugee asked.

"Sunnyside Downs is a horse park down in Florida," Slippery said. "He meant he wanted who was gonna win the second race down there tomorrow."

"You mean he wants a hoss?" Refugee asked.

"No," Slippery said, "he means he wants to know who was gonna win the second race down there tomorrow, so he could bet on him."

"He couldn't mean dat," Refugee said, " 'cause even Santy couldn't tell a man who was gonna win a hoss race."

"That's what he meant, all right," Slippery said.

"He couldn't," Refugee said. "He means he wants a hoss."

"What would he want with a hoss?" Slippery asked.

"He could ride him in de park," Refugee said. "When I'm runnin' in de park in de mornin' I see lotsa hosses."

"It don't seem right to me," Slippery said.

"Hit's right," Refugee said. "Could you go to buy dat hoss?"

Slippery got up and came back with a paper. He turned it to the well-thumbed racing section. "It's a cheap race," he said. "I reckon you could go to buy the hoss iffen you had plenty cash money and was there on the spot."

"What spot?" Refugee asked.

"The race track," Slippery said. "But that wantin' a hoss, that is kinda a-sayin' like. I still don't think he wants no hoss, really, in the skin."

"Mr. Willie never say nothin' he don't mean," Refugee said positively. "But I couldn't go clear to Florida an' get dere tomorrow."

"Sure you could," Slippery said. "You could go down by plane."

"What you mean?"

"Plane," Slippery said. "You could fly down in a airplane."

"*Uhuh!*" Refugee said. "If de Lord had wanted me to fly he'd've gave me wings."

"If he hadn't've wanted you to fly, he would've not let 'em make no airplanes," Slippery said.

Refugee pondered this a moment. "I could go with you," Slippery said slyly. "You found out now what Mr. Willie wants. It's only fair you gets it for him. I could go along with you an' help you."

"How long's hit take to get down to Florida in a airplane?" Refugee asked.

"We could leave tomorrow mornin', get there tomorrow night, get the hoss and come back the next day. We could send the hoss back on a train. He'd be here easy by Christmas."

"Well . . ." Refugee began.

IF YOU will consult the chart on the second race, December 16, 1940, at Sunnyside Downs you will see that Deuces Wild won it, driving, by a head. In the Racing Form dated December 18, 1940, you will find a one-stick story to the effect that one Senate Ellum purchased Deuces Wild for the sum of one thousand dollars and shipped the horse north. And as is the expensive custom of race horses, Deuces Wild rode back north in the expensive ease of a baggage car. With him rode two very sleepy Negroes.

"Sure was lucky I could trade dem airplane tickets in for cash," Refugee said, "or us'd never got dis hoss back to New Yawk."

"That old Deucy hoss is a train-ridin' fool," Slippery said. "Look at him bat them eyes happy like."

"Le's take de blanket offen him an' look at him again," Refugee said. "Boy, he's a pretty hoss, for fair."

"Pretty nice that fellow give us the blanket with him," Slippery said.

"He's a wonderful present," Refugee said. "A real sure 'nough wonderful present."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chief Flying Cloud, born Eddie Bernstein, was red hot in Boston. He was a stump of a man with short, heavy arms, a square chin and a pointed head that were all, apparently, completely impervious to punishment. In Boston they thought he could take Garcia and Overlin in one night, but Willie Wurtzel signed Refugee for him for Monday night, December 23d, with no qualms whatever. Willie Wurtzel had as implicit faith in Refugee Smith as Refugee Smith had in the Lord.

He told Refugee as much as they were riding up to Boston on the train. "You can take this phony Indian, boy," Willie said, "slick as an eel in a barrel of oil." He paused, chewed on his cigar a moment. "It's short notice," he went on, "but Addy Mann had Billy Johns signed for the Chief and Billy went and broke a hand in trainin'."

"Yes, suh," Refugee said abstractedly. "I ain't worryin' about de fight, Mr. Willie. I figures us can whup anybody needs to be whupped." Refugee peered out the window for a moment. Then, with casual uneasiness, he added: "Mr. Willie," he said, "you is a Jewish gent'man, ain't you?"

Willie Wurtzel looked up, surprised. His cigar just didn't fall out of his mouth. "I ain't no Swede," he said. "Listen here, boy, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'," Refugee said brightly, uneasily. "I was just wonderin'."

"Don't get to wonderin' too hard about nothin' but that Flyin' Cloud," Willie said, going back to his paper, "or he'll rain right on you."

There was a long silence. Refugee gazed out of the window. "Mr. Willie," he said finally, "does . . ." He lapsed into silence.

Willie Wurtzel looked up at his fighter. "What's eatin' you, Refugee?" he asked.

Refugee Smith's dark brow was creased with unhappy lines. "Nothin'," he lied unhappily.

REFUGEE wasn't right. He was in a corner, and Chief Flying Cloud was under his arms, and he had belted Refugee a couple that had hurt. Refugee boxed his way out of the corner, a look of pained preoccupation on his face. Somebody high in the gallery gave him a lusty South Boston bird. Refugee worked his way to the center of the ring, caught a roundhouse right and was holding on at the bell.

Willie Wurtzel was mad. "What the hell is this?" he said. "You act like you ain't woke up. Left-hand that boy, stay away from him . . ."

"Mr. Willie," Refugee said, "does Jewish folks go to church on Sunday?"

"Gee!" . . . Willie Wurtzel almost screamed. The bell rang.

The Chief came in faster this round. Refugee hadn't hurt him.

Willie Wurtzel heard Addy Mann's voice in his ear. "I thought your guy could fight," Addy said.

Willie turned to the promoter. "I never saw him act like this," he replied truthfully. "Don't suppose he could've got doped, do you? He's talkin' crazy as a bedbug, in the corner."

"They'll wanta lynch me," Addy said, "puttin' this fellow on for Billy Johns." The bell found Refugee moving a little unsteadily to his own corner.

The referee came with him. "I don't want to ask the commission to hold up your boy's purse," he said meaningly to Willie Wurtzel.

Willie Wurtzel stabbed in his most vulnerable point, let out an agonized cry. "Refugee," he pleaded. "What's the matter, boy?"

"Mr. Willie," Refugee said finally between battered lips, "does Jewish folks have Christmas?"

Willie Wurtzel put down his sponge, tried unsuccessfully to grip his scanty fringe of hair. "Say," he said, "what's that got to do . . . ?"

The bell rang.

Watching Refugee Smith, Willie felt his eyes smarting. "He's blew a fuse," he muttered. "He's jumped his trolley and he's gettin' murdered."

THE Chief was putting on a little pace now. Blood showed in tiny rivulets on Refugee's upper lip. Willie had him with the bell before he got to his corner.

"Lemme throw in the towel," Willie said.

"Mr. Willie," Refugee said with weary trouble in his voice. "I heard Jewish folks don't pay no heed to Christmas. They told me dat dey have New Year's Day way back in October."

Willie Wurtzel didn't say anything. He looked at Refugee Smith trying to fathom this twist of his mind.

"Is dat de fact?" Refugee asked desperately.

Willie Wurtzel read near-terror in Refugee Smith's voice and none will know what went on in his mind. Perhaps he thought of the fight, maybe the purse, perchance for a little while and vaguely of the great stretch of time that was 5,700 years on the calendar of his people.

But he looked at Refugee Smith and shook his head. "No, boy," he said gently, "it ain't so."

Refugee Smith's face broke into a grin. "When's de nex' train to New Yawk?" he asked.

Willie Wurtzel glanced at the clock up in the end of the great hall.

"Fifty minutes," Willie Wurtzel said, puzzled.

"Us'll catch it," Refugee Smith said. "I'll clear up de Cloud right now."

Refugee Smith came out of his corner and his feet looked a little flatter on the canvas and his shoulders looked like they were hunched a little higher. On his face was the slight, intent frown that Willie Wurtzel knew reflected a profound concentration on the task at hand.

Chief Flying Cloud came in as he had before. Refugee Smith stabbed him twice with a left hand sharp as an ice pick and as the Chief came on, doggedly, let him come, dropped his own black arms and beat him to the punch with a left hook to belly that made Chief Flying Cloud speak the only Indian word he'd ever spoken. They could hear it in the galleries. It was "Ugh!"

Refugee turned, walked to his corner, bouncing, watching Willie Wurtzel.

Willie Wurtzel held up his right hand, and his thumb and finger made an O; his hooked nose quivered and his face split into a grin.

Refugee Smith turned, his back in the neutral corner, draped his long, heavy arms out on the ropes and listened to the referee count.

At "ten" he bounded out to help Chief Flying Cloud's handlers get him to his corner.

"Well, I don't care—these toys cost me $18.65 and I'm not going to give the credit to any dopey Santa Claus"

ERNIE GARZA

THE sea was calm at Jacobs Beach, that cigar store on 49th Street. The waves of sound were little waves. Willie Wurtzel stood leaning against the counter. It was eleven-thirty on Christmas Eve, and there was a lull. Willie Wurtzel was almost alone.

A cab pulled up in front of the store and stopped. A yellow coat got out of the cab, propelled from within its superrichness by a black, grinning Negro. He came into the store and Willie looked up.

"Come'n get in de cab, Mr. Willie," Refugee said. "Us wants you to go for a little ride."

Willie walked out of the place glumly. He climbed into the cab.

"What for you so sad?" Refugee asked. Then added hastily: "This here is Slippery Ellum."

"I was standin' in there," Willie said, "Christmas Eve and me standin' in there by myself." He sighed, shook his head and lit a cigar. He summoned a grin, "Gonna have a big Christmas, boy?"

"Yes, suh," Refugee said. Craftily he added: "'Member when Santy Claus called you on de telephone?"

Willie Wurtzel frowned, then grinned. "That your rib, boy? I was in the shower with a hang-over. I guess I cussed a lot. But it wasn't your voice," Willie added.

"No, suh. You'd have caught on," Refugee said. "It was Slippery, here."

Slippery bobbed his head sheepishly under Willie's stare.

"'Member what you said you wanted?" Refugee asked.

"No," Willie admitted.

The cab was rolling toward Central Park now.

"'Member when I sent dat telegram, from Boston town after de fight? I was telegrammin' Slippery here, to go ahead."

"Go ahead with what?" Willie Wurtzel asked.

"I boughten you a present," Refugee said, "for Christmas, an' then I heard somebody say Jewish folks don't pay no heed to Christmas."

"I wouldn't know about that," Willie said. "I ain't what you'd call strictly orthodox."

"Well," Refugee said. "I was worried about hit an' I just couldn't fight for worryin' about hit. That's what's ailed me in Boston town."

"I see," Willie Wurtzel said, not quite seeing.

"So I telegrammed Slippery to go ahead with de wrappin' when you told me what you told me."

Willie would have liked to have asked some questions at this point but the cab had stopped and his hosts were bustling him into what looked like a stable. It was a stable.

THEY led him back to a lighted stall and there stood Deuces Wild, a five-year-old gelding, who on the 16th of December had run and won as a thousand-dollar plater at Sunnyside Downs. On his back he wore a blanket and into the blanket was worked a legend.

"He de one dat won de second at Sunnyside Downs, dat day you told Slippery dat's what you wanted. Merry Christmas, Mr. Willie!"

Willie Wurtzel stood looking at the inscription and various things pieced together in his mind. The horse looked at him and he looked at the horse, then he read once more the green embroidered inscription:

MERRY CHRISTMAS
to
MR. WILLIE
Compliments of
R. SMITH

"I never knew how to spell your name," Slippery said, "or it'd come out evener."

"Dat's all right," Refugee said.

Willie Wurtzel turned and looked at Refugee Smith and on Refugee's face he saw a look of terrible expectancy and pride. Willie turned, hiding his face for a moment as he composed himself, and looked into the eyes of Deuces Wild. It was a vicious face, as Willie saw it. But he remembered how Refugee looked and he pumped real fervency into his voice as he turned.

"It's just what I needed," he said.

Then he reached into his pocket and took out a box. He handed it to Refugee.

Refugee Smith opened the box and saw the big stone. Refugee tried to say something but it stuck in his throat.

Slippery looked over his shoulder, saw the stone. "Oh, Lord!" he said.

"Yes, Lord," Refugee whispered. "Many happy returns of the day."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Genius

Continued from page 22

was a short, one-sided conversation. "Thees is Balanchine," he said. Then, before the producer could reply: "Weel you please shut op?"

Our man George, whom such experts as Lincoln Kirstein, author of Dance, call the finest choregrapher of our times, is a bare thirty-five years old. He wishes this weren't so, and has been at some pains to circulate a rumor that he's really thirty-six; is now considering a plan to falsify all his records, grow or pin on a beard and palm himself off as thirty-seven. "To me I look dreadful uncompetent," he says tearfully.

Youngish, yes. Incompetent, no. He has a thin, good-looking face, thick hair and brown eyes. Tall, he weighs a nimble hundred and forty, and would seem too svelte and too light in weight for a maestro if it weren't for two lucky features: First, he has finally succeeded in graying at the temples in a distinguished fashion, and, second, he has a nervous habit of wrinkling his nose every few minutes, like an overanxious rabbit.

He speaks with authority, but very quietly, and sometimes reveals a trace of timidity and shyness. He refuses, for instance, to fly when he makes his frequent transcontinental trips.

"Foolish waste of three days," his agent told him. "Don't you know that when your time comes there's nothing you can do about it?"

"Da," Balanchine answered glumly, "but suppose it iss the pilot's time?"

When he was seventeen—and valiantly pretending to be eighteen-and-a-half—Balanchine got his first real crack at some pliable bodies. It was at Petrograd where he was the white hope among young dancers, and where he still bore the name Giorgi Miltonovitch Balanchivadze. He organized three of his equally young comrades into a ballet group, and, performing the dual role of actor and producer, drilled them in an original dance that struck him as pretty impressive. In a building that had once housed the czar's parliament he announced a program called "Evolution of the Dance from 1600 to Balanchivadze." It was quite a night. First someone threw a chair, screaming that it wasn't ballet at all. Then someone heaved one of those ever-ready Soviet bricks, proclaiming that it *was* ballet and highly suggestive at that. Soon everybody was throwing things for various reasons or just for pure joy, and the crowd started chanting "Siberia!"

Today he admits he was a little ahead of himself with that "Evolution Up to Me" line, but he had just graduated from the Imperial School of Ballet, and felt at least fifty; thoroughly prepared for anything. In the eight years he had spent in that state-owned-and-operated institution, he had worked hard, become an accomplished concert pianist, a fine dancer, and learned theater from the ground up. Aging, too, were the grim, feverish years of revolution during which he and his fellows had been forced to hunt anywhere for food and steal their firewood from machine-gun barricades in the streets. As they were lodged in a czarist building, the children lived in fear that they would be executed as an example of something or other. Lots of families were.

His graduation present to himself—that first attempt at choregraphy—was the U.S.S.R.'s greatest failure since the first five-year plan, and he and his three partners shuddered when, a few days later, they received a summons from a certain Commissar Excusovitch. This apologetically named personage swiftly went about the business of handing them passports, permission to leave the country for a three months' good-will tour, and the handsome title, "Soviet State Dancers." Balanchine refused to believe it a bona fide offer, maintaining until they were across the border that it was some ruse of the O.G.P.U. Tamara Geva, ballerina for the troupe, and later Balanchine's first wife, inclined to the view that it was part of a Soviet plot to undermine the morals of capitalist Europe—but they all went gladly enough.

Diaghilev Gets the Idea

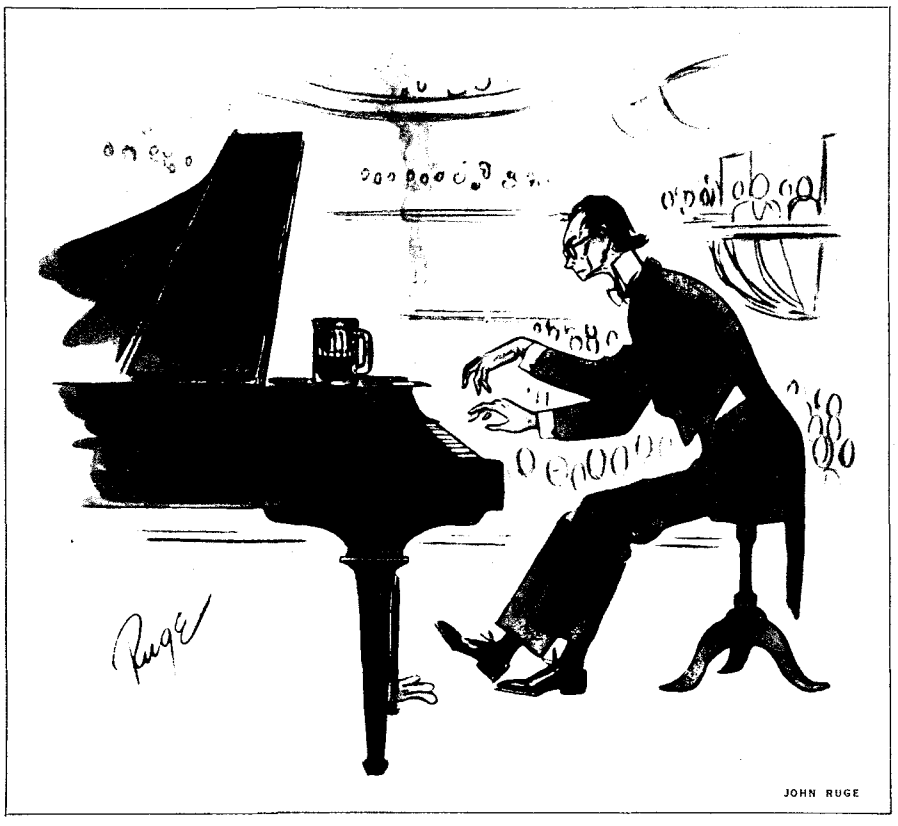
As the train pulled into Wiesbaden, Germany, they looked into one another's eyes, and silently agreed never to return to Russia. Quite unperturbed by their complete lack of money, they gave a short cheer for private enterprise and headed straight across the continent to Paris and the theater housing Diaghilev's famous ballet company.

They skulked in front of the great man's office until Diaghilev himself appeared, alone and unprotected. Balanchine, who persisted in wearing his hair shoulder-length and in sporting a dirty green artist's smock, flung himself into action. While the impresario watched spellbound, the lank youth flailed his arms, pointed to his mouth, his pockets, his stomach; leaped in the air to a height that shamed the great Nijinsky, tore down one of the Diaghilev company's posters and held it under the old man's nose.

Diaghilev got the idea, and hired the foursome. He changed Balanchivadze's name to Balanchine so the French could pronounce it, and appointed him choregrapher and ballet master over the head of the celebrated Bronislava Nijinska. "I cannot theenk why," Balanchine says now.

The members of the company couldn't think why, either, and were not happy at having a 'teen-aged director. On his first day of rehearsals, Balanchine found the stage bristling with hostile dancers, the men glowering with arms folded, while the women chattered and pretended not to hear his command for silence. Balanchine thought for a moment and then began whispering ostentatiously into space. One by one, the dancers moved downstage to listen, and heard the boy director repeating regularly, "Ladies and chentlemen, we weel start weeth intermeesion. You may please smoke."

When he was darned good and ready, Balanchine crisply ordered the dancers to take positions no one had ever thought of, and then he strolled among them, twisting a head here, arranging someone upside down there; taking it for granted all were versed in the most difficult steps, and as limber as pieces of hot soup. "Please," he calmly asked one ballerina, pointing to her partner's neck, "Please poot both ankles there." He stood back and studied the woman's dangling body. "Da," he said finally, "you stay like that entire first act."



Members of the troupe hung in similar ungainly positions night after night for four years, but were never told what Balanchine's ballets were about, nor what they, in their strange poses represented. "Eef you know, you theenk," he explained. "And eef you theenk, you steenk." By 1929 some of the dancers were just beginning to figure things out a bit, and then Diaghilev died and the company was disbanded.

Balanchine was asked to England to stage a dance for a Cochran revue. The song for the ballet that marked his entrance into commercial theater is listed in his catalogue of sheet music as "*Chto Takoe Eta Vesch Kotoraia Nazivaetsia Eubovin?*" or, as its composer, Cole Porter, would have it, "What is This Thing Called Love?"

Nights are Made for Nightmares

The ballet was quite as successful as the song, which was no slouch, and Balanchine found himself very wealthy and very much in demand. At last he was able to buy two things he'd always wanted—an American automobile and a wrought-iron weather vane.

Today the weather vane sits proudly atop his Long Island home where he goes every Sunday to escape from art, theater and hammer-slayers—whose activities Balanchine fearfully follows in the tabloids. It's a sacred day on which the maestro answers exclusively to the name of Gogi, and generally acts silly; a day of quiet pleasure until it becomes time for what Zorina calls, "Gogi's Awful Dreams."

These nightmares started in Paris when he had a siege of tuberculosis, and, although his lungs have recovered, continue to make his sleep hideous. They would be, according to him, "absolute onbearable" if it weren't that his friend Salvador Dali, the surrealist painter, is haunted by almost precisely the same assortment of demons, whirling squares, and hairy hands. Sometimes Dali and Balanchine call each other by transatlantic or transcontinental phone to discuss the apparition of the week.

Lately, Balanchine's ballets have gotten dreamier; been overrun by coveys of sweet, extremely polite, donkey-headed little animals. His dances for Louisiana Purchase and his new creations for this season's Ballet Russe contain many of these little fellows who obligingly step out of nowhere with lights for people's cigarettes, help dancers on and off with cloaks, and applaud encouragingly at well-executed arabesques and pirouettes. Several critics have publicly suggested that they probably come from Balanchine's nightmares, and this makes him very angry. "Eef they only deed," he sighs. "They are joost the animals I *dream* I weel someday dream about!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wine lends to our Holidays a special warm-hearted charm

Popular hosts and hostesses report more and more people prefer a moderate beverage like wine

WHY DON'T you try it this year? When "turkey and fixings" come to table, pour for everyone a glass of ruby Burgundy or golden Sauterne wine. As an *extra touch* of hospitality!

We promise it will bring you an interesting discovery. A new glamour at your table. A still more royal taste added to your festive main dinner course *by good wine!*

Sauterne and Burgundy, mind you, are *made* to bring out the flavor of our rich holiday meats. In all the world, no connoisseur has ever found a more perfect complement to turkey than these delightful table wines.

While the holidays are here why not try another venture, too? When you've guests at supper or in the evening, set out platters of sliced ham . . . turkey . . . dainty sandwiches . . .

And trays on which small glasses surround a decanter each of nutlike Sherry and mellow Port.

This year — however you serve your wine — you'll notice more and more people now prefer this moderate beverage. You'll discover that the gracious custom of serving wine compliments your more important guests.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

At the appetizer hour, try serving Sherry wine . . . Nutlike in flavor, mellow amber Sherry is an age-old and perfect invitation to a good dinner. Set out your Sherry alone or with appetizers . . . in cocktail-size portions

The table wines are light and "dry" (not sweet), made especially to accompany main-course dishes. Good table wines to try are pale-gold Chablis or Rhine wine with fish or chicken, and ruby Claret with your steak or roast

"Sweet" wines are made for serving with refreshments. When you're entertaining casually, try setting out small glasses of Muscatel. It's a popular golden wine richly endowed with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada—Democracy at War

Continued from page 19

Canada were to be used as replacements in the British Royal Air Force.

The fight this precipitated is something Lord Riverdale, the British empire and everybody connected with the inside story of what happened will remember as long as they live. It is memorialized now with the mild appellation of the "Revolt of the Officers' Mess." Canadian air officers were not particularly interested about the financial angles, but they would be damned if they were going to lose their identity as Canadians.

It was mild little Mackenzie King, Canada's premier, who brought up the matter of money. The empire air-training scheme as sketched by Lord Riverdale would cost $300,000,000 every year from then on. Canada, milord said, would be expected to pay the bill. King, however, thought differently. He argued and fought and finally won Lord Riverdale's and England's pledge that the mother country would pay slightly more than half the cost.

Lord Riverdale retired to his ample suite in the Château Laurier in Ottawa and had a nervous breakdown. Canadian politicians, professional soldiers, industrialists, businessmen, Liberals, Tories retired into a smug little shell of complacency. They had drawn up the plan for their "war effort." They made diagrams and set down rows of figures. There it was, all nice and neat—tax schedules, organizational plans for the increment of industrial output, plans for factories, plans for training troops, seamen, airmen—plans, plans, plans and they had three years to do it all in and they sat back and enjoyed themselves. The war remained a distant thunder across the protective Atlantic.

Canada Chooses the Air

And then came June 13th. Canada saw the possibility of a British defeat at the hands of the Axis powers. The collapse of France won the "battle of Ottawa" for England and Lord Riverdale. Canada suddenly was not only anxious to fulfill England's demands, but she became equally eager to do so at her own expense. She was ready to arm or bust. Canada took over the expensive air-training baby Lord Riverdale had left on her doorstep.

However inexpertly Canada may have planned on other fronts in the defense effort, she did a creditable job on air training. Her tanks, machine guns, rifles, airplanes and most of the other paraphernalia of contemporary warfare is still "on order." At the end of October, 1940, Canada hadn't built one single fighting plane worthy of the name in modern warfare, not one cannon, not a single antiaircraft gun despite propaganda to the contrary. Munitions manufacture, with one factory turning out 65,000 shells a week and another 2,500,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition each week, was moving along nicely. But it is in the air-training program that Canadians could take pride.

It took time and a sharp scalpel to cut away red tape before the air training got under way. England had promised to send Hurricanes, Spitfires, Blenheim bombers and other models to be used to train airmen. A number of these arrived promptly, but when war in earnest started, they were immediately requisitioned for use in England. In fact, a shipload or two of equipment for the Royal Canadian Air Force was halted and turned back in mid-ocean last June when the Germans broke through at Sedan and Namur.

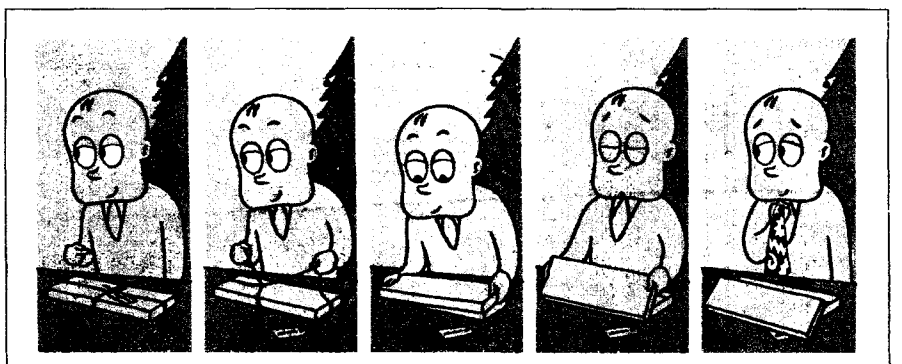
Canada was supposed to manufacture one standard type of training bomber powered by engines built in England. The motors began to arrive and just as Canada had organized production on this basis, Britain, hard-pressed for engines, with her production constantly menaced and badgered by German Stukas, called the deal off.

Back in the Bottleneck

Canadian manufacturers shopped around, found a suitable twin-engined American bomber that was as good or better than the English type. It used thirty per cent less gasoline, for one thing. One of the machines was flown up to Canada and the R.C.A.F. inspectors okayed it and authorized a contract for a large number. Next day England said she had reconsidered and would supply Canada with engines. Ottawa reluctantly cancelled the arrangements to buy American bombers.

That, of course, was long before that fateful day in June rolled around. Since then, England has notified Canada that she must depend almost exclusively upon the U. S. for motors and aircraft.

The worst bottleneck of all to break, that of the Canadian version of the old school tie—the Tory big businessmen whose motto was "why, sure, we'll make



Gift

CROCKETT JOHNSON

the planes, cannon, tanks, anything you want, right away sure, okay," and then had another drink. They got these boys one fine day when extraordinary powers were invested in the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and in the controllers who were appointed to administer with dictatorial powers the oil, steel, timber, machine tool, nonferrous metal and power industries.

There was another bottleneck to break, and this one still exists and may cripple Canada's air-training program unless liquidated quickly—the lack of training planes. As far as present requirements are concerned, officials say this problem has been met.

But Canada capitalized quickly on what resources she had with which to begin making men into airmen. There were the bush pilots to draw from for instructors, 522 of them, with 595 air engineers. The Royal Canadian Air Force itself contained 450 officers and 4,000 airmen. About 135 Americans joined the Canadians in various training capacities.

By November 1st, forty-three of the planned eighty-three air-training schools were operating, four equipment depots had been established (full quota planned) and the projected four main air commands had been established. There were 6,000 air-crew pupils in training as compared to only 4,500 on September 15th, with 8,000 men learning to be mechanics. This makes 14,000 in actual training as compared to the 30,000 who will be absorbed into the schools by the end of this year.

The Canadian air recruit goes through the following stages: From the twenty recruiting centers he is sent to the three "manning depots." Here the raw kid from Medicine Hat or Rat Portage is given tests to determine whether, despite perfect health and other prerequisites, he's got what it takes to fly at all or be flown as a gunner or observer.

From the manning depot, the recruit goes to the initial training schools, of which there are three in Canada, for a four weeks' preliminary course. At these schools the men are divided into pilots, air observers and air gunners, and intensive training is begun. The pilots are sent to elementary-flying training schools for a seven weeks' course. Then to service-flying training schools for seven weeks and five weeks of advanced training follows.

Air observers get an intensive navigation, reconnaissance and photographic course before entering bombing and gunnery, where they stay six weeks instead of two. The air gunners get eighteen weeks in wireless schools and then four weeks in bombing and gunnery. One hundred and fifty flying hours after the kid from Medicine Hat enters the training machine, he emerges as a pilot —not the best pilot in the world, but good enough for all practical purposes. He gets his polish in England or wherever he's sent for service.

It took a sharp fight with Lord Riverdale and that old bugbear, tradition, to obtain British approval for the Canadian training methods. The British idea was to turn out finished airmen, who could gyrate planes in echeloned triads and knew every trick of the craft from piloting to taking apart a plane and reassembling it. The Canadian idea was to make pilots and make them quickly and it finally prevailed.

One of the most important things that's happening in Canadian aviation and, for that matter, in Canadian armaments production too, is the tendency toward standardization with American armaments, planes and equipment. This is partially due to necessity, but it is largely due to a desire on the part of Canada to become part of an eventual Western Hemisphere defensive unit.

Canadian planes, after a while, will be American planes. All the trainers in use in schools now are North American trainers. Up there they call them Oxfords and Yales, but they are the same planes used by our air force for training purposes. The trainers being made in Canada, at the rate of about 200 per month—with production promised at 400 by next year—are American machines. They don't "make" planes, they merely assemble them, of course. It is estimated that it will be a year and a half after the first contracts are let before an engine will be produced in a Canadian factory. The first of these will be English Rolls-Royces and Merlins, according to present indications.

As in this country, machine-tool shortage remains the most serious barrier to peak production. In this emergency, Canada looks to the United States, hopes that it will obtain machinery previously earmarked for France and that America might be induced to part with some of it even before thinking of installing it in her own factories.

They Give Till It Hurts

It might be thought from all this that Canada is still in the process of preparing to make a war effort rather than in the midst of one. This is only partially true. So far as the people are concerned, and Canada's total population is only slightly more than that of Greater New York City, they are war-efforting until it hurts. War is costing Canada over three million dollars a day, or the equivalent of $36,000,000 for this country.

England, fighting for her life, is spending about $40,000,000 a day, so in terms of population Canada is bearing a fair share of the war burden. To the taxpayer it means that he pays as much as eighty-seven per cent of his income to the government and in the higher, millionaire-income brackets, taxes are nearly confiscatory.

There isn't a home in Canada that war doesn't reach. In every house they pay taxes and from every house a man has been called to the army, the navy or the air force. Until June 13th they grumbled about it and there were those who muttered "What a pension bill!" when the parading soldiers went by. They were thinking about what would happen after the war—new taxes to meet new demands, the support of disabled ex-servicemen, pensions to widows, reconstruction generally.

One of the biggest Canadian sources of income used to be the American tourists and sportsmen. Americans used to shell out from $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 to see the totem poles and catch trout and muskellunge. Misinformed Broadway columnists' cracks that travel had become dangerous or difficult in warring Canada has cut this to a small fraction.

Canadians are busy now cutting their trade with America to bare essentials and war materials to make up the loss.

As though Canada didn't have troubles enough, this year, Nature stepped in to give her another. Canadian farmers have just harvested over 500,000,000 bushels of grain. There were 280,000,000 bushels left over from last year's big crop making more than 700,000,000 bushels that must be sold somewhere. Britain will take some of it—70 per cent of her requirements—but the bulk will remain. Right now the government is buying it from the farmer on a quota basis—at 70 cents a bushel and that, obviously, with strain.

Canadian capitalists and businessmen assure me that the Canadian government will manage, somehow, to pay the farmers. Well, maybe it will, this year.

But what about next year and the year after that? Some of the franker and more hardheaded Canadians candidly said:

"Look, old boy, let's quit kidding. Sooner or later, America will have to help us, somehow."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look Out, Joe!

Continued from page 25

right to meet him by rising above all other challengers. A heavyweight-title fight should be a rare occasion, an annual or semiannual classic, not a bargain-basement sale. It will be different when I am champion.

And I will be champion. I know I can whip Louis. If a sick man could lick Gunnar Barlund, Tommy Farr and Max Baer, what would he do if he was in good health? He would—and will—win the title. Beating Joe will be easy; the only tough fight will be getting the bout without giving Mr. Jacobs a 99-year lease on my soul.

Today, 25 years old, 210 pounds and in perfect health, I have every essential for fistic greatness: youth, strength, punch and the compelling factor, determination. Now, for the first time in nearly four years, I have thrown off the shackles of disease.

It took almost four years to tell me I was sick. It all began back in 1936 when I was just another preliminary loogan haunting the Pioneer Gym in New York. One morning, while shaving, I noticed a small pimple on my right bicep and, not having good sense, I squeezed it.

I looked around for some alcohol to sterilize it but couldn't find any. At any rate, I put nothing on it and thought no more of the pimple. That is, until the middle of the night, when my arm began to swell and my entire right side became alive with pain. It was a bad case of blood poisoning and the doctors who examined me at Polyclinic Hospital feared for several hours that they would have to amputate the arm.

Fortunately, the doctors changed their minds. I was in bed three weeks, then got up and beat Abe Simon, a rather large person who was as big as an ox and fought almost as well; at least, well enough to have been made a five-to-one favorite to send me back to the hospital in the next ambulance.

No Place for a Sick Man

Nearly a year later, back home in California, I was matched with George Theodoratos, a Grecian giant. I won the bout and two days later became ill.

My eyes became swollen, then pussy, and I ran a high temperature. I was confined to St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco for ten days.

My next fight was to be in San Francisco against Sonny Boy Walker four weeks later but, six days before the bout, I was taken sick again with the same symptoms. I had no pep, ran a fever and was weak. The scrap was postponed thirty days and once more I got up from a sick bed to win a fight, whipping Walker decisively.

By this time it had become a habit so, when sickness hit me one week before the Baer fight, I was expecting it. The ailment no longer worried me because it was more or less chronic. I always knew that a few days' rest would put me back on my feet, as good as new. That bum guess almost cost me my life. This time I was in bed two days with a fever, hardly strong enough to sit up, but my recuperation was as swift as it was complete and, five days later, I knocked out Max Baer in the eleventh round.

It might have gone on like that indefinitely had I not collapsed at Wickensberg, Arizona, two weeks after the Galento nightmare. The chest congestion had quickly brought on arthritic pains and I was sicker than ever.

A thorough examination, the first I ever had, revealed that I was a walking poison cabinet. The mystery of those "sudden" sick spells before and after nearly every fight was solved and the villain of the piece proved to be that innocent little pimple on my right bicep, the one I squeezed nearly four years ago. The doctors had saved my arm but the poison had remained to course through my blood stream.

That explained several things, especially why I had invariably tired during the middle rounds of most fights. None of the experts could ever understand why I, who looked like a cross between Tarzan and Superman, should suddenly weaken along in the sixth or seventh round, even without being hit. I did not know myself. But all that is behind me now.

I respect Joe Louis. He has been a credit to boxing and to his race. He is a good fighter but far from a truly great one. I could never fear him.

The only Louis I know is the Louis that becomes bewildered and panicky when he is hurt, the Louis that Schmeling butchered.

Virtually all of Joe's opponents have fallen into two general classes: In the first are the Eddie Simmses, King Levinskys, Jack Ropers, John Henry Lewises, Johnny Paycheks, *et al.* They had no business in the same ring with Louis, not without guns, and they knew it.

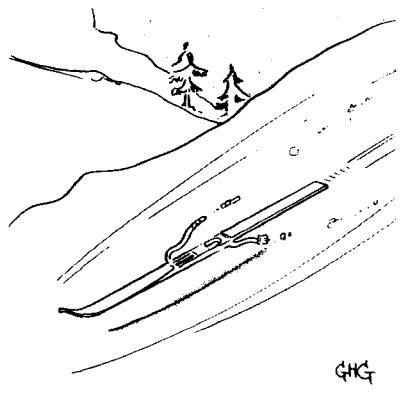
But courage alone is not enough. The second class, which includes the Jim Braddocks, Bob Pastors, Tommy Farrs and Tony Galentos, discovered that. Braddock floored Louis. So did Galento. Pastor staggered him. They were not afraid of Louis.

The irony of it is that the Braddocks and Galentos did not fear Louis until he was hurt and then, as if realizing for the first time what they had done to the superchampion, they could not and did not follow up their advantage.

There is the great gamble. You stagger Louis, probably put him on the canvas, because he cannot take much of a punch. You know he is enraged then and that he is coming back viciously for the kill. That is the moment when you must shoot the works. If there is any geek in your hide you will quit right then, or you will shift to the defense. I will do neither.

No fighter has ever been as thoroughly beaten as Louis was by Schmeling. He was crushed and humiliated. Yet, that did not discourage Mr. Jacobs from grooming him for the championship, paving the comeback road with the most inept has-beens and never-wases in the business. Nor would he allow Joe to fight Schmeling again until he, and everyone else, was convinced that Max was harmless.

Thus, by Jacobian standards, I am not a qualified contender for his championship. I merely happen to be an average American, endowed by nature with a physique adapted to sports generally and prize fighting principally. I am naïve enough to believe that I can win the title without sacrificing my private life.



What difference should it make, if I happen to be the best heavyweight in the world, that I am prosaically (and happily) married to the daughter of a university botany professor and that I am a proud father and that I love good books, classical music and the old masters, and that I save my money and that I prefer to choose my friends from classes other than those in the prize-fighting business.

A champion, as defined by Noah Webster, is "one who has obtained the formally acknowledged supremacy in any branch of athletics or game of skill. By Websterian standards, if not Jacobian, I believe that I am a qualified contender. In the twelfth fight of my career, I won the amateur championship of the world in the Paris that was once France. In twenty-nine professional bouts I have been beaten twice, have scored fifteen knockouts. The count of ten has never been tolled over me and never will.

Boxing Needs Some Reforms

There is nothing the matter with the fight game that a new champion will not cure. I will make a good titleholder, as the press and public will realize from the moment that my right mitt is lifted over Louis on a June evening at Yankee Stadium in 1941.

Naturally, there will be a few reforms I shall insist on proposing the moment I take office and foremost among these is a thumbless glove. There will be loud protests from those pugs who not only want and need thumbs but fingers in both mittens—all the better to gouge your eyes, my dear!—but I shall campaign for a circular, thumbless glove.

Hundreds of fighters cannot see today only because an opponent, accidentally or deliberately, fouled them with the good, reliable thumb in the eye. Yet, if a thumbless glove saved only one man's eyesight it would be worth adopting.

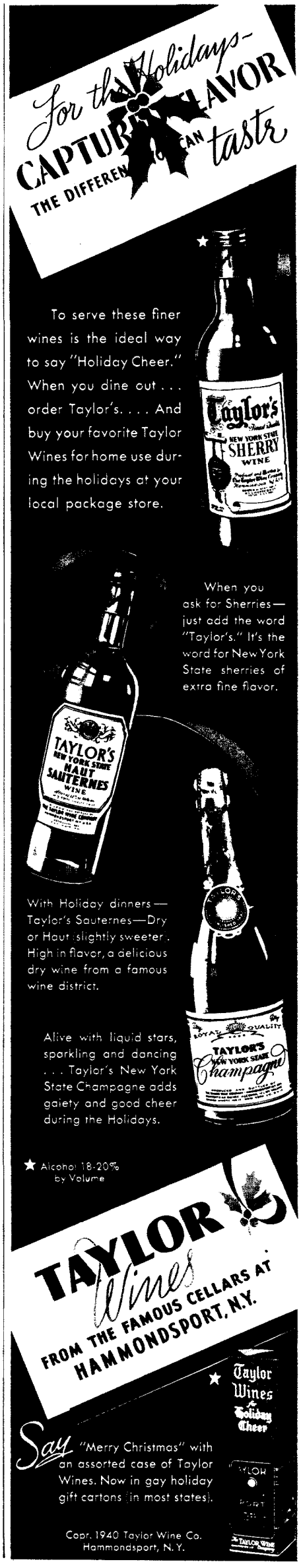
I shall also insist on bringing back the million-dollar gate. It will not be easy, considering that Louis succeeded in drawing only $62,481 to defend his championship against Paychek and a paltry $88,523 for his sequel with Godoy, but I shall do my best to restore the heavyweight division to the eminence it deserves.

But I seem to be getting a bit ahead of myself. There are still a couple details remaining before they will be calling me the Champ. I note, among other bad news, that a couple of fellows named Baer and Pastor are being seriously considered as opponents for Louis. The best that can be said for them is that they are just as good as such erstwhile challengers as Roper and Paychek.

Baer had his chance and he muffed it. By what reasoning, then, can it be assumed that a man who lost to Louis in 1935 should be any more courageous when he is five years older and knows that he is even less qualified physically, if possible, to fight Joe now than he was in his first meeting? Anyway, Max was knocked out by a fellow named Nova and even he cannot talk himself out of that one.

As for Pastor, he has convinced the world not once but twice that he is not a fit opponent for Louis, which apparently is the only reason Jacobs is now trying to prop him up for a third mismatch.

I will never fight Louis twice, let alone three times, because the first time will be the last. After that, Joe will permanently retire.


For the Holidays—
CAPTURE THE DIFFERENCE IN FLAVOR
an exciting taste
To serve these finer wines is the ideal way to say "Holiday Cheer." When you dine out . . . order Taylor's. . . . And buy your favorite Taylor Wines for home use during the holidays at your local package store.
Taylor's
NEW YORK STATE
SHERRY
WINE
When you ask for Sherries—just add the word "Taylor's." It's the word for New York State sherries of extra fine flavor.
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
HAUT
SAUTERNES
WINE
With Holiday dinners—Taylor's Sauternes—Dry or Haut: slightly sweeter. High in flavor, a delicious dry wine from a famous wine district.
ROYAL QUALITY
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne
Alive with liquid stars, sparkling and dancing . . . Taylor's New York State Champagne adds gaiety and good cheer during the Holidays.
★ Alcohol 18-20% by Volume
TAYLOR Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.
★ Taylor Wines for Holiday Cheer
Say "Merry Christmas" with an assorted case of Taylor Wines. Now in gay holiday gift cartons (in most states).
Copr. 1940 Taylor Wine Co. Hammondsport, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 13

clearly elsewhere. As time passed he displayed his impatience for Arlena's arrival only too crudely. At every footstep he turned an eager head to see who it was coming down from the hotel.

Disappointment followed disappointment.

First Mr. and Mrs. Gardener complete with knitting and book, and then Miss Brewster arrived.

Mrs. Gardener, industrious as ever, settled herself in her chair, and began to knit vigorously and talk at the same time:

"Well, M. Poirot, the beach seems very deserted this morning. Where *is* everybody?"

Poirot replied that the Mastermans and the Cowans, two families with young people in them, had gone off on an all-day sailing excursion.

"Why, that certainly does make all the difference, not having them about laughing and calling out. And only one person bathing, Captain Marshall."

MARSHALL had just finished his swim. He came up the beach swinging his towel.

"Pretty good in the sea this morning," he said. "Unfortunately I've got a lot of work to do. Must go and get on with it."

"Why, if that isn't too bad, Captain Marshall. On a beautiful day like this, too. My, wasn't yesterday too terrible? I said to Mr. Gardener that if the weather was going to continue like that, we'd just have to leave. It's the melancholy, you know, with the mist right up around the island. Gives you a kind of ghostly feeling, but then I've always been very susceptible to atmosphere ever since I was a child. Sometimes, you know, I'd feel I just had to scream and scream. And that, of course, was very trying to my parents. But my mother was a lovely woman and she said to my father, 'Sinclair, if the child feels like that, we must let her do it. Screaming is her way of expressing herself.' And, of course, my father agreed. He was devoted to my mother and just did everything she said. They were a perfectly lovely couple, as I'm sure Mr. Gardener will agree. They were a very remarkable couple, weren't they, Odell?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

"And where's your girl this morning, Captain Marshall?"

"Linda? I don't know. I expect she's mooning round the island somewhere."

"You know, Captain Marshall, that girl looks kind of peaky to me. She needs feeding up and very, very sympathetic treatment."

Kenneth Marshall said curtly, "Linda's all right."

He went up to the hotel.

Patrick Redfern did not go into the water. He sat about, frankly looking up toward the hotel. He was beginning to look a shade sulky.

Miss Brewster was brisk and cheerful when she arrived.

The conversation was much as it had been on a previous morning: Gentle yapping from Mrs. Gardener and short, staccato barks from Miss Brewster. She remarked at last, "Beach seems a bit empty. Everyone off on excursions?"

Mrs. Gardener said, "I was saying to Mr. Gardener only this morning that we simply must make an excursion to Dartmoor. It's quite near and the associations are all so romantic. And I'd like to see that convict prison—Princetown, isn't it? I think we'd better fix up right away and go there tomorrow, Odell."

"Yes, darling," Mr. Gardener said.

Hercule Poirot said to Miss Brewster, "You are going to bathe, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, I've had my morning dip before breakfast. Somebody nearly brained me with a bottle, too. Chucked it out of one of the hotel windows."

"Now that's a very dangerous thing to do," said Mrs. Gardener. "I had a very dear friend who got concussion by a toothpaste tin falling on him in the street—thrown out of a thirty-fifth story window it was. A most dangerous thing to do. He got very substantial damages." She began to hunt among her skeins of wool. "Why, Odell, I don't believe I've got that second shade of purple wool. It's in the second drawer of the bureau in our bedroom. Or it might be the third."

"Yes, darling." Mr. Gardener rose obediently and departed on his search.

Mrs. Gardener went on: "Sometimes, you know, I do think that maybe we're going a little too far nowadays. What with all our great discoveries and all the electrical waves there must be in the atmosphere, I do think it leads to a great deal of mental unrest and I just feel that maybe the time has come for a new message to humanity. I don't know, M. Poirot, if you've ever interested yourself in the prophecies from the Pyramids."

"I have not," said Poirot.

"Well, I do assure you that they're very, very interesting. What with Moscow being exactly a thousand miles due north of—now what was it?—would it be Nineveh?—but, anyway, you take a circle and it just shows the most surprising things—and one can just see that there must have been special guidance, and that these ancient Egyptians couldn't have thought of what they did all by themselves. And when you've gone into the theory of the numbers and their repetition, why it's all just so clear that I can't see how anyone can doubt the truth of it for a moment."

Mrs. Gardener paused triumphantly but neither Poirot nor Miss Emily Brewster felt moved to argue the point.

Poirot studied his white suède shoes ruefully.

"You been paddling with your shoes on, M. Poirot?" Emily Brewster said.

"Alas! I was precipitate," Poirot murmured.

Emily Brewster lowered her voice. She said, "Where's our vamp this morning? She's late."

Mrs. Gardener, raising her eyes from her knitting to study Patrick Redfern, murmured, "He looks just like a thundercloud. Oh, dear, I do feel the whole thing is such a pity. I wonder what Captain Marshall thinks about it all. He's such a nice, quiet man—very British and unassuming. You just never know what he's thinking about things."

Patrick Redfern rose and began to pace up and down the beach.

"Just like a tiger," Mrs. Gardener murmured.

THREE pairs of eyes watched his pacing. Their scrutiny seemed to make Patrick Redfern uncomfortable. He looked more than sulky now. He looked in a flaming temper.

In the stillness a faint chime from the mainland came to their ears.

"Wind's from the east again," Emily Brewster said. "That's a good sign when you can hear the church clock strike."

Nobody said any more until Mr. Gardener returned with the skein of wool.

"Why, Odell, what a long time you have been!"

"Sorry, darling, but you see it wasn't in your bureau at all. I found it on your wardrobe shelf."

"Why, isn't that too extraordinary? I could have declared I put it in that bureau drawer. I do think it's fortunate that I've never had to give evidence in a court case. I'd just worry myself to death in case I wasn't remembering a thing just right."

"Mrs. Gardener is very conscientious," Mr. Gardener said. . . .

IT WAS some five minutes later that Patrick Redfern said, "Going for your row this morning, Miss Brewster? Mind if I come with you?"

Miss Brewster said heartily, "Delighted."

"Let's row right around the island," proposed Redfern.

Miss Brewster consulted her watch. "Shall we have time? Oh, yes, it's not half past eleven yet. Come on, then, let's start."

Patrick Redfern took first turn at the oars. He rowed with a powerful stroke. The boat leaped forward.

Emily Brewster said approvingly, "Good. We'll see if you can keep that up."

He laughed into her eyes. His spirits had improved.

"I shall probably have a fine crop of blisters by the time we get back." He threw up his head, tossing back his black hair. "What a marvelous day! If you do get a real summer's day in England there's nothing to beat it."

Emily Brewster said gruffly, "Can't beat England anyway in my opinion. Only place in the world to live in."

"I'm with you."

They rounded the point of the bay to the west and rowed under the cliffs. Patrick Redfern looked up.

"Anyone on Sunny Ledge this morning? Yes, there's a sunshade. Who is it, I wonder?"

"It's Miss Darnley, I think," Emily Brewster said. "She's got one of those Japanese affairs."

They rowed up the coast. On their left was the open sea.

"We ought to have gone the other way around," she said. "This way we've got the current against us."

"There's very little current. I've swum out here and not noticed it. Anyway, we couldn't go the other way. The causeway wouldn't be covered."

"Depends on the tide, of course. But they say that bathing from Pixy Cove is dangerous if you swim out too far."

Patrick was rowing vigorously still. At the same time he was scanning the cliffs attentively.

Emily Brewster thought suddenly, "He's looking for the Marshall woman. That's why he wanted to come with me. She hasn't shown up this morning and he's wondering what she's up to. Probably she's done it on purpose. Just a move in the game—to make him keener."

They rounded the jutting point of rock to the south of the little bay named Pixy Cove. It was quite a small cove, with rocks dotted fantastically about the beach. It faced nearly northwest and the cliff overhung it a good deal. It was a favorite place for picnic teas. In the morning, when the sun was off it, it was not popular and there was seldom anyone there.

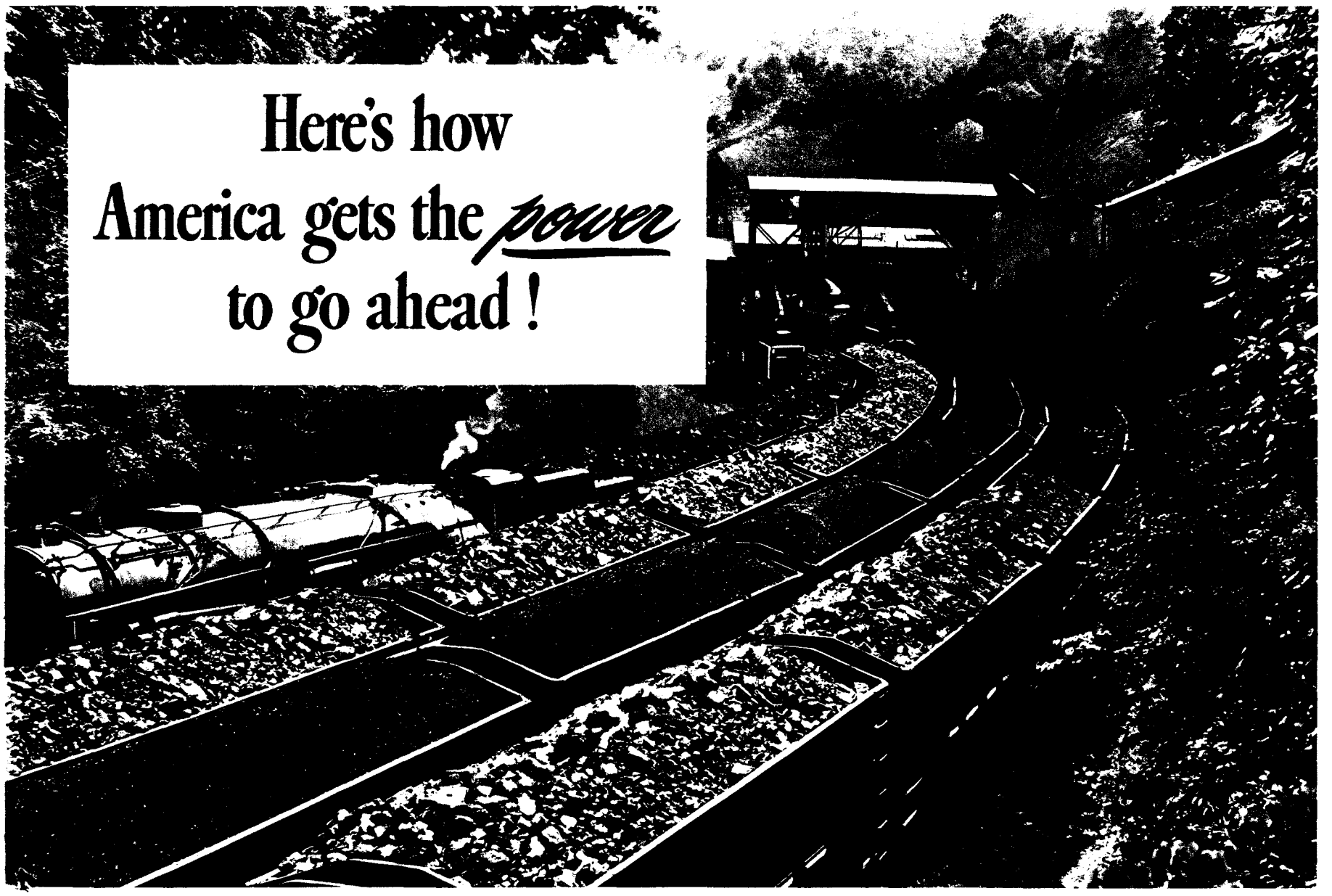
On this occasion, however, there was a figure on the beach.

Patrick Redfern's stroke checked and

"Look, Ed, on a night like this, wouldn't it be kinda more appropriate if we was t' come in through th' chimbley?"

JAY IRVING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here's how America gets the *power* to go ahead!

WHAT do you see here? Just a lot of railroad coal cars? Listen—

You're looking at the greatest source of energy in America.

Coal is the No. 1 source of power in the nation's factories.

Coal is the No. 1 source of warmth in the nation's homes.

Coal gives us iron and steel. Coal generates most of the electricity used in this country. And just a handful of coal contains enough energy to pull a ton of freight a mile on America's railroads.

Did you know that it takes more than a million tons a day to supply the nation's demands for light and heat and power?

Did you know that the annual value of the bituminous and anthracite coal mined in the United States *exceeds that of all other minerals combined?*

But without adequate transportation from mines to the rest of the country these coals would have little value. Few people could enjoy their warmth and comfort—most manufacturing plants would have to be located near the mines.

It is only because railroads provide quick, dependable, cheap transportation to every corner of the land that people can use this inexpensive fuel, and that manufacturing and power plants, producing for our daily needs and for national defense, can be located long distances from the coal fields and still be sure of a steady flow of fuel.

To meet the nation's needs, railroads every day are called upon to haul enough coal to make a train 150 miles long.

No other form of transportation could come close to handling so great a job so smoothly or economically. All by itself the movement of the nation's No. 1 fuel from mine to consumer would be a notable accomplishment. But at the same time, the food you eat, the clothes you wear, most of the things you use every day—and most of the supplies for the nation's factories—flow with the same smoothness—by rail.

No wonder thoughtful people recognize the railroads as the nation's No. 1 transportation system—not only in the volume they handle, but in the skill with which the job is done.

"SEE AMERICA" for $90

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States—east coast, west coast, border to border—go by one route, return by another—liberal stopovers—for $90 railroad fare in coaches—$135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

NOW—TRAVEL ON CREDIT

You can take your car along too. See your local ticket agent

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recovered. He said in a would-be casual tone, "Hullo, who's that?"

Miss Brewster said dryly, "It looks like Mrs. Marshall."

Patrick Redfern said, as though struck by the idea, "So it does."

He altered his course, rowing inshore.

Emily Brewster protested: "We don't want to land here, do we?"

Patrick Redfern said quickly, "Oh, plenty of time."

His eyes looked into hers—something in them, a naïve, pleading look, rather like that of an importunate dog, silenced Emily Brewster. She thought to herself, "Poor boy, he's got it bad. Well, it can't be helped. He'll get over it in time."

The boat was fast approaching the beach.

Arlena Marshall was lying face downward on the shingle, her arms outstretched. The white float was drawn up near by.

Something was puzzling Emily Brewster. It was as though she were looking at something she knew quite well but which was in one respect quite wrong.

It was a minute or two before it came to her:

Arlena Marshall's attitude was the attitude of a sun bather. So had she lain many a time on the beach by the hotel, her bronze body outstretched and the green cardboard hat protecting her head and neck.

But there was no sun on Pixy Beach and there would be none for some hours yet.

The overhanging cliff protected the beach from the sun in the morning. A vague feeling of apprehension came over Emily Brewster.

The boat grounded on the shingle. Patrick Redfern called, "Hullo, Arlena."

AND then Emily Brewster's foreboding took definite shape. For the recumbent figure did not move or answer.

Emily saw Patrick Redfern's face change. He jumped out of the boat and she followed him. They dragged the boat ashore, then set up the beach to where that white figure lay so still and unresponsive near the bottom of the cliff.

Patrick Redfern got there first, but Emily Brewster was close behind him.

She saw, as one sees in a dream, the bronzed limbs, the white, backless bathing dress—the red curl of hair escaping under the jade-green hat—saw something else, too—the curious, unnatural angle of the outspread arms. Felt, in that minute, that this body had not *lain* down but had been *thrown*. . . .

She heard Patrick's voice—a mere frightened whisper. He knelt down beside that still form—touched the hand—the arm. . . .

He spoke in a low, shuddering whisper:

"*My God, she's dead. . . .*"

And then, as he lifted the hat a little, peered at the neck:

"*Oh, God, she's been strangled . . . murdered.*"

It was one of those moments when time stands still.

With an odd feeling of unreality Emily Brewster heard herself saying, "We mustn't touch anything. . . . Not until the police come."

Redfern's answer came mechanically: "No—no—of course not." And then in a deep, agonized whisper: "Who? *Who?* Who could have done that to Arlena? She can't have—have been murdered. It can't be true!"

Emily Brewster shook her head, not knowing quite what to answer.

She heard him draw in his breath—heard the low, controlled rage in his voice as he said: "If I get my hands on the foul fiend who did this!"

Emily Brewster shivered. Her imagination pictured a lurking murderer behind one of the boulders. Then she heard her voice saying, "Whoever did it wouldn't be hanging about. We must get the police. Perhaps"—she hesitated—"one of us ought to stay with—with the body."

Patrick Redfern said, "I'll stay."

Emily Brewster drew a little sigh of relief. She was not the kind of woman who would ever admit to feeling fear, but she was secretly thankful not to have to remain on that beach alone with the faint possibility of a homicidal maniac lingering close at hand.

"Good," she replied. "I'll be as quick as I can. I'll go in the boat. Can't face that ladder. There's a constable at Leathercombe Bay."

Patrick Redfern murmured mechanically, "Yes—yes, whatever you think best."

As she rowed vigorously away from the shore, Emily Brewster saw Patrick drop down beside the dead woman and bury his head in his hands. There was something so forlorn about his attitude that she felt an unwilling sympathy. He looked like a dog watching by its dead master. Nevertheless, her robust common sense was saying to her, "Best thing that could have happened for him and his wife—and for Marshall and the child—but I don't suppose *he* can see it that way, poor devil."

Emily Brewster was a woman who could always rise to an emergency.

"When did we change the water last, Julius?" GEORGE LICHTY

INSPECTOR COLGATE stood back by the cliff waiting for the police surgeon to finish with Arlena's body. Patrick Redfern and Emily Brewster stood a little to one side.

Dr. Neasdon rose from his knees with a quick, deft movement.

"Strangled—and by a pretty powerful pair of hands. She doesn't seem to have put up much of a struggle. Taken by surprise. Hmm—well—nasty business."

Emily Brewster had taken one look and then quickly averted her eyes from the dead woman's face. That horrible, purple-convulsed countenance.

Inspector Colgate asked, "What about time of death?"

Neasdon said irritably, "Can't say definitely without knowing more about her. Lots of factors to take into account. Let's see, it's quarter to one now. What time was it when you found her?"

Patrick Redfern, to whom the question was addressed, said vaguely, "Some time before twelve. I don't know exactly."

Emily Brewster said, "It was exactly a quarter to twelve when we found she was dead."

"Ah, and you came here in the boat. What time was it when you caught sight of her lying here?"

Emily Brewster considered.

"I should say we rounded the point about five or six minutes earlier." She turned to Redfern. "Do you agree?"

He said vaguely, "Yes—yes—about that, I should think."

NEASDON asked the inspector in a low voice, "This the husband? Oh! I see, my mistake. Thought it might be. He seems rather done in over it."

He raised his voice officially:

"Let's put it at twenty minutes to twelve. She cannot have been killed very long before that. Say between then and eleven—quarter to eleven at the earliest outside limit."

The inspector shut his notebook with a snap.

"Thanks," he said. "That ought to help us considerably. Puts it within very narrow limits—less than an hour all told."

He turned to Miss Brewster.

"Now, then, I think it's all clear so far. You're Miss Emily Brewster and this is Mr. Patrick Redfern, both staying at the Jolly Roger Hotel. You identify this lady as a fellow guest of yours at the hotel—the wife of a Captain Marshall?"

Emily Brewster nodded.

"Then, I think," said Inspector Colgate, "that we will adjourn to the hotel."

He beckoned to a constable. "Hawkes, you stay here and don't allow anyone onto this cove. I'll be sending Phillips along later." . . .

"Upon my soul!" said Colonel Weston. "This is a surprise finding you here!"

Hercule Poirot replied to the chief constable's greeting in a suitable manner:

"Ah, yes, many years have passed since that affair at St. Loo."

"I haven't forgotten it, though," said Weston. "Biggest surprise of my life. The thing I've never got over, though, is the way you got around me about that funeral business. Absolutely unorthodox, the whole thing. Fantastic!"

"*Tout de même, mon Colonel,*" said Poirot, "it produced the goods, did it not?"

"Er—well, possibly. I dare say we should have got there by more orthodox methods."

"It is possible," agreed Poirot diplomatically.

"And here you are in the thick of another murder," said the chief constable. "Any ideas about this one?"

Poirot said slowly, "Nothing definite—but it is interesting."

"Going to give us a hand?"

"You would permit it, yes?"

"My dear fellow, delighted to have you. Don't know enough yet to decide whether it's a case for Scotland Yard or not. Offhand it looks as though our murderer must be pretty well within a limited radius. On the other hand, all these people are strangers down here. To find out about them and their motives you've got to go to London."

"Yes, that is true," Hercule Poirot said.

"First of all," said Weston, "we've got to find out who last saw the dead woman alive. Chambermaid took her her breakfast at nine. Girl in the bureau downstairs saw her pass through the lounge and go out about ten."

"My friend," said Poirot, "I suspect that I am the man you want."

"You saw her this morning? What time?"

"At five minutes past ten. I assisted her to launch her float from the bathing beach."

"And she went off on it?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you see which direction she took?"

"She paddled around that point there to the right."

"In the direction of Pixy Cove, that is?"

"Yes."

"And the time then was—?"

"I should say she actually left the beach at a quarter past ten."

WESTON considered. "That fits in well enough. How long should you say that it would take her to paddle around to the cove?"

"Ah, me, I am not an expert. I do not go in boats or expose myself on floats. Perhaps half an hour?"

"That's about what I think," said the colonel. "She wouldn't be hurrying, I presume. Well, if she arrived there at a quarter to eleven, that fits in well enough."

"At what time does your doctor suggest she died?"

"Oh, Neasdon doesn't commit himself. He's a cautious chap. A quarter to eleven is his earliest outside limit."

Poirot nodded. He said, "There is one other point that I must mention. As she left, Mrs. Marshall asked me not to say I had seen her."

Weston stared. He said, "Hm, that's rather significant, isn't it?"

"Yes. I thought so myself."

Weston tugged at his mustache. "Look here, Poirot. You're a man of the world. What sort of a woman was Mrs. Marshall?"

A faint smile came to Poirot's lips. "Have you not already heard?"

The chief constable said dryly, "I know what the women say of her. They would. How much truth is there in it? *Was* she having an affair with this fellow Redfern?"

"I should say undoubtedly *yes*."

"He followed her down here, eh?"

"There is reason to suppose so."

"And the husband? Did he know about it? What did he feel?"

Poirot said, slowly, "It is not easy to know what Captain Marshall feels or thinks. He is a man who does not display his emotions."

Weston said sharply, "But he might have 'em, all the same."

Poirot nodded: "Oh, yes, he might have them."

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not Even a Mouse

Continued from page 15

the signals with their smooth co-ordination; they watched the magic of Joe's city and the toys—and knew they saw a better sight by far than Santa Claus across the way. And then Joe knew that he had done a job from which a man could take a proper pride.

Two weeks before, he hadn't owned this warm sense of achievement. Since then it had become a better world. There was a purpose in his life and he could see her if he stood upon his toes and looked above the heads of customers to where she played the piano in the music shop. She played the piano well and patiently. She played each new tune eighty times a day.

Joe got the job, all right, but why he got it he was not too sure. He explained to Mr. Croydon that he knew about electric trains. This was the truth, of course, but any slob should know about electric trains.

He said to Martha, "Croydon's after you. He is a snake who eats young rabbits. He hired me just to show you what a big shot he could be."

THEY were sitting in the parlor of the rooming house where Martha lived. It was the evening of his first day's toil at Bailey's. It was fine, just sitting there, and inexpensive, with the sandwiches provided by the house.

"I can't help it if he likes me," Martha said. "He's a lady's man. He works at it. But I really wasn't thinking of that. He has three children and he showed me their pictures, Joe. And he needed a man to run his old electric trains. He had to hire someone. Isn't that all right?"

He assured her it was wonderful. "Guess I'm crazy; guess I'm jealous; guess I love you, Martha."

That was when he said it for the first time, and when he said it she was kind and understanding and was beautiful beside him. She held his hand and said, "I know. I know it, darling. I knew it when you bought the eggs." He kissed her and her lips were warm and eager. Then they talked and laughed and planned the wonders that would come to them.

At the store, in moments stolen from their working hours, they had a place to meet, upstairs on the twelfth floor in the furniture department. They weren't known up there. Joe would get his hands messed up with grease from attending to his railroad and would then maintain he had a right to wash them clean. Martha had some pretexts of her own.

Bailey's furniture has model suites around the place to meet all budgetary plans. Joe and Martha learned two rooms would furnish nicely and completely for a modest lump of dough. They didn't hint about this thing or play at being cute. This was the thing they wanted and they said so. They were proud and frank about the things they wanted.

Martha said, "Look, Joe. Stop posing in that chair. Look at me, darling; we have only a minute."

"You are purty," he decided.

"I'm excited, Joe," she told him. "I'm going to keep my job. It's going to be permanent. That's what I understand, of course, but now I'm sure. They told me."

"No bum's rush after Christmas, dear? Of course not, baby. Not for you. They couldn't run the store without you."

"But don't you know what that means?" She squeezed his arms. "Your job is safe, but we knew that, Joe. You've done such a magnificent job with the trains, and they haven't another repairman on the floor. They need you."

Those moments in the furniture department were brief. But they were wonderful and broke the long day into pieces that were simpler to survive. Now Joe was standing on his toes and striving for a glimpse of her.

"Mr. Ceeeeeee!"

The salesgirl's shriek brought Joe down off his toes. Mr. "C" meant Mr. Croydon, lord of all the labor in the section. Mr. Croydon was a tall and stylish man. Not old. Not more than thirty-five. He was a pussyfoot who walked as smoothly as a ghost, and silently.

A little boy stood with his mother, just across the aisle, close beside the escalator that moved its burden endlessly. The escalator groaned because it was an old and weary escalator, built long years ago, before the modern Bailey's Annex. The little boy had stuffed his hands inside the jaws of a corduroy wolf.

"Don't touch, Myron!" his mother told him, and Joe could see that Myron was about to upset a vast amount of goods.

"He'll bite off your arm," Joe said hopefully. "He'll spit out your fingers."

"It ain't that kind of a wolf," said Myron. "Grrrr!" he told the wolf. "Look, mamma—grrrrrrr!" He knocked the wolf down to the floor, and with the motion swept a box of brightly colored soldiers all around the premises.

Mr. Croydon had no taste for this and watched with growing temper while he signed a slip for the salesgirl who had called him. Joe moved quickly to conclude the pranks of Myron and Myron's mother slugged her son across the head. Joe replaced the wolf and then collected soldiers one by one.

"It might help things if you tried to keep awake, Beady," Mr. Croydon said. "If you weren't staring around the store all day you could see what was going on. I've told you ten times that those soldiers should be displayed where children can't reach them." Mr. Croydon always raised his voice while he delivered reprimands.

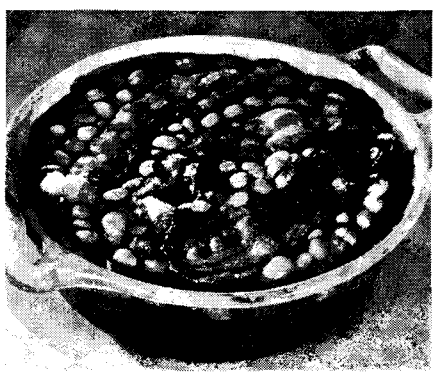
Joe protested manfully: "Would you like me to wear them on my head? If kids can't reach them, kids can't see them!" It was an old dispute, Joe was aware, that would never have arisen if Mr. Croydon had any sense. Fortunately, Martha couldn't hear such things above the noise of her piano.

"This store could get along without you, Beady," Mr. Croydon continued. "Get back to your job."

JOE walked away slowly, leisurely, in mute rebellion at this tyranny. He knew that he'd been slated to be fired—not once, not twice, but many times. The crises came and passed each working day, although he gave no true report of them to Martha. A woman mightn't understand. There was a reason for the tolerance of Mr. Croydon. Mr. Croydon was a worm of many motives who would milk another man of all his talents, then deny him any credit for the job. As with the model city Joe had built, with pride, with care, with sweat.

Mr. Croydon had raised hell about those innovations, and Joe had been resigned to vanished dreams. Then along had come the boss, of the Bailey Brothers, George, and said to Croydon, "This is splendid, Charlie! This is great!" And even stopped to run the trains himself. "Imagination is the thing."

Mr. Croydon stood and took the bows and wore his honors with becoming modesty, and made no mention of



(1) COMBINATION BAKED BEAN CASSEROLE—Arrange Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce and Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans in four alternate layers, spreading each generously with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Top with strips of bacon. Then bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 35 minutes.

(2) SUPPER BEAN SALAD—Fry 3 strips bacon until crisp. Drain and break into pieces. Combine bacon, ½ cup each chopped onion and chopped green pepper, 1 cup chopped apple, ⅓ cup diced American cheese and a 17½-oz. tin Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans. Season with salt. Mix, chill, serve with Heinz Mayonnaise.

(3) MINCED HAM AND BEAN BUNS—Dice ½-lb. raw cured ham. Brown in 2 tbs. butter. Add 18-oz. tin Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Boston-style. Cook slowly 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup Heinz Ketchup. Toast 6 bun halves. Top with bean mixture and a mound of Heinz India Relish.

(4) BAKED BEANS, DAIRY STYLE—Pour an 18-oz. tin Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Vegetarian-style, in casserole. Sprinkle with shredded sharp cheese. Cover with a second tin of beans. Pour ½ cup thick sour cream over top. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes.

Thoroughly Baked In Hot, Dry Ovens, Heinz Beans Are Tender, Digestible, And Have True Home-Baked Flavor

WITH Heinz Oven-Baked Beans on hand, you are never at a loss for a nourishing, thrifty main dish—in a hurry. Try these new recipes. They're only the beginning! You'll think of dozens of other ways to serve Heinz old-fashioned Oven-Baked Beans. But—don't forget how good they are, right out of the tin!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the tired young man who did the work.

It was the day before Christmas. It was a busy day, and for a lot of people a merry day. The escalators ground away; the elevators and the stairways moved the public up and down.

Beamingly, Joe faced a customer—a man. "Yes, sir?"

"Want some blocks for my kid," said the customer.

"Right over here," Joe said, then walked across the aisle to where great quantities of blocks were on display. The man looked slowly over the supply. "Lemme see that set down there."

Joe found the blocks that were desired, but when he found them, dragging and dislodging them from where they were, a huge box fell from somewhere near the top of things. Its contents spilled about the place; a hundred metal mice rolled freely on the floor, coasting on the little wheels beneath their bellies.

They made a mess and quite a scramble, but they did not frighten customers who saw them. The metal mice were black and small and swifter than a pistol shot. Joe chased them and collected them as rapidly and earnestly as it was possible to do.

Mr. Croydon shed his coat for this emergency. He cast it heedlessly aside and went to work. A salesgirl and the man who bought the blocks and volunteers, all helped to chase the mice to many destinations and to pick them up. Mr. Croydon's face was white with anger and dismay, and Joe knew well that all this pain would be expressed as soon as there was time. Mr. Croydon, sweating freely from the frantic exercise, retrieved his jacket, with its button and its jolly Christmas greeting, then went mumbling toward the shouts for "Mr. Ceeeeee!"

Disaster struck, although at first, to Joe, it seemed to have no special meaning. The escalator stopped, and when an escalator pauses at the sixth floor, it has paused at all the other floors connected with this endless chain of transport. Stopped! Joe said slowly to himself, "It stopped."

Calls of emergency, and then Joe thought, "The mice!" It was a thought that froze his head into a snowball, and for a time he stood there staring at the stuffed giraffe that he was holding in his hands.

IN THIS part of Bailey's Department Store, the original part, built long, long years ago, the escalators are the old and creaky type and vulnerable to things like metal mice that can, by bitter fate, slide on unhindered to the gears. There are signs that read, "Do not rest umbrella points on escalator." There's good reason for the signs.

Mr. Croydon grasped a telephone and shouted, "Get me Gallagher—emergency! Yes, Gallagher! The escalators—What? He's what? Gone home?"

The consternation grew and many patrons said this was indeed a time of times to stop an escalator—Christmas time!

Quietly, Joe slipped away from all the panic that prevailed. He knew that soon enough someone would think of mice. He walked to the piano played by Martha and he said to her, "Look, honey; take a look."

She smiled and said, "I'm looking, Joe. What's wrong? Been drinking, dear?"

"Drink iodine, that's what I'll do. I loused it up. I ruined everything. The escalator. See over there? They've got an escalator over there. It doesn't work any more. No more. Me, I stuffed it with a mouse . . . ah, Martha, darling, baby, I'm so sorry, honest, I don't know. . . ."

"Don't rave like that. Just tell me what it's all about."

He made things clear. "I wouldn't mind," he said, "except that you tried so hard. You got me the job. You were so good, and all the plans we made. You know, baby; you know how I feel."

She understood, of course. No job, no plans fulfilled; no wedding bells; no two rooms uptown in a little place for married folks. Just Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and eating on his family. No. He wouldn't stay in town and let her feed him till he found another job. She would get tired of that. A bum like him might take a year to find a job. She'd done enough, he said.

"It doesn't matter, darling," Martha said. "Things will work out. It can't be this bad; not at Christmas, Joe . . ." He watched her till her tears arrived and then he went away.

He walked back to the crisis and beheld that it had bloomed. George Bailey of the merchant Baileys stood around and scratched his head, dismayed.

"Gallagher has gone home," he said to Mr. Croydon. "Home. And his assistant has gone home. Why? Because he fell into the snow, that's why. Trying to fix the tree out on the marquee. Fell two feet from the ladder and headfirst into the snow on the marquee. No, there's no other man. We're trying every place. Don't stand there looking like a two-ninety-eight dress, Croydon. What if it was a mouse? What if it was a horse? Can you get it out? Can I get it out?"

Joe marched into view, resolved that you can't wound the dead, and aware that scampering mice had been connected with the tragedy.

"Are you Beady?" Mr. Bailey shook his head from side to side when Joe admitted his identity.

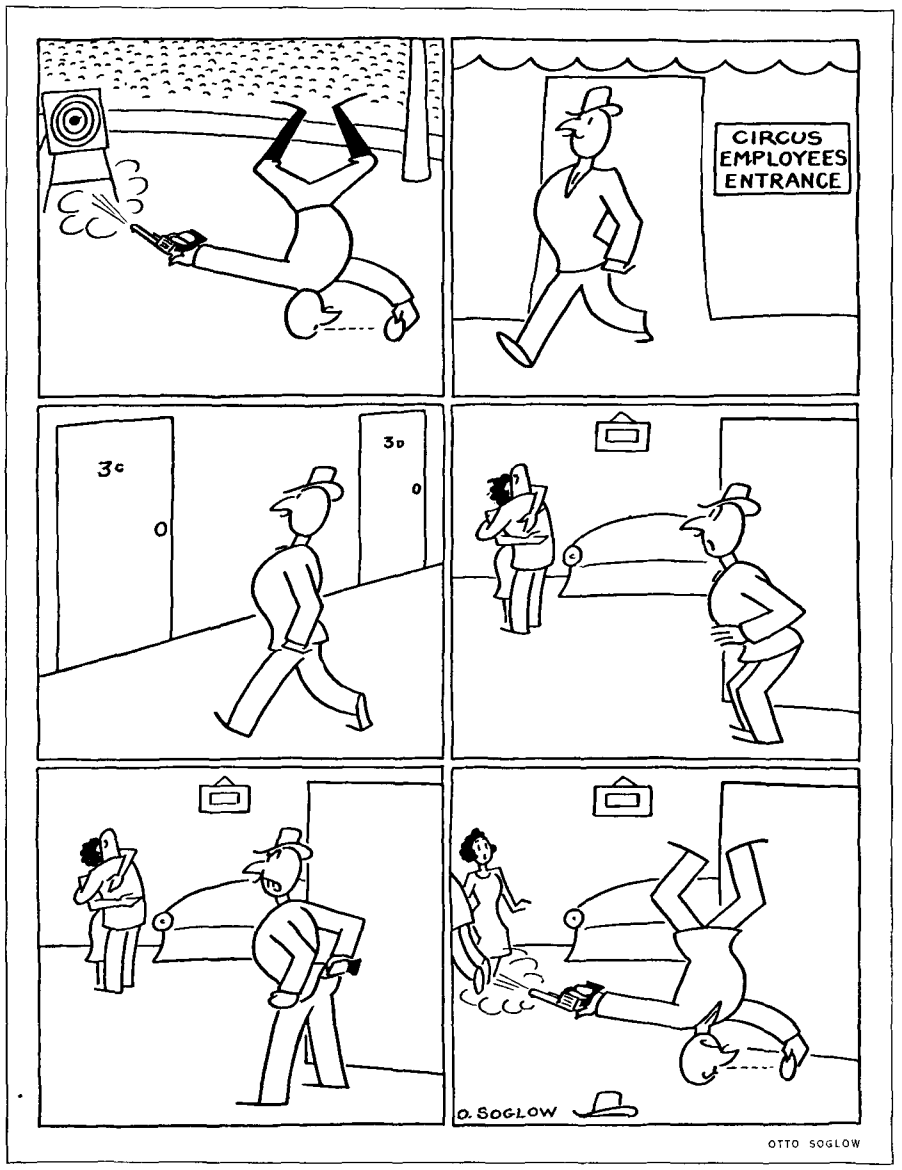
"It was entirely unnecessary," Mr. Croydon said. "One ounce of prevention—"

"Oh, shut up," said Joe. "I know all about it. I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. Why don't you forget about me and get the thing fixed?"

"Fixed?" Mr. Bailey showed his scorn. "A magician, huh? Maybe you can fix it, Beady. You know how to ruin it."

Joe took his coat off and thought, this Bailey's not so bad; he's not a stooge like Croydon, anyway. We'll see what we can see. He saw a timid ray of hope slice through the blackness of despair. The least a guy could do was try. After all, an engineer. . . . He equipped himself with tools.

HE OPENED the door at the side of the escalator's upright paneling, a bit beyond where the flattened steps are supposed to disappear. People who go to department stores know little of those magic steps they ride upon. Beneath the boards, an escalator is like an army tank suspended in the air. It is an endless thread of motion that is powered by an engine. There are little wheels, and these are countless, that support the steps and all the weight of people on them. When an alien object, or a metal mouse, gets mixed up with the gears, it makes a jam. An automatic "circuit breaker" kills the power. The whole thing stops, and you are obliged to get the mouse out before things can start up again.



Joe probed around, his head inside the little door, hoping he would see some object that was not a mouse. His hopes were small and then his hopes were gone, because his flashlight found a piece of metal that was certainly the mouse's tail. Thin and black. What else?

He withdrew his head and said, "A mouse, all right." They couldn't call the cops. They couldn't shoot him.

"That's nice," said Mr. Bailey. "Were you expecting a friend?"

Joe got himself so far inside the paneling that he was hanging by his heels. He called for tools and he was given tools, and he kept probing, kept on sweating till he found the thing and worked it free, and knew that he was lucky to have done the job as swiftly as he did. He felt the remnants of the mouse while he was still concealed from view.

He examined this with flashlight and discovered it was not a mouse. It was a key case, with one long and rusty key that he'd mistaken for the tail. He did not shout with joy, but thought a moment of a lot of things. Carefully he stuffed the thing inside his shirt. He withdrew himself with pride and with a half a pound of grease smeared on his face.

Mr. Bailey stood by hopefuly. "Any luck?"

Joe responded with a turn of the circuit breaker. This returned the current to the escalator, which in turn responded with the motion it had lost.

They stood and watched it and they saw how smoothly it performed. "What do you know about that?" asked Mr. Bailey. "The boy's a genius. You're name is Beady? Did you say his name was Beady, Charlie?"

"Beady," Mr. Croydon said. That's all he said. He seemed uncertain of any other thing to say.

"It's wonderful. It's wonderful, you understand?" Mr. Bailey was convinced of what he said. "Last time we messed this escalator up, it was my umbrella that did the damage. The point snapped off and went into the works. But it took seven hours to fix it. Damned clever, Beady. Very good."

"I'm an engineer," said Joe. "Carnegie Tech. Nineteen-thirty-six."

Mr. Croydon moved back into the picture. "That's why I hired him in the first place, Jay Bee. Thought an engineer might have some good display ideas on trains and things."

"The trains? Oh, yes, the trains. Nice job on the trains. But wasting his time on trains, Charlie. And after the holidays they're less important. You see me Monday, son. We can use you in the engineering department. Better chance for your talents and advancement. More money, too. Well—Merry Christmas, Beady. Merry Christmas, Charlie." Mr. Bailey went his happy way.

THE snow had stopped its falling and was heavy on the streets. In the clear, cold night it didn't melt, and it was best to watch your step along the avenue. Joe and Martha carried packages, and while they walked could hear the church bells ring, and when they talked could see their breaths like cigarette smoke in the air, and see each other laughing all the time.

"But if it was a key case, darling, why didn't you show it to them? It would have cleared you completely."

"Did I get the job? Am I an engineer?"

"Indeed you did and indeed you are. Some day you'll build a bridge across the ocean. You bet you will."

"That's good enough," he said. "That's plenty good enough. And I'm gonna get more dough." He produced the scraped and battered key case, with its bent and battered keys, and on the leather of the case, two "C's" were set in gold. "One stands for Charles and the other stands for Croydon," Joe explained. "It must have fallen from his pocket when he took his coat off to go chasing after mice. But this is Christmas, Martha, darling, and I really feel quite sorry for his wife and all his kids. The spirit gets me and improves my soul."

They walked along and this seemed reasonable to them, because it isn't every day that you can be a Santa Claus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Star-Spangled Christmas

Continued from page 9

hope of mere talking vain; Hilary shouted and screamed with the rest. Whenever an especially high wave of flame, fringed with fountains of sparks, swept up against the sky, a roar rose from the crowd; when with a great uprushing of pale blue and scarlet tongues a roof caved under, there was a general groan.

The line of watchers wavered and changed; sickening rumors flew on wings as swift as the swift gale.

"Captain Ranovitch went into Moretti's place and hasn't come out yet! They can't find the McKeogh baby! Mrs. Patroni's in the hospital and they're afraid to tell her that Gemma got burned up! Oh, the mortality is frightful—the mortality is frightful!"

"Jim," Hilary said, stopping him as he went to and fro among the garish lights and inky shadows, "these women are saying that a lot of children have been lost—"

"No, no, no, we don't think so!" he said, unworried but abstracted. "Lenz told me they fine-combed those houses up at the end of the row before the fire got up that way. There weren't any children in the nearest places—not in the Hagopian house, nor the Fresnoys—they told me so themselves! These fellows are doing magnificent work. She won't spread, now, but the old row is gone. Good thing, too! You go on getting the children together, in the schoolhouse. George Moore's here somewhere—he'll take 'em in there as fast as we get 'em assorted—"

"Mr. Bridges says that no children were caught at all," Hilary said loudly, over and over again, guiding two small colored boys toward the improvised nursery. This was the schoolhouse now, and it hummed with heartening activity. Soot-streaked faces showed above spattered and dirty party finery; children had stopped crying and with tear-streaked cheeks and sopping slippers were regarding the scene from playroom benches.

BY THIS time many mothers had been appeased by the actual presence of all their children in their arms, and three or four capable women had started coffeepots to boiling in the school diet kitchen, and were passing out slices of bread and jam, directing small boys to carry the cups out to the men and be careful, too, and otherwise seizing upon the crisis with palpable if disguised enjoyment.

They were still exchanging calamitous observations and much clucking of tongues, but the supreme terror had evaporated from the occasion and such mothers as were to lodge for the night in the schoolhouse had seen to it that Sid Levey the janitor had been unearthed and the furnaces started full blast. The room in which the deserted Christmas tree still stood brightly lighted had attracted some of the wide-eyed younger fry, who strayed in there to touch the ornaments and tinsel with wet little filthy fingers, and Hilary observed that an officious group of quite small girls not more than fourteen or fifteen had taken matters in charge, seeing to it that the undisturbed toy pile should not be rifled, and addressing the smaller children briskly by name.

"Olga, you go tell your mamma you're with us; she was looking for you! Here, here's a busted tarlatan stocking; you kids can divide that candy. Jean, pile these chairs along there and make a fence around the toys. Here's somebody's purse—Mrs. McClintock! Mrs. McClintock, if anybody asks for a purse say that Helen Connor has it! I won't have anything to eat, thanks, Mrs. Du Quesne, until we've got those firemen fed!"

Cakes, large and small, evidently salvaged from the party, were now going the rounds, and comfortably seated in scattered chairs young mothers were nursing their babies, and watching the animated scene with placid, bovine eyes. Every few minutes there was a stricken lull when someone came through asking if the little Harris boy and five-year-old Gemma Patroni had been found yet, but afterward the activities in the school instantly rose to normal levels again. Blankets and cots were appearing in rapidly established rows against a long wall; some of the smaller children were immediately lumped into them and were off to sleep at the hour that seemed midnight, but that was really nearer eight than nine.

"Mrs. Bridges had Southerland open the store, and she sent over all the blankets, and he's sending sugar and bread and everything!" said the gossips. And then at the opened door the anxious face appeared again. "Anyone seen Gemma Patroni? Little Junior Harris in here?"

At ten o'clock Jim came hurriedly in.

"Hilary, Cass is here, with the station wagon, and I think you'd better take the small car and go back to the house. The insurance man just arrived and wants to go about with me, and there are a couple of kids missing. I think they're all right, but I'll have to stick around until they turn up."

She caught at him with a quick hand.

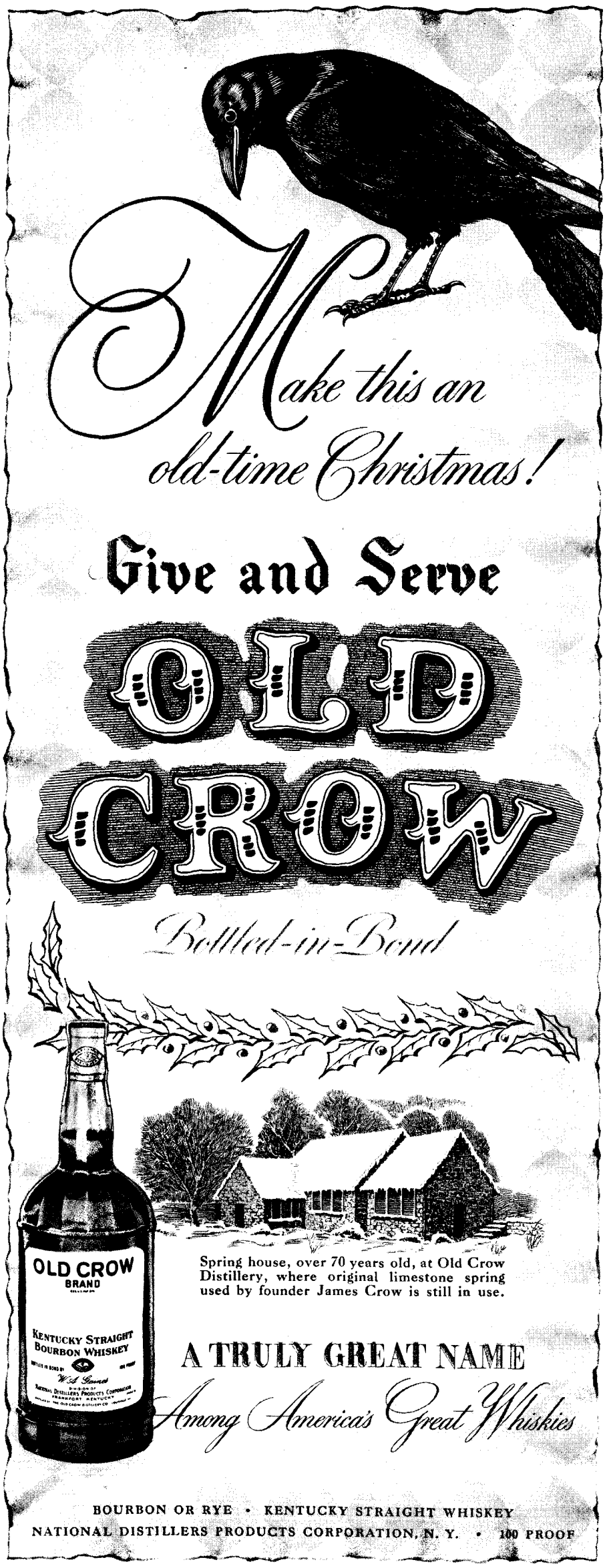
"Jim, the poor mothers!"

"Yes, I know," he answered, unemo-

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 19

Native New Yorker Otto ("Little King") Soglow was two days old on Christmas, 1900. Following public school he worked as errand boy, machine-shop helper and baby-rattle painter, then for five years, beginning in 1919, attended the Art Students League and studied painting under Artist John Sloan. His first drawings were cowboy illustrations for a Western pulp magazine; since then he has drawn cartoons like the one on the opposite page and illustrated twenty books, five of them his own.


Make this an
old-time Christmas!
Give and Serve
OLD
CROW
Bottled-in-Bond
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.
A TRULY GREAT NAME
Among America's Great Whiskies
BOURBON OR RYE • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y. • 100 PROOF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionally. Jim had never been especially demonstrative; for seven long months he had schooled himself to show no emotion at all. He showed none now.

"They're making coffee, Jim. You'll—after all, you had no dinner!"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing! You get home. They may be telephoning—Bob or Johnnie or somebody—and you might reassure 'em. I'll be along immediately."

Hilary left the schoolhouse and found Cass searching for the car. The fire had died down now, and the line of watchers, silhouetted against the lowered, dull red wall of its embers, had lessened.

Underfoot were freezing pools of ashy water and slush; the landmarks of what a few hours earlier had been a peaceful street were obliterated. New vistas were opened by the engines' searchlights over smoking ruins, and the shrill voices of wide-awake children and excited women commented on the fact that you could see clear through to the foundries; you could see the oak trees clear over to the old bridge.

"I've got a couple of hens here—" a stout old woman plowing among the throng said loudly, to anyone who would listen. "Pore things, they was clean distracted. I'll keep 'em in my kitchen—I'm Mrs. Joe Clute—"

Hilary and Cass found the car and Hilary climbed into the driver's seat. She wove her way through the confusion, and was presently clear of the village and on her way up the hill. She stopped the car at the side door of the house and had called to Abby, who had opened it, that the worst was over, when a child's voice, half fretful and half alarmed said close beside her, somewhere in the darkness, "Mother!"

Another baby voice joined immediately in a crying wail. Hilary, frozen for a moment into deathlike rigidity, felt her heart begin to beat fast again, and twisted about to lean over toward the back seat, stretching down a hand to investigate there.

"Who—why, baby! What's the matter? Who are you—don't cry, dear! I've got her, Abby, it's a little girl—it's Gemma Patroni—isn't that who you are, darling? And you—are you the little Harris boy? Abby, we've found them! And they're freezing—they're shaking! How did you get into the car, and didn't you know your fathers were looking everywhere for you? Pick him up; I'll carry her, and we'll telephone Mr. Bridges at once! Ella," said Hilary, to the startled older maid in the hall, "we've two frozen babies here. Run down and get them something to eat! No, I'll carry her. We've got to get them into blankets or they'll be ill."

The weight of the drowsy child was sweet in her strong arms as she mounted the stairs.

IT WAS almost midnight when Jim came in, but his wife was still reading, and she called to him to come into her room. He found her propped in pillows, a smile in her eyes.

"Ah, you poor thing, you look wrecked!" she said.

Jim dropped into a chair.

"It's been pretty strenuous. So the lost kids were asleep in the back of the car?"

"Yes. They'd crawled in, and they were just about frozen. I'd have taken them back, but I didn't know where the Harris boy's mother was, and poor Mrs. Patroni is in the hospital with a new baby. You got messages to them?"

"Oh, yes. And where are the kids now?"

"Asleep."

"Up—" He jerked his head backward. Hilary's face paled a little, but she answered naturally enough:

"Yes. In the nursery. Jim, are you starving?"

"Well, I was sort of wondering if Linda or Ella was around—anybody to get me a sandwich—"

"I'm around!" Hilary brought her feet to the floor, caught up a robe and tied it firmly about her. "I'll find you something," she said.

"Now listen—I don't want to bother you—"

"Jim, you're cold! Never mind; food will fix it!"

They snapped up lights as they went cautiously downstairs, hand in hand, to find the great kitchen warm and orderly, and the icebox ready for them.

Presently they were seated ravenous at the board, and Hilary had the satisfaction of seeing more than one cupful of hot coffee eagerly drunk, and a rested look come into her husband's dirty face, under the disorderly mop of his hair.

"Jim, I never saw you look so filthy!"

"You had time for a bath."

"I got the children to bed first. And by that time, believe me, I needed it! The little girl can't be more than three; and we spooned some milk toast into her, just to stave off chill. The boy is a darling—five, I should think, and as quick as a little fox."

"Where can we find the bobsleds?" NED HILTON

"Our ages," he said with a great sigh.

"Yes, Daffy and Peter's ages," she agreed quietly. And then, with resolution, her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands: "Jim, I think I've made a great discovery tonight."

"I've discovered a cook," he said. "I don't think you've cooked me a meal since we went up into Canada and camped on our first anniversary."

"When I first knew Peter was coming," her heart said. Aloud she added, "This is the discovery, Jim: That all children—all children"—her voice thickened, but she did not move her steady gaze from him, and presently went on—"are my children. All children are mine. Little, soft, drowsy things, needing to be fed, and warmed, and tucked down in bed. And that—that the world is full of children, Jim, so that I need never be—be childless again.

"She felt—just like Daffy, while I was undressing her, and comforting her," Hilary went on, as the man did not speak. "She put her little arms up to kiss me good night. And she dropped down into the crib on that long sigh, like Daffy, and was off. He stood—the boy stood, braced on his little firm legs, like our Peter, and orated to me. Just like Peter! 'I guess you'd think that was a pretty big fire, 'cause you're a girl! But I wasn't afraid—'

"Jim, as long as there are babies in the world who need mothering, I've a job. And this big house has a job, and the gardens, and the swimming pool. Once—once English mothers came to find this country for the children's sake. Now—now it belongs to all the children of the world, for their sakes, for what they did. Don't you see that's America's new job, to show them that they can all live together and be friends in spite of old national ties, in spite of religious differences—Morettis and Ranovitches and Silvas and Grogans and Harrises and Bernsteins and Hagopians—that's what they bought and paid for, those old first Americans—"

"But Hilary," he said, stirred as he was seldom stirred, and speaking with a tenderness of pity quite new to him, "you can't keep these youngsters, dear. They have mothers and fathers."

"Ah, but I don't mean these! I mean children who have been scared out of Europe by horrors that children ought never to know—or anyone else, for that matter! I mean girls and boys who don't know anything about us, whom we could keep happy—with a safe nursery for them, Jim, and toys and picnics and—and love—"

"You think only two?" he asked, as she paused. Tears rushed to her eyes, but she was smiling.

"Ten, if you would," she said. "Twenty."

"For Daffy and Peter."

"For Daffy and Peter. And if we did, Jim, and had a crowd of happy, noisy, sturdy youngsters here—oh, not adopted, nothing hard or final about it, then mustn't they—and their parents, too—think kindly of us, through all the changes of history, and perhaps get the American idea of not hating anyone just because he happens to be of another race?

"It came to me tonight," Hilary presently went on, as he made no comment, but merely watched her with a half-smile, a new look in his eyes, "that that scene—that scene at the fire on Christmas Eve, was American. All the races, all the names, united in a great effort to save the children, not to let the children be hurt or frightened! They're not like that in other countries, Jim. The children don't come first.

"But here they do. And when I saw the women comforting one another, starting to set up beds and wrap babies in blankets, and get coffeepots boiling, I felt—I felt part of it, part of something much bigger than I! Part of what this generation of women has to do for America. And your share and mine is—those children Middleton wrote you about!"

"You might be bitterly disappointed in them. They might be unfortunate children—slum children—" he interrupted reluctantly.

"Ah, but all the better! We've done away with slums at Bridgeover; we've been praised as the most modern of all the textile mills. Now we can extend it, we can mother and father so much more than a boy growing up to be rich, and a girl to be a debutante—"

"We will," he said suddenly in a silence, setting down his cup. "I'll go down to New York tomorrow and see Middleton. You'll have to come with me, and we'll send home beds and tables—whatever you'll need. Abby'll find us a couple of women to be nurses, and the Bridgeover International Nursery will get under way."

Hilary laughed brokenly, covering her face with her hands, and he left his chair and came around the table and knelt down beside her, taking her hands away, locking an arm about her waist. She managed to crook an arm about his neck.

"Jim, you are filthy and you smell of smoke!" Hilary murmured. It was his wife back again, after the long months, but a new wife, too, closer, dearer. He rubbed his chin against hers.

"And you smell so sweet—and you are so sweet!" he said.

"I'm so grateful—so grateful that you see it as I do!"

"Just to be able to do it is a great privilege," the man said, soberly.

"Ah, Jim, we still have so much to be thankful for!"

"You," he said smiling.

SHE countered: "You," and then, in a dreamy tone she added, "and if someday a Bridges baby comes along, why, he'll find a houseful of friends ready to spoil him—" She stopped.

"But you said—" the man began, on a stupefied note.

"Yes, I know what I said. I was afraid! We'd been so sure of them—we'd been so proud. But now—now when I can have twenty children—forty—and give them a chance—why, the one more little baby doesn't seem so unattainable—so terrifyingly precious."

"But the doctor—"

"Oh, yes, Weeks said that in the nervous condition I was in it wouldn't be advisable. Advisable! I know when a thing's advisable or not, I hope! Ah, Jim, you don't know how much I want to be busy in the next two years."

"You lift me. My wife," he said. "I think I never knew you until now. The world begins over again for us, Hilary. We've been takers. Now we begin as givers."

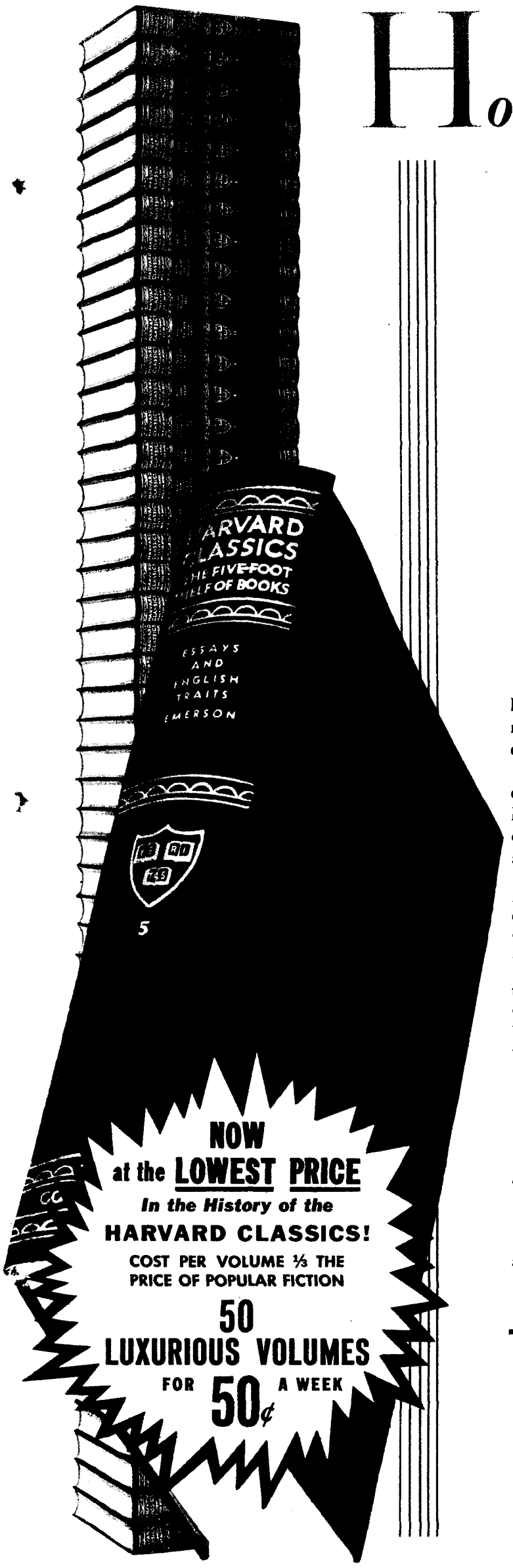
"I love you," she said, her lips against his cheek. Jim did not answer. But he tightened his arm, and she felt his forehead rest against her hair. And so they clung together for a few minutes that to them both were a glimpse of Paradise regained.

Then Jim stirred, raised his hand, tipping his head.

"Listen!" he said. "Bells. It's the bells from the village. Christmas morning, Hilary. Merry Christmas, dear!"

"Oh, better than that," she said. "We've grown up. Something older, wiser, stronger than just being 'merry,' Jim. Perhaps we'll never be merry in the old way again. We belong to the world, now, all the world, not just our own safe, rich little corner. And it's a long job, to make the world happy. But we've found something better. We've found peace, this Christmas!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How to get rid of an Inferiority Complex

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He has learned the secret that the reading of great literature opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. This broader view inspires self-confidence. In a word, it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack the essential background so necessary for success in every field of life and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" you ask.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
THE HARVARD CLASSICS

The question has been wonderfully answered by America's greatest educator, Dr. Eliot, forty years president of Harvard. He made it a vital part of his great life work to assemble in one set the really worthwhile writings. These books place you on an equal footing with the best educated of your associates.

HERE IS THE GREATEST BOOK BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

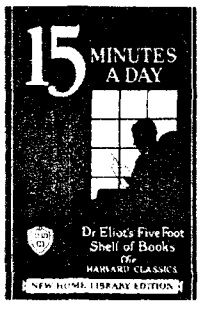
This supreme library of 418 immortal masterpieces is unified into a living, powerful educational force by the marvelous working index containing 76,000 entries, guiding the reader to an understanding of world culture.

Not only is the new price of these famous books amazingly low! You are given the most liberal terms in the history of The Harvard Classics! For an initial payment as low as $2.00 you may have this luxurious edition placed in your home with all shipping charges prepaid by us!

THESE FAMOUS BOOKLETS FREE!

The fascinating book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," furnishes you with complete information about this marvelous set which can do so much to bring you life's satisfactions. It describes Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading and is filled with a wealth of helpful, practical information. For a limited time, we will also send you "The Men Behind the Classics" containing the dramatic biographies of the men whose immortal writings appear in the Harvard Classics. You will receive both of these valuable booklets absolutely free, postpaid and without obligation. Simply fill out and mail coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLETS (FOR ADULTS ONLY)



P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
The World's Largest Subscription Booksellers, HM 535
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Yes! I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. Also the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics," dramatic biographies of the men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics.

Name { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Voice of Japan

Continued from page 11

This loquacity is attributed to the minister's American education, as is his extraordinary frankness. There are moments, however, when he has to curb a tendency toward outspokenness or risk being accused of being completely pro-American. At one time his enemies dubbed him "The delegate from Oregon." He has since had to lean backward in order to appear to be a true son of Nippon. Yet, according to what the newspapers call "informed sources," there is apparently no doubt that he has a profound admiration for the United States and American ways, and is genuinely desirous of keeping the two nations on friendly terms. It would be extraordinary if this were not so, since he spent his formative years in America.

Born in 1880 in Yamaguchi Prefecture, of parents who belonged to the Samurai class but had been financially ruined, he was brought up in simple circumstances. When he was fourteen a cousin came to the house and suggested taking him to America. Matsuoka had already shown signs of ambition and had intended going to Tokyo on foot to study. So this was a heaven-sent opportunity.

His family wept but he overrode all their objections and departed with his cousin, landing in Portland, Oregon—an apt choice, as the translation of his name is "Pine Hill." He was left with an American family as a servant-student. He ran away when the lady of the house asked him to perform such menial tasks as chopping wood and lighting kitchen fires. He took refuge with a Japanese pastor in a Methodist mission.

"My father," he announced, "has died and I have come to this continent to study hard."

The pastor became interested in a boy with such push and was impressed by a fourteen-year-old who did not hesitate to challenge his elders in discussions on any subject, even religion. He kept him for a month and then found a home for him with a Scotsman, William Dunbar, and his widowed sister, a Mrs. Beveridge, who treated little Yosuke as their son and brought him up in the Christian religion. The greater part of his life in America was spent in this household, where he came to regard Mrs. Beveridge as a second mother.

He worked his way through high school and through the law school at the University of Oregon, where he received his LL.B., in 1900. Then, financed by his cousin, he went back to Japan where he studied for the foreign service. After two years he took the examination, passing first. In 1904 he was sent to Shanghai as vice-consul.

During the next fifteen years he served as chief of the foreign section of Kwantung Leased Territory, consul general at Mukden, secretary of the embassy at Washington and secretary to the foreign minister. Then he became secretary to the premier. That last experience convinced him that bureaucracy would ruin Japan, a conviction that was strengthened when he attended the Versailles Peace Conference as interpreter for Prince Saionji. It was at this time that he and Prince Konoye, who was acting as the delegates' secretary, became friends. The friendship was the result of a typically Matsuokan outburst. When the German delegates retired, saying the terms were too harsh, some newspapermen buttonholed Matsuoka to ask what he thought. Would there be a rupture of peace parleys?

"Nothing of the sort will happen, I assure you," he replied. "Germany will dispatch another delegation. I give you my word for that."

Konoye didn't feel quite the same boyish confidence and spent some anxious moments wondering how the Japanese delegation's face was to be saved in case his cocksure young colleague's prophecy failed to materialize. Germany sent another delegation. Konoye heaved a sigh of relief and decided his talkative junior had something after all.

Working on the Railroad

In 1920, thoroughly tired of diplomacy and acting on his theory that a man gets nowhere by staying in one place, Matsuoka resigned from the foreign office. He reappeared five months later as a director of the South Manchuria Railway, which is known as "Japan's spearhead on the Asian continent."

South Manchuria as an enterprise can be compared only to the East India Company. It not only controls some six thousand kilometers of railroads but in connection with these also operates steamships, harbors, coal mines, shale-oil plants, iron works, chemical-fertilizer plants, electric and gas plants, hotels and public works.

More than half the South Manchuria's capital was put up by the Japanese government, which directs the company's policies. That meant that by leaving the foreign office Matsuoka had not entirely retired from the government service and he was disappointed to find that officialdom and red tape extended even to Manchuria.

During his connection with the company he made several railway contracts with China and particularly distinguished himself by talking a local Manchurian war lord into agreeing to the Taonan Railway scheme. He was of great value as a liaison man between the company and army. In 1926 he resigned and again retired "to meditate." True to form he turned up a year later with an even better job—vice-president of the same company.

The public heard little of him until 1929, when he attended a Pan-Pacific Conference in Kyoto. There a Chinese delegate attacked Japan's Manchurian policy, at which Matsuoka arose and in a fiery unprepared speech replied, pointing the way toward Japan's subsequent moves, in what he believed to be the imperative program to defend the empire. The speech created a furor and made an impression on the delegates.

The following year Matsuoka again resigned to put himself forward as a candidate from his native town for a seat in the lower house. He won election as a member of the Seiyukai party. According to one of the leaders of the Seiyukai, Matsuoka "stood aloof from party strife and appealed to the world." Actually he didn't have much choice for he was kept at a respectful distance by other members of the Seiyukai.

Then the Manchurian "incident" broke out, closely followed by the Shanghai disturbance. Matsuoka was dispatched to Shanghai as a special envoy of a foreign minister where, to the tune of booming guns, he played an important role behind the scenes in concluding a truce. He didn't get much credit or publicity for his work and he has been known to grow a bit querulous about it. He was once quoted as saying that he worked for the armistice at the risk of his own life. The really great risk he ran was facing the wrath of the army, which wanted no part of the truce. In the autumn of 1932 it was announced that he would be sent as chief delegate to the General Assembly of the League of Nations in connection with the dispute between China and Japan over the recognition of Manchukuo.

Matsuoka Takes a Walk

The meeting had been called to review the report of the Lytton Commission of Enquiry which outlined specific causes of the conflict, such as railways and land leases, and had described how growing tension came to the breaking point on the night when the track of the South Manchuria had been blown up.

"The military operations of Japanese troops during the night cannot be regarded as measures of legitimate self-defense. In saying this the Commission does not exclude the hypothesis that the officers on the spot may have thought they were acting in self-defense," the report read. Most of the rest of the report had the same splendidly ambiguous quality. However, it did bring forth one very cogent point: "This is not a simple case of the violation of the frontier of one country by the armed forces of a neighboring country, because in Manchuria there are many features without an exact parallel in other parts of the world."

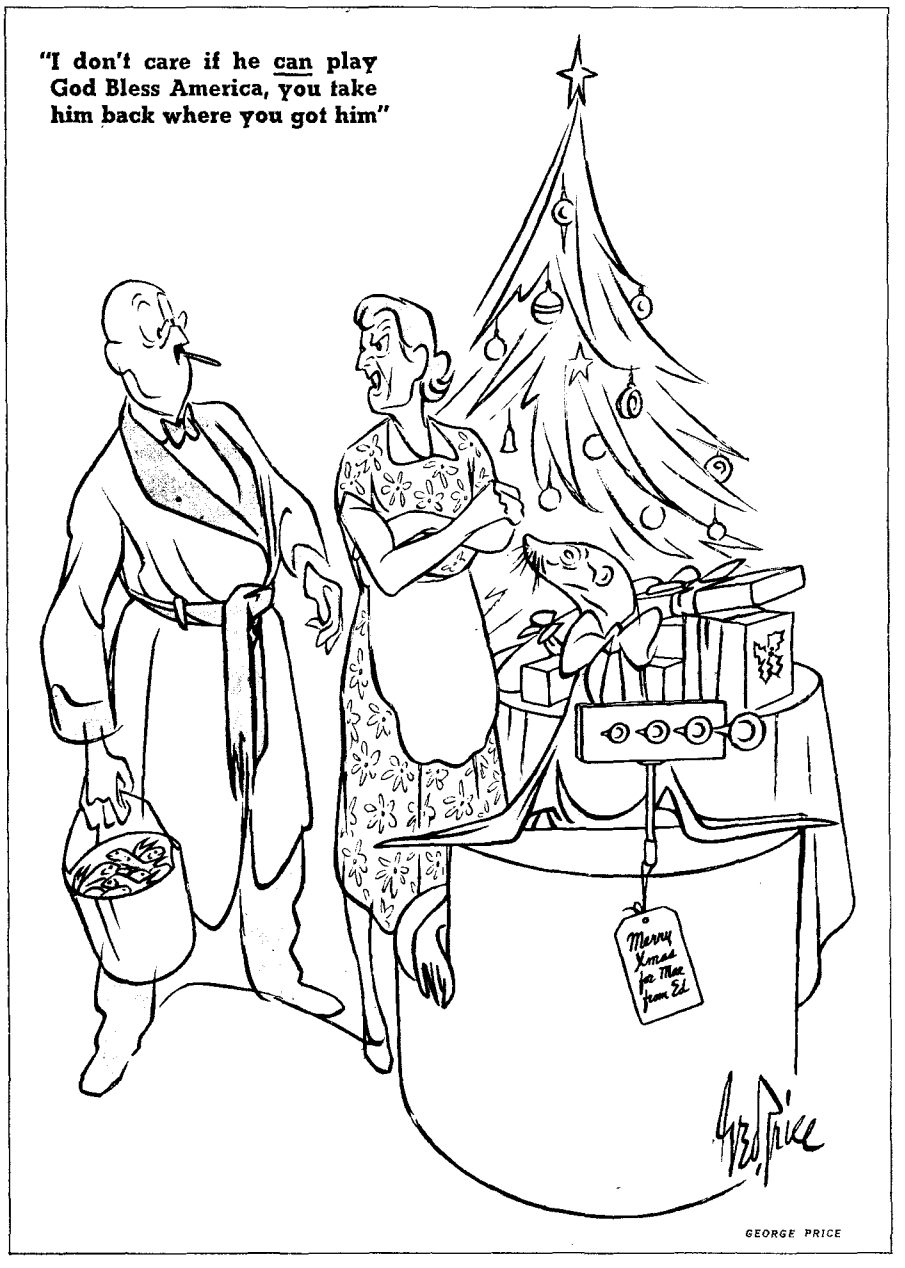
That was exactly Matsuoka's contention and he put up a brilliant case for Japan's actions in insuring her "lifeline"—a phrase he insists he coined. As counsel for the defense he literally deluged the assembly with arguments.

His speeches were unrehearsed, unconventional and eloquent. Once he was so carried away that he cried: "Even if public opinion is against us today there is no certainty that it will never change. Humanity crucified Jesus of Nazareth two thousand years ago. In a very few years we also shall be understood as Jesus of Nazareth was."

It was a mistake to bring Christ into Manchuria, for it produced something of a chill in the assemblage. The negotiations dragged on three months, at the end of which Japan was nosed out by a count of 42 to 1 in the voting and Matsuoka melodramatically walked out, taking Japan with him. To the Japanese this was the high point of his career and he returned home a hero. But his fame soon began to decline and with one of his quick moves he resigned from the house and reorganized the League for the Dissolution of Political Parties, thus becoming the forerunner of a movement that was to take effect in 1940 when political groups were done away with.

In 1935 he became president of the South Manchuria Railway and two years later, when Konoye became premier for the first time, Matsuoka acted as cabinet advisory councilor. In 1939 he once more resigned from the South Manchuria and in July, 1940, became foreign minister.

The most important act of Matsuoka's since then has been the signing of the alliance with Germany and Italy. Of course, it is impossible to judge exactly how much of the pact represents



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his work and ideas, and nobody can say precisely how he feels about it. Whether it was a mistake or a stroke of genius still remains to be seen. He has recalled some forty ambassadors, ministers and consuls general, replacing them with younger men and ones who are more pro-Axis. The reasons given were that most of these diplomats had been out of Japan too long and should return home to be reappointed.

But it is significant of Matsuoka's attitude that the two most important appointments he has made — to Russia and Italy—have been filled by non-career men. This great reshuffle may prove to be a blunder for Matsuoka personally, as the boys recalled no doubt have friends at home and may be able to stir up a little trouble.

Shortly after taking office Matsuoka announced that he was through talking, saying: "A talkative diplomat is either lying or bluffing. Action, not words, will count now."

Then he promptly got into difficulties by talking too much. Keeping very silent with professional correspondents, he loosened too freely with a magazine writer who gave the interview to an American press association. In it Matsuoka was quoted against America with embarrassing vehemence just at the moment that the premier's idea was to threaten the United States just enough and not too much.

Later, during celebrations in honor of his alliance, Matsuoka made a speech before several thousand people which started all kinds of rumors. No two newspapers published the same report of the speech but it was the definite impression he had let the cat out of the bag by admitting that in one of the secret clauses of the pact there was a promise on Japan's part to enter the war on Germany's side if England proved too tough.

Matsuoka regards himself as a dreamer. He says no one can make a success who isn't a dreamer. There is no doubt about one thing: He is a man of large views. When a gold mine was discovered in Manchuria he predicted a gold rush and an output of 50,000,000 yen yearly. At one time he had a vast plan for controlling floods of the Yellow River on the theory that if something could be done to prevent the almost yearly destruction of crops the purchasing power of coolies would be increased.

The Cautious Note

The great gold rush never quite took place and he doesn't seem to have been able to carry through his plans for flood control. Something of a boaster, he never makes a speech without bringing up his work at the League of Nations and likes to tell of his past achievements with gestures. He is an ambitious man, a careerist first, last and always. In his beliefs he is nationalistic but has usually betrayed the cautious spirit of the businessman. He was among the first to warn people that Japan's drive across the continent must not be too rapid lest the empire itself be threatened. He has preached the necessity for consolidating each advance before pushing ahead on "the divine mission."

At the time of his South Manchuria administration he said Japan must bring order in China but hastily added that postwar reconstruction couldn't go on without foreign aid. Lately he has demonstrated awareness that because Great Britain and the United States are still powers in the Far East, unrestricted efforts to capitalize on the golden opportunity presented by the European war might bring about a grave military risk. He keeps reiterating his bewilderment at America's attitude as shown by the evacuation order and says he shudders at the very prospect of war between the two countries.

Although his past career has been marked by progressiveness, he is not very popular with the liberals and there is a group of young reformist diplomats who consider his diplomatic character lukewarm and put him in the category of men in the old camp. Others accuse him of being a Fascist.

Matsuoka is not at all socially inclined. Most of the people he sees are in some way connected with his work. Few of his tastes go with conviviality. He does like cigars very much but scarcely drinks at all. He is strictly moral, so he isn't the one to join in any geisha parties. He has been known to play poker but prefers conversation. However, as he usually sticks to the larger issues he is not a person to pick for a casual, chatty evening companion. He does have a talent for making friends, particularly as he is very free with his money and supports a great number of people.

Retiring Lady

His own expenses are not large. It was not until two years ago that he bought himself a house, a large European-style place where he lives with his wife and seven children, the eldest of whom is twenty-four and the youngest two. Mrs. Matsuoka is the typical Japanese wife, quiet and retiring. A foreigner who has known Matsuoka for twenty years is not sure he has ever met her. He says there was a lady at a recent dinner who, he imagines, must have been the mistress of the house but he couldn't be sure as she never spoke a word.

Matsuoka gets up at five, reads the newspapers and goes over his documents until seven, when he has breakfast. From seven to ten he receives visitors, then goes to the office where he ordinarily lunches and stays on until five or six. Three times a week he attends a cabinet meeting at the premier's official residence.

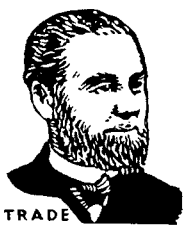
He goes home with a brief case full of papers which he works on after dinner, or he may dictate a speech—for he insists on composing all his own speeches —or receive more visitors. There is seldom a night when he gets to bed before twelve or one o'clock.

For years Matsuoka has suffered from a martyr complex and is sure that eventually he will be shot. He may be right about being shot. This is a moment when no foreign minister in Japan can be sure of coming to a happy end. The people, for instance, are never informed as to what is going on. They are expected to make sacrifice after sacrifice and tighten their belts to the last notch for the war with China, which never seems to bring any definite result and with no explanation forthcoming of why that is so.

Although the government is under the control of the army and navy and there is a China Affairs Board outside the foreign office that deals with all Chinese problems, it is the foreign minister who takes the rap when things go wrong. All this may interfere with Matsuoka's ambition to be prime minister some day. If he can handle this job against terrific odds he should be able to get whatever he wants, but the betting is against him. It's not going to be easy to pull the rabbits of peace and friendship out of Uncle Sam's hat at the moment when Uncle Sam is holding onto his headgear with both hands.

Matsuoka is in an extremely uncomfortable position, having had the United States flung into his lap with whatever the Japanese equivalent would be for: "It's your baby, Excellency; see what you can do with the brat."

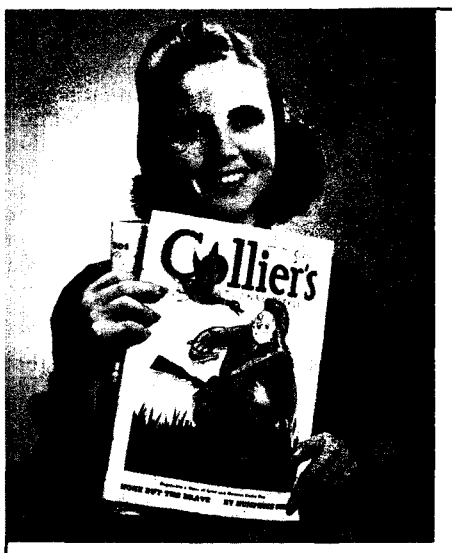
NO! NO!



There is NO extra charge for Vitamin A in Smith Brothers Cough Drops. These delicious drops still cost only 5¢. (Black or Menthol)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



WANTED: 100 Readers of Collier's!

AS a reader of COLLIER'S, you know what a lively and exciting magazine it is! Don't you think you can show other folks in your community how entertaining COLLIER'S is? As your reward, you will receive liberal commissions for looking after new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier magazines.

You have nothing to lose—your earnings start on your first order. There is no waiting—no red tape. Work whenever and wherever you please. Many of your friends are already subscribing, their renewals will bring you the same big commission as new subscriptions.

Miss "Jimmy" Brown of Montana

Increase Your Income As A Community Representative!

FOLLOW the example of Mr. Russell Shirk whose picture is reproduced below. For more than twenty-five years, Mr. Shirk has been a successful subscription representative. His magazine earnings enable him to support his family, drive his own car and enjoy a yearly vacation. Another fine representative is Miss "Jimmy" Brown whose picture appears above.

Mr. Russell Shirk of Indiana

HUNDREDS of other representatives are earning extra money by using our pleasant and profitable plan. Both young and old succeed alike. There is an opening in your community—right in your own circle of friends.

ACCEPT this cordial invitation from the publishers of COLLIER'S to become a Community Representative and increase your income in spare time. For full details of our attractive offer, just paste the coupon on a penny postal *and mail now!*

Clip Here!

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-56
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YES, I want to earn an extra income as a Community Representative! Please send me full information about your profitable plan.

Name..... Address.....

Town..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Misty and The Boomer

Continued from page 21

His listeners roared with laughter.

Mrs. Lanton came in from the kitchen, ostensibly to help with the serving, but in reality to enjoy her new boarder's chatter. The man intrigued her; such a variety of subjects!

Standing there in the dining room she was certain now that McIlroy would sell that dress in his front window, the one with the epaulettes and bretelles.

"Listen, son," Andy was saying, "the book of rules defines an engine as a locomotive propelled by any form of energy, but all you got to do is call it The Hardware and remember this: You don't know how to do something till you can do it without thinkin' about it. You got other ideas, you ain't gonna make a good hogger. *Comprende?*"

"Yes, sir," returned Cooney sincerely. And then, rather eagerly: "You're going to stay here a while, aren't you?"

"I move with the sun," said Andy; "I move so fast, kid, that even my shadow gets tired an' quits me for a spell."

Then he saw Mrs. Lanton.

"But I can tell you this," he added, "if I was goin' to locate any place, I couldn't ask for any better company than Hungry Hollow—an' Mrs. Lanton."

STANDING there by The Pit, you can look down a two-mile stretch of Vandalia track and see the viaduct. It isn't just a viaduct; it's a point of interest to the townsfolk. At exactly 5:05 P. M., you can see the smoke of Number 8 squeeze down to get under the bridge. At exactly the same time, if you look at an angle across the lowland, you'll see the rising steam of the Big Four's Number 6. A split second later, you'll hear the whistle that forced the steam upward. Two rival mail trains that haven't been off schedule for twenty years. Of course, the Big Four beats the Vandalia into Terre Haute, but that's because it doesn't have to stop at the Wabash River bridge.

Not an important point, exactly, but about the only color a stranger carries away from Hungry Hollow. Unless, of course, he's interested in puling babes, barroom fights and wives who die a thousand deaths every time a mine's distress whistle whines its way into town.

Andy learned all about it the following day from Mrs. Lanton. She had told him it was best to go down there; he would understand better. But she didn't say anything about it being her first time to go out with a man since her husband died. The gray in her hair silvered the reflection of the late afternoon sun, and even her voice, as she told the story, was touched with the tonal quality of silver. She was very, very happy.

The shrewd Andy also learned many things vital to his plans. Tonight there was to be a Bobbie Burns Anniversary dance in the hall over Oscar Kemple's drugstore. Yes, she had a safe—back of the highboy in the living room in a hole in the wall. Misty had fixed it that way; thought it would be safer. He even learned that the safe door had an antiqued picture on it of three ducks flying far above a cobalt sea. "By tomorrow *night*," mused Andy to *himself*, "the ducks will be dead, the sea dried up, and Dandy Andy Devoe will be riding the cushions with plenty of fodder."

The woman talked on and on. He studied her. She was pretty; he had to admit it. And with this knowledge came premature remorse. He wondered what she would do when she discovered her safe was as empty as an evangelist's prayer. . . . Well, hell, that wasn't his end of the racket—besides, a hooker of hootch would easily set him straight for the next job. . . . He became conscious of the talking woman.

"—and when Mrs. Gleason found out," Mrs. Lanton was saying, "that her husband had gone to Rosedale with another woman, she didn't up and tear her hair—not Mrs. Gleason. She just went over to the union hall and told the miners. They didn't wait for Gleason to come back—hitched up a mule team and went to Rosedale. . . . My, I wish you could have seen it."

"Did him up, huh?" Andy looked up at a crow that was circling overhead.

Mrs. Lanton eyed him appraisingly. Maybe two inches taller than her late husband but, of course, Sherwood had broader shoulders. Still, Sherwood had a mustache that never fit him. Sherwood would have liked this man—so intelligent and every inch the gentleman. "I've seen 'em ride men out o' town for doin' less. Misty once licked Green Parney for abusin' his wife. He was in bed two weeks."

"Come now, Mrs. Lanton!" laughed

ALAN WOODS

Andy. "You don't mean that pulchritudinous pachyderm could lick a man—a real man, I mean."

"Green's five feet eleven," said Mrs. Lanton; "weighs one-ninety. Misty rolled him out flatter'n gingerbread dough. She's a good girl, Misty. I think maybe she'd kill anybody that'd try to hurt me."

Once more that strange tightening around Andy's eyes. None of his affair, to be sure, but he felt the primeval urge to defend his sex. Maybe just before he left he could call her outside and knuckle-dust her jaw. It might make him feel better whenever he got to thinking about poor Mrs. Lanton.

"What's your first name?" he asked.

"Emma," breathed Mrs. Lanton.

"Funny," said Andy. "When I was knee-high to a cider barrel I used to write poetry and always it had somethin' to do with a girl named Emma."

"'Like what, for instance?" fluttered Mrs. Lanton.

Andy cleared his throat and struck a posture.

"Within the Limbo of Desire,
Sat Dante on a fence—
When Hanny, son of Hamilcar,
'Rose up and set his pants on fire—
And the smoke arose intense."

The crow was flying overhead once more. Andy's eyes took on a faraway look as they watched the bird glide gracefully through the air.

"But I didn't hear no Emma in it," said the perplexed woman.

"Can't knock that life to me," said Andy, indicating the crow. "Second ago he was over here, didn't like it and skedaddled. Now he's back. Guess he didn't like it over there, neither. Sometimes I wish I was a crow."

EVERYBODY in town attended the dance. They'd been doing this as long as the oldest citizen could remember, but nobody knew exactly why. There were only four Scotch families in town and they rarely attended. The routine was the same, year in and year out: The daughter of the town's biggest mine boss always won first prize for the best dancing. Mrs. Lanton furnished the scones. Misty, the dandelion wine; the brewing company contributed a dozen eight-gallon kegs of beer; a fight started at eleven and by midnight everybody was in bed.

The setup was perfect for Andy. He'd take Mrs. Lanton to the shindig, disappear during the festivities, open the safe with a pocketknife and then grab Cooney Bolitho's engine, whose fire was banked for the night. Twenty-two miles away, at Cedar Park, he'd sidetrack it with the switchman's key he'd stolen and grab an I.C. varnish for Chicago. Boy, what a time he'd have there for a couple of weeks!

"Ready?" he called from the front hall to Mrs. Lanton.

"In a moment, Andy!" The voice that dropped down from an upstairs bedroom was charged with excitement.

Misty heard them from her own room. She stared at the closed hall door. Tears streaked the rice powder on her cheeks. She could hear Mrs. Lanton humming happily as she moved about her room. Blotting the moisture from her eyes, Misty returned to her dressing. The new dress reflected in the mirror brought no surcease to the weeping girl—a dress whose hand embroidery and beaded design had absorbed a year's savings.

"Yes," she thought, "that would be the best thing to do." Some time, during the evening, Cooney would propose—he always did. Once she agreed to marry him, her conscience would be clear. It would never be said that she had tried to take anyone from the best friend she ever had. If she didn't accept Cooney—she shuddered at the thought—she was certain she'd make a play for Andy. Something inside her, sort of like a green-apple pain, telling her that life would be pretty lonely without a man like him. He had such a grand way about him and knowledge poured from him like water from Frog Hill spring.

The party was a success to everybody but Misty. Three successive dances with Cooney and not one indication of a proposal. Instead, he talked only of Dandy Andy Devoe. What a great guy! Boy, did he know his business!

"Told me more things today about the railroad," raved Cooney, "than I've learned from my hogger in three years."

Misty sighed unhappily. Impossible to say "yes" to him now. When a man's job dominates over his heart affair, he's either too immature to discuss matrimony or so old matrimony won't discuss him.

She walked over to Mrs. Lanton who, lace-yoked and epauletted, a chanticleer hat cresting her lovely gray hair, was trying to talk to everybody at once. Andy wasn't with her.

"Left just a moment ago," gurgled Mrs. Lanton, then blushed of her own accord. "Said I looked so pretty he was going back to his room and get me his mother's diamond ring which he had in his keyster. . . . Of course, you won't tell anybody," added Mrs. Lanton, hoping she had been overheard.

A RECURRENCE of those "green-apple" pains. Misty stooped down and kissed Mrs. Lanton, then hurried out of the hall. It took only a minute or two to reach her room, where she threw herself on her narrow bed.

Fortunately, tears have a virtue—and soon Misty was sleeping. She dreamed that Dandy Andy Devoe was proposing to her. There was the moonlight and the sparkle of a diamond—a diamond ten times bigger than the phony one she once got in a package of coffee. And, too, a crowd was milling in the background, stimulated to noise and thunder by Cooney Bolitho.

"How do we know it's real," he shrieked, "unless we bite it!"

Then she understood—they doubted the genuineness of her diamond engagement ring.

"Line 'em up," advised Andy; "let 'em take turns bitin' it. And you can tell 'em we're goin' on a honeymoon up to Waveland. I know a guy up there by the name of Charley Barr who'll board us for nothin'."

So they lined up and bit the ring. . . . Click. . . . Click. . . . Click. . . .

Misty's eyes opened, stared at the Stygian darkness about her. . . . Click. . . . Click. . . . Click. . . . They were still biting the—no, it couldn't be; she had dreamed that. . . . Click. . . . Click. . . . She drew herself upright! The sound was familiar. . . . Click. . . . Click. . . . *Someone was turning the knob on Mrs. Lanton's safe!*

Dandy Andy Devoe chuckled deeply

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as his expert fingers caressed the knob on the safe door. Imagine even entertaining the thought of souping this tin can to open it. One more twirl to the left and—

There it was! A small mountain of paper money. Quickly, he swept it into his keyster—then as quickly tightened. The creak of stairsteps. Somebody moving in the hall. . . . He was on his feet in a flash. A bulky shadow blocked the moonlight that poured through the window nearest the front door. Andy backed through the archway into the dining room. The shadow followed. It saw the back door open quickly, the halation that emanated from a celluloid wing collar—then Andy was gone.

Misty stood in the doorway listening to his retreating footsteps as they struck hard against the cindered alleyway. She couldn't follow—she was stunned by the horrifying knowledge that Dandy Andy Devoe was a thief! And she, Misty Hudell, had been in love with him. Poor Mrs. Lanton! "He's gone to get the diamond ring his mother gave him." . . . Days would come and go—and she would die because of him. Wither and die. Nobody would be able to mend her heart again. The loss of the money would be nothing compared to her growing anguish. The miners would overlook it—they never knew what to do with money anyhow. But there would be no happiness in the boardinghouse, no cheery voice, no stretching lace curtains on the front porch. Mrs. Lanton would live but she would be dead.

She cursed loudly. The Misty of Frog Hill crept into her. . . . Suddenly, she ripped off the billowy dress, stepped out of the shoes that cramped her feet and sped down the alley, clad only in petticoats and chemise.

Andy didn't stop running till he reached the edge of the railroad yards. He was puffing like an engine going over a hump with a drag of coal. The smudge in front of him was Cooney's engine. He grinned triumphantly as he saw gray smoke idling skyward from its smokestack. He pulled himself up into the cab, kicked open the firebox and expertly raked life into the banked fire. Then he reached for the lever.

The "pulchritudinous pachyderm" thundered across the tracks just in time to see Cooney's engine roll out on the main a hundred yards beyond the tower. It paused while its driver conscientiously threw the switch behind him. Misty knew the engine would be on its way before she could overtake it. Her vengeful eyes sought the deep shadows of the tower. . . . Yes, there it was—the antiquated stack of rust that hauled the miners' train at break of day. And it, too, showed dormant signs of life. She sped across the tracks, almost colliding with Byron Tracey, night man at the tower.

"Say, what's goin' on here?" he shrieked. "Somebody took an engine out onto the main and Number Nine's due along here in ten minutes!"

"Open that switch, Byron!" she commanded over her shoulder.

"Misty! What are you up to?"

Misty grinned grimly through the cab window.

"I'm going to prove to an expert that he needs a few more lessons!"

DANDY ANDY DEVOE felt at home on that cab seat. The touch of the boiler handle exhilarated him; he began to sing:

"Oh, the B. & O. and the old Lehigh
Go right beside my door—
And I always get a cinder in my eye!"

A right nice woman, he had to admit it to himself. If he ever thought about marrying, he wouldn't mind at all taking on a woman like Mrs. Lanton. . . . He glanced at the gauge. Should be kicking up more ginger than that—nobody knew more about firing an engine than him. . . . He threw open the firebox; reached for the shovel. . . . Yes, sir, he'd have a hell-uva swell time. First thing he'd do—

A blob of light shot above him as he turned toward the tender to scoop up another shovelful of coal. Something coming up behind him! Couldn't be a varnish or a redball; he'd studied the timetable well enough to know that. But whatever it was, it was gaining on him. A sudden fear assailed him. He reached up and gave the already lurching engine another notch. The smokestack belched forth a shower of cinders and the engine began to hit the rail joints.

THE pursuing blob of light grew brighter. Its owner, long past due in the railroad graveyard, strained at its corroded body. Whoever this was, swinging a methodical and relentless shovel in the cab, certainly knew her business. A her—imagine! The bare thought of it lent indignation to the old engine's already protesting steam jackets.

Misty threw the lever wide open. Engine for engine, she hadn't a chance to catch Andy, but she was gambling on something she hoped he didn't know—Cooney's engine had a tendency to tear her fire in both corners, and when it did it slowed up like a fly in a pitcher of molasses. If he knew, then he'd already protected himself by putting a good heel in her before he started. She thought about Number Nine and prayed as she shoveled.

Andy crouched on his seat, swearing fitfully. The fear of what would happen to him if he were caught had been long since dissipated by pride in his craft. Somebody was getting more speed out of an old goat than he was out of this eight-hundred-class engine. He glanced at the gauge. It was dropping. He couldn't understand it. His eyes roved savagely over the conglomerate of instruments facing the boiler, then settled on the firebox door. He dropped down beside it and threw it open.

"Well, I'm a dirty—"

Thump! Andy went to his knees. Just over him a bright light flooded the cab. The pursuing engine had bumped into the tender. Involuntarily, he started for the steps to join the birds. But an apparition in petticoats and a chemise, blackened by coal dust and sweat, dropped down from above.

"Misty!" cried the amazed Andy.

"Thief!" returned the girl coldly. Then she hit him.

Andy went down but was up again in a flash. Only one thing was in his mind: Back where he came from women didn't interfere. Now, no matter what happened, he was going to make the world safe for the male sex. . . . He swung savagely.

Misty caught the blow on her shoulder. "If you're a hogger," she said, "I should be president of the road." Then she hit him on the Adam's apple, destroying forever the halation on his celluloid collar, and putting the crusader for man's rights into the arms of Morpheus.

When Andy awoke, he was in the cab of the despised goat and that outmoded little engine was tugging proudly on a sullen and mortified eight-hundred-class boiler.

"We'll be back before the fight starts at the dance," said Misty from her perch at the boiler handle. "You'll put the money back and she'll never know."

"Yes'm," returned Andy meekly, rubbing the dull pain in his head.

"Tomorrow you'll propose to her and you can be married next week at the Congregational Church."

"Yes'm," said Andy. . . .

And they were married in the Congregational Church. Misty was one of the bridesmaids. She was so happy she cried throughout the ceremony.

YOU CAN STILL GET MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

BOY—WHAT POPULAR MANHATTANS
THESE FOLKS KNOW IT IS THE VERMOUTH THAT GIVES A COCKTAIL FLAVOR!
THAT'S WHY THEY USE MARTINI & ROSSI AMERICA'S FAVORITE VERMOUTH

Regular
Alcohol 15.95% by vol.

Extra Dry
Alcohol 18% by vol.

VERMOUTH GLASS
6 for $1.25; 12 for $2.00 —postpaid. W. A. Taylor, Dept. B, Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.

DO your guests really enjoy your cocktails—or do they gulp them painfully, dutifully for friendship's sake? If your cocktails bring but faint praise—here's one important fact that will help you:

Remember it's the Vermouth that gives a cocktail FLAVOR

And that's why you should always use Martini & Rossi, America's favorite Vermouth! Because of its many plants in various countries, the traditional, cherished, strictly adhered to Martini & Rossi formula still finds its way to you. Both REGULAR (for Manhattans) and EXTRA DRY (for Martinis) are obtainable. Order some today!

Try Vermouth Straight...When you want to be one of the crowd—and be moderate, too—try Martini & Rossi Vermouth STRAIGHT. Simply pour the Regular (sweet) over ice cubes, add twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. Or try Vermouth with soda and ice. Both are moderate, really delicious!

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. ***Sole agents—Established 1888***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soothe Overworked Eyes!

Why suffer from burning, smarting eyes? Murine brings *quick, amazing* relief. It's an easy way that thousands know to ease the irritating discomfort of tired, overworked eyes. Just two drops of Murine in each eye—and right away its *cleansing, soothing* action begins to help you. Murine contains *seven scientifically blended ingredients,* far more effective than the *one* ingredient of boric acid solutions. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. *Economical, too,* because there's no messy, wasteful eye-cup to bother with.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

Make your selection from the 23 Widmer's New York State Wines ...famous for quality since 1888
WIDMER'S HILLSIDE
NEW YORK STATE PORT
ALCOHOL 20% BY VOLUME
NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's
Wines
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.

No Need for Empty Purses!

EVEN if it is a beautifully clear day you must feel out of sorts if you are worried about money affairs. Probably you need new clothes and a smart dress; a hat and a pair of shoes would help you to be happier. Every girl and woman wants to look her best at all times. So—

Why don't you help yourself to the money which will bring you the things you want and which will keep your spirits high? You can—I'll show you how. Thousands of girls and women are helping themselves to happiness and independence! They are members of the Pin Money Club—a money-making department of this great magazine.

OUR booklet is free and will help you solve your perplexing money-problems—do send for it today.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. 126
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Boom Comes to Town

Continued from page 17

of crapshooters—got to work. Rough board shanties sprouted like mushrooms after a rain, and trailers clustered around water hydrants like cows around a water hole.

Freeport was a boom town. 1940 model. The new model is related to the boom towns of sourdough tradition—Nome, Dawson and Fairbanks—to about the same extent that a juke box is related to a wheezy phonograph with lilies painted on the horn. Which is to say that everything about the new model is quite elegant and flashy.

Tradition says that boom towns should have a thick veneer of mud. But there is no need for muddy streets when dredges can scoop oyster shells from the reefs that line the shore. They make an excellent road surface. Gun toting and social shootings? Don't pay. Today a man can't hop a horse and ride for the hills safely ahead of the sheriff. He hops in a coupé and is picked up three miles out of town by the state police. Gambling? A faro dealer couldn't get his fingers limbered up before a bunch of tough troopers were on top of him.

The old-fashioned boom town is as dead as a fried fish on Beale Street. But the new model is very much with us. The people who swarm to them know they are going to have to work and work hard for whatever gold they find. They are as tough, yes, but they work off any surplus exuberance on riveting machines and tractors. Mostly skilled mechanics—pipe fitters, steelworkers, masons—they arrive in expensive trailers and bring the wife and kids. When they've finished one job they move on to another, possibly a thousand or more miles away. Father gets top wages and the kids get to see the country.

And Don't Get Tough!

Life for the new class of nomads isn't bad. Only the rag, tag and bobtail of the construction gang—"snowbirds" from the north and drifters from everywhere—make a feeble attempt to uphold the boom-town tradition. They arrive by freight with a couple of soggy dollars hidden in their shoes. On pay nights they make an honest effort to be rid of any stray wealth by the quickest and most violent means available.

"Not a bad bunch," says the Bear-hunter, as he looks down the counter of his café at a long line of beer drinkers. "They get rough now and again. But I get rough right back at them. Friday night they get paid. Then they get itchy.

"If you want to stay in business you can't let one of them whip you. That"—he emphasized the point—"is very bad." He picks up a salt shaker—the square, heavy kind, big enough to salt a steer—and looks at it with impassive eyes. "This helps when the going gets bad," he says. "Come down hard with it on a fellow's head and he folds up. You can thin out a whole row of them with no trouble a-tall."

Texas is somewhat noted for the loopy things it does; and Freeport has done its share. In 1928 it built a bridge on dry land and then installed a river under it. This was done in the course of diverting the Brazos River channel. It occurred to someone that Freeport would have a good harbor if it weren't for the silt deposited by the Brazos. The British branch of the Rothschild family had the same idea a few dozen years earlier. But to them an idea wasn't as painful as it is to a Texan. When the latter gets an idea he has to do something about it quickly; usually something big and expensive. Engineers dammed the river and diverted it under the new bridge into a channel which empties seven miles below the old mouth. Then they dredged the old river bed into an excellent port for seagoing traffic, a shrimp fleet, and a flotilla of smaller boats to take sports fishermen out for tarpon, sails, dog snapper and kings.

With this job done, Freeport settled into a quiet rut until Dow engineers began casting appraising eyes on its resources. Up at Midland, Michigan, Dow had built an incredible complex of chemical industry on one basic raw material, brine pumped from wells that tapped an inland salt sea. From this brine they extracted dyes, perfumes, flavorings, organic chemicals and such drugs as iodine, aspirin and epsom salts. Dow, wonder boy of the industry, grew to become the nation's largest single chemical plant. It extracted magnesium from its brine to make industry's lightest structural material, a silvery metal used in peacetime for vacuum-cleaner housings, portable tool frames, artificial limbs; and in wartime for flares, rockets and the plane parts already mentioned. Weight saved on planes can be translated into more speed, more range.

Use of this metal has increased sixty-fold since 1928 and shows no inclination to stop its upward swing. So Dow was faced with a troubling problem. At Midland it couldn't increase brine production to take care of this new demand for magnesium metal without throwing everything else out of kilter.

Once before it had been faced with this same problem, when a tremendous demand arose for bromine to be used in antiknock motor fuels. To solve this Dow, working with Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, turned to the sea. The sea represents the earth's greatest mineral repository. Each cubic mile of sea water contains an estimated five billion dollars' worth of minerals—gold, silver, phosphorous, etc. Very well, said the Dow chemists, why not reclaim from the sea the bromine washed down by rivers in the past million or so years?

In 1934 the company built a plant at Kure Beach, outside Wilmington, North Carolina, and started extracting the stuff. At present the plant has a capacity of 60,000 pounds of bromine per day.

When the magnesium problem came along, Dow chemists and engineers began searching the coast for wanted conditions. They needed cheap fuel, cheap land and water transport. Freeport supplied these. The strategic position of the old and new Brazos River channels offered another advantage. Sea water could be sucked into the plant from the old channel. After magnesium was extracted the water could be dumped above the dam into the new channel. This would carry it several miles down the coast—thereby preventing the plant from working and reworking the same sea water.

No Time to Waste

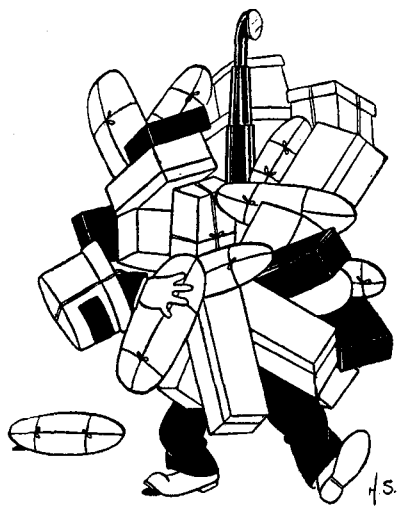
Freeport had yet another advantage. Oyster reefs—a cheap source of lime needed in the magnesium-extraction process—lined the coast. Dredges could pull them up in endless quantities. In other words Freeport had everything. It got an enthusiastic okay from the engineers.

Without further talk construction men moved in on a 2,000-acre plot covered with pickle grass, salt cedars and other such mongrel flora. They jammed light towers into the sandy soil—this would be a three-shift proposition—kicked a few goats out of the way and went to work. They wrapped a fence around five hundred acres and started filling the enclosure with buildings. What the 3,200 men on this job have accomplished in the past eight months makes the highly touted totalitarian efficiency look a little palsied. In twenty-two days pipe stringers ran forty-one miles of gas line. Engineers built a million-dollar power plant.

To get some notion of the size of this operation realize that the sea-water pumps are big enough to handle the water supply of a city the size of Chicago! By the time the plant is completed it will stand Dow somewhere in the neighborhood of $15,000,000. Its annual production of magnesium metal—something in excess of 12,000,000

"Oh, boy. Just what I needed! Aspirin!" GARDNER REA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



pounds—will more than double the United States' supply.

Towns like Freeport, booming largely because of the national-defense program, are hard put to bed down the workers that swarm upon them. Bremerton, Washington, home port of the vital Puget Sound Navy Yard, is one of the hardest hit. There was a housing shortage when the Navy Yard had a civilian personnel of 3,000 men and the figure is now rising toward 8,500.

The situation at Hartford, Connecticut, home of aircraft industries—is serious, but not as acute as in Bremerton. Employment in the town's three major industries has tripled in the past few months. Similar conditions prevail at East Moline, Illinois, where the Rock Island Arsenal has added upward of 3,000 workers. Altogether, the United States Housing Authority estimates that there is an acute housing shortage in 200 national-defense cities, and at the time of this writing has earmarked $29,000,000 to help alleviate these shortages.

Freeport's mild climate makes its problem less serious than the one faced by Northern cities. Houses don't have to be so tight or so solidly built, hence they go up more quickly. Dow has built a mess hall, three barracks, a hotel and thirty-three houses, the latter designed by Alden Dow, brother of the head of the chemical company and student of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Bunkhouses accommodating hundreds, and rough lumber shanties that rent for forty dollars a month have been whipped together by local operators. Tent cities and trailer parks are everywhere. Freeport is full well beyond overflowing. Children in lower grades go to school in shifts, and there are sixty-eight youngsters in one room.

The town is doing its honest best to deliver satisfactorily for the $80,000 weekly pay roll that has been dropped in its lap and would like to see everyone enjoy himself. For milder spirits it provides The Happy Thought Ice Cream Parlor, a few assorted soda fountains and restaurants. Most of the town goes quietly to sleep, come nightfall, but there are enough bibulous spirits to give it a fine beery complexion on pay night. Local merchants and café owners stock up with enough money to cash checks for all comers, then the fun starts. The town has a variety of "literary clubs"—Texas euphemism for pool hall—beer joints and dance halls. To get a beer license it is necessary for the applicant to have lived in the town six months. Newcomers get around this annoying detail by taking a local man in partnership.

Mr. Charlie Watson's Club Snug Harbor is the oldest, and most firmly established. It is painted inside and out, something of a distinction. It has a house rule that hats must be removed on entering—other places aren't so choosy. Mr. Watson provides pool and domino tables, a dance floor and a couple of service bars. He sustains the literary flavor of his club by subscribing to half a dozen magazines; and likes everything on a high plane. Any rowdy stuff and he is apt to get dangerous. As an engineer, he went to sea for a number of years, picking up some artistic tattooing and an admirable ability to handle rough-and-tumble drunks.

If anyone gets too boisterous, Mr. Watson escorts him to the door. He is willing to let things ride at this point, but if the customer makes the mistake of calling Mr. Watson a bald-headed so-and-so, he is bopped firmly over the head with a kid's-size ball bat. "We have," says Mr. Watson, "to maintain a nice atmosphere for the young people."

Mr. Johnnie Murphy's Joy Spot—beer, good eats, dance hall—is similarly prosperous. "Hell," says Mr. Murphy, "on a Friday night you can't stir them with a stick." This is the night the Joy Spot imports a hillbilly band from Houston; a band unique in the respect that it carries its own bouncer to fend off people who like to take pokes at the musicians and kick expensive holes in bass drums.

Mr. Murphy, who knows a good boom when he sees one, came over from Liberty, Texas, bought a few rough boards and built his Joy Spot in a couple of weeks. Like almost everything else in and around Freeport, it has turned out to be a gilt-edged investment. The back room, reserved for couples only, the counter, and the dance floor where no holds are barred, all contribute to Mr. Murphy's success. Half a dozen fights are par for the course at these dance festivals but no one seems to mind. "They only want to see who's the best man," says one patient customer.

Back in the High Cotton Now

This neighborhood never has been exactly peaceful, if one accepts the usual connotation of that word. The modern town was built in 1912 when the Freeport Sulphur Company punched a couple of 1,500-foot holes in the ground, shot hot water down them and began bringing up melted sulphur.

So far as lawlessness is concerned today Chief Constable Hays has few complaints to make. "I tell the café owners," he says, "that they should keep the peace in their own places." Then he adds philosophically, "If they don't, who will?" Every night Constable Hays rounds up the drunks unable to get home and lodges them in his three-cell jail—Hays' Hotel they call it. "Had twelve in her one night," he says proudly, "stacked up just like cordwood."

Serious trouble? "Not much lately," says the lean, tanned peace officer who looks quite a few years younger than his seventy-four years. "We have a cuttin' scrape now and again, but haven't had a murder for it must be three years now. These fellows just get restless because there aren't enough women to go around. And there's not going to be enough to go around unless they are the right kind.

"I keep looking for a riot in one of these new dance halls, but it doesn't seem to come along. Maybe it never will. All in all, I'd say things were right peaceful."

This estimate is probably correct. There isn't an undue amount of rough stuff, everything considered. Certainly no more than you would expect a boom town in Texas to produce.

Taken as a whole, Freeport is a lusty, vigorous action picture of America going about the business of arming itself. A shoeshine boy who ran up a stake of sixteen dollars in three days gave a nice summary of the situation. "Boy," he said, "we're in the high cotton now."

Teledrama

THE SCENE

is the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Warren. The time is 3 A. M. As the curtain rises, the Warrens are fast asleep. The telephone is ringing.

MRS. W: (Awakening with a start) Tom! Tom! The telephone's ringing! Did you ever! And at this time of night! Tom!

MR. W: (Very sleepily) Huh? What's the matter? Huh?

MRS. W: The telephone, Tom—it's ringing! Answer it!

MR. W: Huh? Yeh—all right, all right. (Propping himself up in bed and slowly lifting the receiver) Hello . . . Yes, Bob! (Aside) Gosh, it's Bob on Long Distance!

MRS. W: Oh, quick, what's the news?

MR. W: (Into the telephone) Yes . . . what . . . who—oh, Bob! Well, I'll be darned . . . a baby boy!

MRS. W: A baby boy! . . . How is Martha? Is everything all right? Let me talk to him!

MR. W: Hold on a second, Bob. Your Mother's all excited. She wants to talk to you. Here she is.

MRS. W: (Taking telephone) Robert . . . oh, Robert—a baby boy! And Martha's all right? You're sure? Oh, Robert, I've got to see him! How many pounds? . . . Take good care of them. . . . Oh, Robert, I'm so happy! . . . And you called us right away . . . now get back to Martha . . . Good-bye, Son. . . . (Mrs. W. puts down receiver) Tom, he weighs seven pounds six ounces! Robert says he looks like you. I've *got* to see that baby! Let's start first thing in the morning!

MR. W: Sure, I guess so—no holding you now.

MRS. W: Just think, Tom, the baby was born only a few minutes ago and we know all about it. The telephone's a wonderful thing, isn't it, Tom?

MR. W: Yeh. Well . . . good-night . . . Grandma!

MRS. W: Good-night yourself . . . Grandpa!

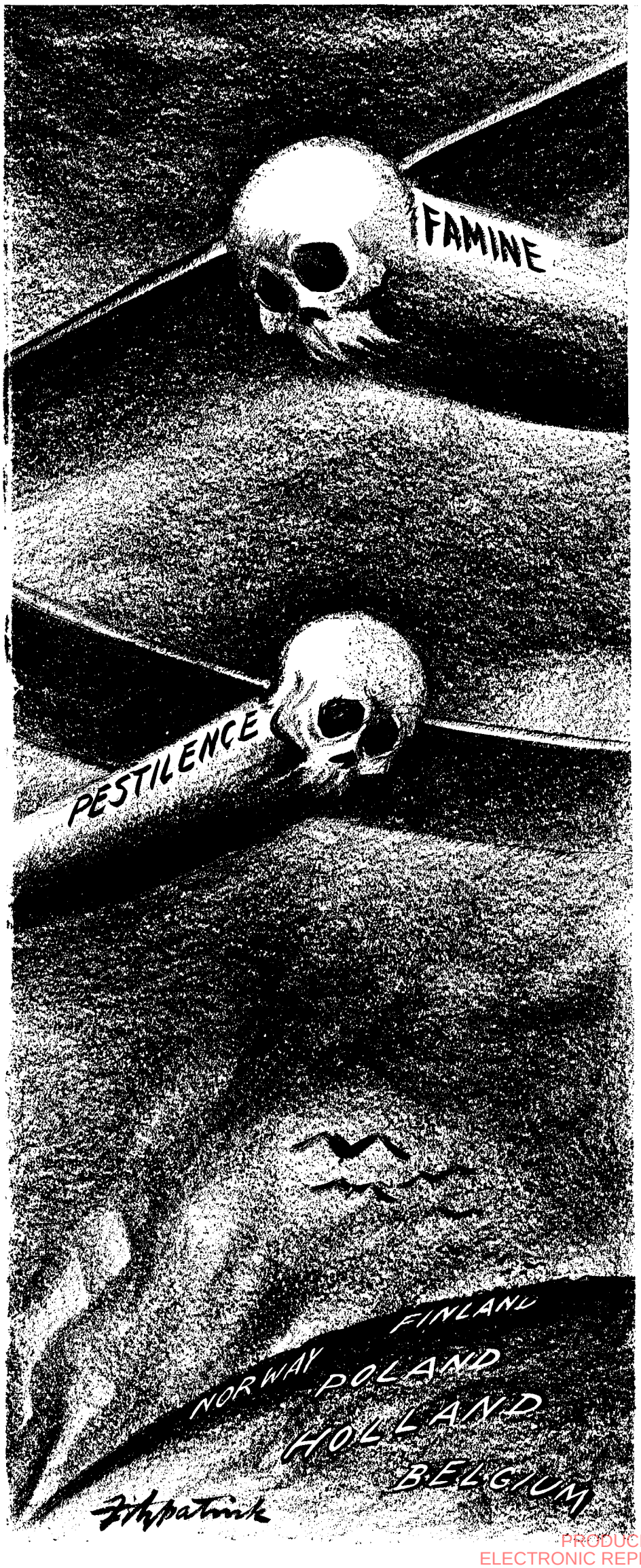
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Let Hoover Feed Them



THOUGH we hope they didn't, some of our readers may have missed Ex-President Herbert Hoover's powerful article, "Feed Hungry Europe," in a recent Collier's. So we thought we'd summarize Mr. Hoover's main arguments here.

What Mr. Hoover wants is an arrangement whereby he can set up an organization to feed between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 people this winter and spring in five countries that are threatened with famine because of the war.

Those five countries are Belgium, Holland, Norway, Finland and the part of Poland now controlled by Germany.

France, poor, tragic nation, could use some food from outside, too, but Mr. Hoover says he doesn't want to tackle that job because of France's complex and continually shifting political situation. You can't depend on the Vichy government from one hour's end to another, and it is run from Berlin anyway; or was when this was written.

In the five countries above named, actual starvation does threaten millions of people. These countries in the best of peacetime years had to depend in varying percentages on food imports to keep their people eating regularly and enough. Russia pirated some 750,000 acres of Finland's best farmlands last winter; the blitzkrieg of last spring and summer also blitzed the food supplies of Belgium, Holland, Norway and Poland, and brought them inside the iron ring of the British blockade.

Mr. Hoover proposes that Britain, Germany and the United States do something about it before it is too late. As he outlines the case, it is a matter of cold, selfish realism and common sense for all three of these nations fully as much as it is a matter of Christian decency and charity.

We have our food surpluses, which we can't eat up in spite of the food-stamp plan's success in some 75 cities.

Germany and Great Britain face the fact that pestilence knows nothing about national borders. The 1918-19 influenza epidemic started presumably in Spain during the World War. Before it had run its course, it had raged through the Western world and had killed many more people than were killed in action during that entire struggle.

Mr. Hoover wants a British agreement to let American food shipments pass the British blockade on their way to the famine-menaced nations.

He wants a German agreement to let these shipments travel the seas unmolested by submarines or dive bombers or commerce-raiding pocket battleships; and a further German agreement that this food will actually get to noncombatants in Belgium, Norway, Finland, Holland and Poland, rather than be snitched for Germans.

He does *not* want this food given away by the United States government, or bought by American popular subscription and then given away. He wants its purchase to be regularly financed by thos nations' governments, de facto or ile, out of the considerable resources which he says those governments can lay their hands on.

The cost would be about $20,000,000 month to begin with. It would rise to a t of about $40,000,000 as the winter an spring wore on.

Should the Germans be found to hav confiscated any appreciable amounts this food, directly or indirectly, the shi ments would stop at once—presumabl with best wishes to the British blocka for all success in avenging such despica chicanery.

But Mr. Hoover says no such food the occurred in Belgium and northern Franc during the four World War years when h organization fed about 10,000,000 peopl He doesn't believe it would happen th time.

The same safeguards would be set u as before—food distributed by truste American experts exclusively, with ever pound of it accounted for, checked an double-checked.

We think the British and the Germa would be well advised to consider t Hoover proposals seriously.

We say that as persons who devout hope the British can win this war som how; who wouldn't knowingly do any thi to injure the British cause; who se such things as the indiscriminate bombi of Coventry as bitterly as anybody know of.

It seems to us that acceptance of t Hoover plan would help the British cau far more than it could hurt it.

Pestilence can jump the English Cha nel much more easily than can an invadi army. It can come over in the lungs, h or clothes of some bailed-out German a ator, or aboard some seagoing mosquito ship rat. To ward off famine in Euro this winter would be to take out one i surance policy against plague in Britai

A British consent and a German consen to let these food shipments pass th blockades unmolested would, it seems be yond argument, build up good will for t British in the conquered territories an protect German health. That good wi would stand the British in good stead they should ever work around to the poi of attempting a European invasion to re cue the prisoner nations and crack Ge man power. As long as the British to consent, they leave the field wide ope for Hitler's propagandists to tell the co quered peoples that the British are blame for their and their children's hunge

We realize that the British people an the British statesmen must feel more an more hatred of Germany as the Germa bomb more and more of their cities an their homes. But we hope they reta enough of the British levelheadedness consider the Hoover proposals matter-o factly. The logic of those proposals seem uncrackable to us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED